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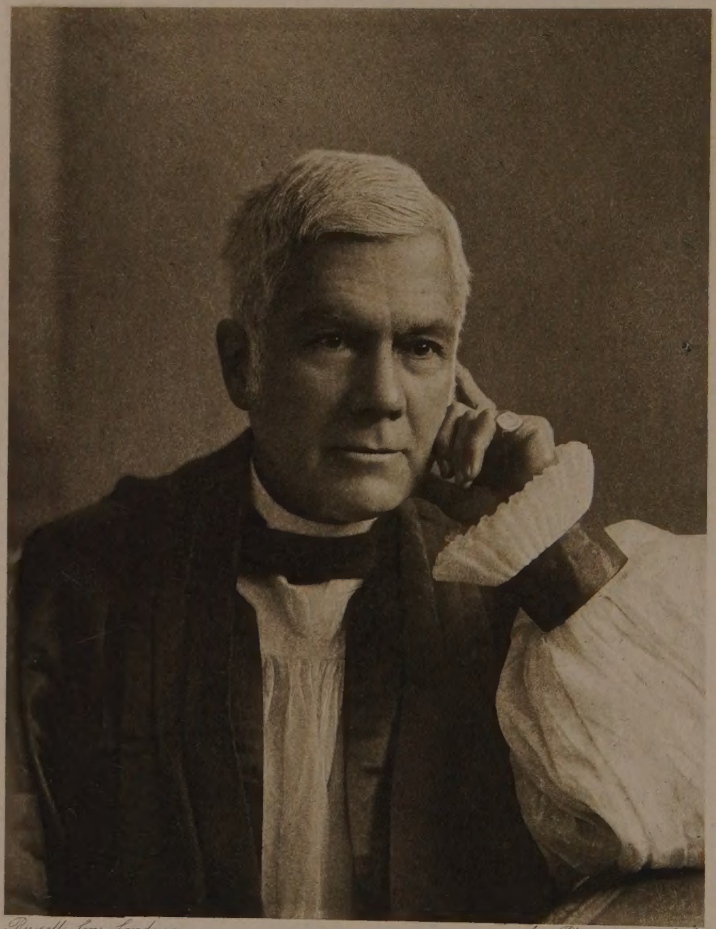
BISHOP WALSHAM HOW



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BISHOP WALSHAM HOW

A MEMOIR

BY

FREDERICK DOUGLAS HOW

WITH PORTRAIT

LONDON
ISBISTER AND COMPANY LIMITED
15 & 16 TAVISTOCK STREET COVENT GARDEN
1898

Printed by Ballantyne, Hanson & Co.
London & Edinburgh

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

PRINCESS CHRISTIAN OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN

IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF HER SYMPATHY

WITH THE WORK OF BISHOP WALSHAM HOW

THIS BOOK IS BY GRACIOUS PERMISSION

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PREFACE

It has been a great privilege to be allowed to compile this memoir of my Father, the first Bishop of Wakefield, and it has been undertaken with the desire that no hands less loving than those of one of his children should turn the pages of his private letters and diaries. Further, it has been my happiness to call his house my home for some five and thirty years of my life. These must be my excuses.

I am fully aware of the many short-comings which will be readily detected by the numbers of people who knew and loved my Father, and which must of necessity occur in the work of one possessing no literary skill or experience.

It would have been impossible to accomplish even this inadequate volume had it not been for the kindness and help of many members of my Father's family, and of a large number of his friends.

In some cases I have quoted what they have written *verbatim*, in others I have ventured to blend their words into my own narrative, for which I ask their indulgence.

I desire especially to thank the Lord Bishop of Ripon, the Ven. Archdeacon Brooke, the Ven. Archdeacon

Thomas, Rev. Prebendary Kitto, Rev. Prebendary Shelford, Rev. Canon Grenside, Rev. H. L. Paget, Rev. B. Waugh, Rev. the Hon. W. R. Verney, Rev. R. B. Dowling, Rev. E. S. Hilliard, Rev. W. Fraser Nash, F. J. Hanbury, Esq., Rev. La Trobe Bateman, Rev. F. Barker, Rev. W. J. W. Marrow, Rev. Canon Ridgeway, H. W. S. Worsley-Benison, Esq., and Rev. A. E. Jalland.

Those who were connected with my Father by closer ties will need no thanks for their invaluable help.

F. D. H.

October 1898

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CHAPTER I

EARLY LIFE

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW was born on December 13, 1823, in a house that is one of two standing a little back from the street, on the right-hand side as one ascends College Hill, Shrewsbury. Those who are familiar with the beautiful old town, the Severn winding beneath its walls, its spires and towers, its castle, its ancient black and white architecture, and especially with the views of the Shropshire and Welsh hills in the distance, will recognise it as the fitting birthplace of one who greatly loved all things that are beautiful. Indeed, there can be no doubt that the fair surroundings of his childhood did much to create and develop this love, which found expression in his earliest boyish verses, and was one of the chief joys of his existence.

He was the elder son of Mr. William Wybergh How, solicitor, of Shrewsbury, who sprang from an old Cumberland family, having as his direct ancestors two John Hows, father and son, who were mayors of the city of Carlisle in 1683 and 1725 respectively.

His grandfather was the Rev. Peter How, Rector of Workington, and for a short time Vicar of Isell in Cumberland, who married his cousin Margaret, daughter of Mr. William Wybergh, of Clifton Hall, Westmoreland.

Mr. W. W. How's first wife was Frances Jane, daughter of Mr. Thomas Maynard, of Wokingham, by whom he had two sons, William Walsham and Thomas Maynard. When these children were about two and a-half and one year old, their mother died, and in 1828 their father married again, his second wife being the only daughter of Mr. Samuel Allsopp, of Burton-on-Trent. By her he had two daughters, Frances Jane and Margaret, and it is after their birth that we get the earliest glimpse of the happy family life at Shrewsbury, in which the eldest boy, Walsham, first found opportunities of displaying many of the qualities which endeared him to so large a number of friends in after life.

His stepmother proved a very real mother to both the boys, and no difference was ever felt in her relations towards them and her own little daughters, while the latter were a source of infinite interest and delight to the two boys. Walsham's boyish letters of 1836 to his little sisters, during their absence at the seaside, are remembered as being brimful of fun and tenderness, especially, perhaps, those to the "dearie small Margaret," who, always delicate, died the following year at the age of seven. The affectionate relations of the remaining three children were of the closest, and lasted to the end of the elder brother's life; indeed, few days seem ever to have passed without the two brothers either meeting or writing to one another.

There is only one slight verbal picture given us of Walsham How at a very early age. "I can just remember him," writes his surviving brother, "as a little child in a white frock with a broad purple sash." After that there is no record until the time when he went for lessons to the Rev. T. B. Lutener, then curate of

St. Mary's, and afterwards, for many years, incumbent of St. Michael's.

At that time the family had moved to Claremont Buildings, and on his way between the house and Mr. Lutener's lodgings one of his delights was to make friends with all the dogs—a characteristic that was life-long, for he was rarely without some special dog pet from the time of his clever "Duchess," and his beloved brown spaniel "Tom," the companion of his early clerical days, down to the last year of his life, when many at Wakefield will remember the little black Schipperke "Skipper," which was so often seen nestling in the Bishop's arms.

While he was under the tutelage of Mr. Lutener, he began teaching his little brother Maynard all that he learnt, and continued this after he had gone to the Shrewsbury Schools—then under the Headmastership of Dr. Butler—so that, when the younger brother went to school in his turn, the boys in his class were astonished at his learning.

The family had made another move before the boys went to the Schools, this time to the Stone House, which was a very short distance from the school buildings. Walsham was placed at first in the second or third class, but he always did well, especially in composition, and rapidly rose until he arrived at the sixth form at an early age.

But a somewhat remarkable home-life was going on side by side with the school work and play. The influence of their father was great on all three children, and from him Walsham seems to have acquired in a marked degree many of the qualities which went to form his character and colour his whole life. He shows early

a devoutness and an earnestly religious temperament, a love of nature, an aptness at verse-writing, a keen sense of fun—all doubtless acquired from his father, from whom, too, he learnt that strict attention to money matters, and those methodical habits, which were observable in later life, and enabled him to get through the vast amount of work which fell to his share.

All three children seem to have been from the first deeply religious, and, when quite young, it was common for them, if prevented from going to church, to hold a service of their own, one writing the prayers to be used, and Walsham composing the hymns.

The first of his hymns of which there is any record was composed before he was thirteen, the subject being the transformation of the butterfly as a type of the Resurrection. About this time he wrote a great number of other verses and poems, both playful and serious, such as rhymes about the school games, and a capital parody on Southey's "How does the water come down at Lodore," written for a bazaar. But his favourite compositions were hymns, to be repeated in the family circle at "Hymn time" on Sunday evenings. One—by no means the least poetical—on "Heaven," was written when he was fifteen, or possibly a year earlier. Some of the titles of his first hymns may be of interest, as showing the bent of his mind at that time: "The Book of Nature," "Winter," "The Repentant Sinner," "Christ Our Example," "Death," "The Blessings of Religion," and "The Butterfly," an amended edition of his twelve-year-old hymn. The thought of death was always a familiar one: there are several more poems on the same subject: yet nothing of a morbid character could be attributed to the bright, lively boy, keen at lessons and

at games, and singing, as he went, in gladness of heart and with a pleasant voice. In his early fondness for flowers, "the boy was father to the man." Some lines written by his father, with which the three younger children were to greet "brother Walsham" on the morning of his thirteenth birthday, make his sister say:

> "The flowers he loves he gives to me,
> *And tells me all their names.*"

The little farm near the Column, opposite to which his father afterwards built a house, "Nearwell," was an immense delight to him, and there he gardened in his play hours, taking special pride in his pansy beds; and frequently in later life, while walking in his garden, he would stop and notice some pansy blossom, saying, "That is a clearly marked one, just the sort I used to try to grow when a boy." Wild flowers, too, soon won his heart, and great was the joy at finding a new plant, or at welcoming an old favourite, such as the lilac saffron, when it came into bloom each autumn in the meadows of the Severn. He formed a little horticultural society amongst some of his schoolfellows, and very proud they were of their "shows!" It was not long before he became an expert botanist, his sister acting as a humble assistant in drying and mounting the specimens, for which sort of manual work he himself had particularly neat fingers. Of his botanical studies there will be more to say later on, but it is interesting to note how in this, as in so many other things, his tastes remained unchanged, and his ways of life consistent to the end. One of the first things that is apparent in a survey of his life is its consistency. There seems to have been an early choice of that which is good, both in matters of greater and of less importance, and an almost precociously

early grasp of the truth in matters of controversy, from which he never let go his hold through life.

In school games he readily joined at all times, but never to any great degree excelled, though he played in cricket matches until he had been for some years Rector of Whittington.

During the latter part of his schooldays Dr. Kennedy became headmaster, and Walsham How was one of his favourite pupils, his verses and epigrams both in Latin and English meeting with special approbation. In 1841, after matriculating at Oxford, but while still at school, he wrote for the Newdigate Prize Poem at that University. Owing to an accident his composition was sent in too late, but Dr. Kennedy thought so highly of it that he had it printed with the next "Speeches." The following extract from a letter to his sister probably refers to this, and is an instance of the modesty with which he always regarded his own work:

"WADHAM, *June* 9, 1841.

"The Warden asked me to call upon him yesterday, and gave me some little advice, but I had a short conference. He has been away till now, or I suppose he would have seen me before. Tell Maynard I shall be much obliged to him to ask the Dr. (or perhaps a note would do) whether Jones has written to prevent his poem being printed: Alston says he has. If his is not to be printed, I will not have mine on any account; and make haste, lest it be too late."

"The Dr." is, of course, Dr. Kennedy, and "Jones" is Basil Jones, afterwards Bishop of St. David's.

Other interesting schoolfellows of Walsham How were Thring, afterwards Lord Thring, K.C.B., who, with Cope

and John Bather, all Shrewsbury boys, headed the Classical Tripos at Cambridge; Fraser, afterwards Bishop of Manchester, and James Riddell of Balliol.

It had always been intended that he should enter his father's profession, and on that account he left school and went to Oxford at the early age of 17. He took with him the affectionate esteem of his master and schoolfellows, and the honour of having won in his last year the Butler Scholarship, of which he did not avail himself. Though going up to Oxford with the full purpose of becoming a lawyer, yet it was during the early part of his life there that he changed his mind and determined to take Holy Orders. The Tractarian movement was in full force at the time, and interested him greatly, though he was never carried away by it. It is, however, just possible that it may have in some degree influenced his decision, though it is hard to conceive that with the devout feelings and religious bent, which are conspicuous from his earliest childhood, any other future than that of a clergyman could have been before him.

CHAPTER II

OXFORD

THE Summer term of 1841 was Walsham How's first term at Oxford, and, though it might be supposed that a boy of his disposition would have been enthralled with the beauties and delights of the place, yet there is no record of any special appreciation to be found in his letters. In fact, at first he seems not to have been entirely happy, and to have found himself a little lonely. This soon wore off, and he became exceedingly fond of his surroundings, a fact to which a fine water-colour drawing of his College garden and chapel, which he ordered as a memorial of his Wadham days, bears witness.

It would have been difficult for one with so many interests in life to have felt dull for long. The varied pursuits, of which mention has been made, were all continued at Oxford. It will be noticed later on how deeply he lamented his want of the power of application—a want with which the manifold nature of his interests may have had something to do. It is pretty certain that this, in conjunction with the fact that he was taken away from Shrewsbury School when his faculties were scarcely sufficiently mature for the heavier strain of University Examinations, accounts for his obtaining nothing higher than a third class for his degree.

But though his occupations were many, yet through them all—his reading, his botany, his music and singing, his keen interest in getting to understand whatever subject presented itself—there was ever the same deep religious feeling. In a letter to his brother written about this time he says with reference to his love of Nature:

"I myself am exceedingly variable in spirits, and I always find nothing is near so delightful and inspiriting when I am in low spirits as praising and thanking God in the midst of His works. Often and often at the farm have I stood between the cottage and garden door, and thanked God for making the world so fair and myself so susceptible of its beauty. I am generally quite happy after that. . . . . Oh! my dear Maynard, if Heaven itself had no greater glory and joy than standing in the midst of some exquisitely beautiful scene, and there, with only sights and sounds of Nature around you, blessing God and glorying in His presence, it would be perfection."

The intimate frankness between the two brothers—indeed between all three children—on religious subjects is exceedingly striking, and it would be hard to realise a present-day undergraduate of eighteen writing in the following strain to a brother a year or so his junior. The letter refers to his brother's confirmation, and is dated from Wadham College, June 4, 1842:

"Let me only give you two little pieces of advice. *Often* renew your solemn vow *privately* and solemnly; and *always* renew it by attending the Sacrament when you can. You have my prayers for you, and may God bless you."

And then again, in a letter to his sister, dated Wadham, Friday, February 18, 1842, he says:

"Tell Maynard to write a moral essay (if he wants a subject) on one of the following theses: 'There is no such thing as morality without religion;' or 'To what extent are the relative or external duties of a layman different from those of a clergyman?' or, in other words, 'The difference of obligation in being in the Church and in the ministry;' or 'On the full extent and meaning of "Idle words."'

"If M. does not like any of these I will send some more next time."

It is difficult to imagine the feelings of a modern lad on being sent such a message by his elder brother. But with them such things were ever matters of the deepest and closest interest, and show that consistency of thought and life to which attention has already been drawn.

In February 1842 "Smalls" were successfully passed, and in the Long Vacation of that year Walsham How read with Arthur Hugh Clough in Ireland. The following extract from a letter dated from Ireland in September 1842 gives some idea of their doings there:

"Our plans are entirely altered. Clough's father and mother are going very soon to America, and wish, of course, to see him before they go. Now, the expense of coming over here by packet is very great, costing about £5, and Clough does not wish to come back again, since it would cause two more journeys. . . . Our lodgings here are up next Tuesday week, and, if Clough leaves us then, he will just be in time to see his parents. . . . I am now managing to read pretty steadily, and am getting on well; Clough and I have refused several parties, two or three balls, at strange houses. Nevertheless, to-morrow is the Regatta ball, and I shall go to that. Clough and I

took a delightful walk of about six miles out and six back on Monday evening, along the banks of the Carrigoline River, which is very beautiful. We walked through Aquiline Grove, as I call it—*i.e.*, a fine wood where the *Pteris aquilina*, or common mountain fern, grows considerably taller than I am, and in abundance! It is exceedingly beautiful. C. [another member of the party] is exceedingly fastidious and nice about food, diet, water, beds, &c., and so, when he was absent to-day, Clough, with very great difficulty, drove a flock of geese out of the road into his bedroom! They made a terrible mess. What a trick for a tutor! We were obliged, unfortunately, to drive them out again before C. appeared, or it would have been capital fun."

In this same year he seems to have won an Exhibition for botany, for, writing in January 1843, he says:

"I had to pay only £23 5s. for battels this morning, £3 being taken off for Goodridge's Botanical Exhibition."

Some letters written during the Christmas vacation about this same period show that he was ready to take part in every amusement and sport that offered itself. He was fond of dancing, and danced well, and, though he did not hunt at Oxford, yet at home he used to do so, and, when mounted well, was good across country; in fact, on one occasion with the staghounds he kept a leading position during an exceedingly long run, and was one of two or three only to be in at the finish.

In after life, though he never hunted or shot—his sole sport being fly-fishing, in which he was remarkably skilful—he was always exceedingly interested in his sons' doings in the hunting-field, mounting them on capital ponies, of

which he was an excellent judge, and always wanting to know on their return all that they had been doing.

During the year 1843 he seems to have seen a great deal of Mr. Richard Congreve, then a well-known tutor at Oxford, who afterwards drifted into Positivism, and to have been much under his influence for the next two years, though he was preserved from following in his footsteps. Writing to his sister from Wadham about December 1843 he says:

"I took a walk with Congreve the other day, the first I ever did, and we had more serious talk than I have ever had before, at least upon higher subjects. You remember, perhaps, the character that I gave him in a letter recently, and how I accounted for his apparent inconsistency. He fully corroborated my opinion by his own mouth. He told me a great deal about his ideas and opinions on the nature of life, profession, the Church and religion. . . . That inner, higher, and pure life, which he says should be so separate and unaffected by external things, seems to be in him especially, though few would think it at first sight. Yet still, I cannot but think much he said very ideal, or rather impracticable, and but one or two in a hundred, I should say, could be found to act up to his theories in any way. And yet he and I always quarrel about our ideas of other men, I always despairing, he hoping, and where he has had such wonderful experience of men I can say but little. He goes amongst, and talks to, rich and poor, man and woman, High Church and Low, Dissenters and Romanists, infidel and Christian, and in every case tries to verify, or correct, his theories, and attain a true knowledge of man. He intends soon, if he can afford it, to take a curacy for a year in some

manufacturing district, and see what he can do for infidelity there."

In the Long Vacation of this year he accompanied Mr. Congreve to Dresden to read under him there, and after that there is little to record till the Long Vacation of the following year, when he spent some time with a reading party at Talyllyn in North Wales. Of this party he was made a sort of chief, and laid down strict rules for attendance at family prayers, punctuality, &c. His brother joined them there, and that the time was very happily spent is proved by the fact that in after life Walsham How frequently alluded to this special summer, and used to tell how they raced up the mountain side to see the sun set over again, and narrated many other small incidents which impressed themselves on his memory.

His well-known fondness for amusing stories begins to show itself about now, as well as the fact that at Wadham he joined in other than "reading" parties. Thus, in a letter written about December 1844, he says:

"A Merton man was told at dinner one day that he 'ought to leave off hungry,' and he said he would as soon wash his face and leave off dirty! A man in the schools this time was asked what works the Jews were allowed to do on the Sabbath, and answered 'Works of supererogation'! Several of us went and made hay in Simcoe's rooms to-day, wheeling his bookshelves round with their faces to the wall, turning all the tables and chairs with their legs up, &c. &c., and when I came in I found all mine done too; every book turned in the shelves with its back to the wall, and my desk on the top of one bookcase and my coat on another!"

In the following year his final schools were drawing near, and were causing him much anxiety. When he first went up to Oxford he had an idea of reading for double honours, but soon discarded mathematics. He was no doubt quick at grasping any subject before him, and his excellence in composition, coupled with the power, which he always possessed, of stating things simply and clearly in writing, encouraged his tutors, and notably Mr. Congreve, to hope for a fairly good class for him. But he was probably too young, and had also occupied himself in too great a variety of subjects, to do justice to his powers. One Sunday afternoon, early in 1845, he sat down and wrote to his sister the following lament:

"Congreve's note surprised me, as he never told me more than that I had a decent chance of a second, and ought not to look higher. I thought he meant that I *never* should be able to do more; but I hope, as his opinion is so flattering, that my 'growth' wont stop with the schools, though I know his estimation of men is always inclined to be sanguine. Henderson never lets out a word of what he thinks about his pupils, so his opinion was news. It is gratifying to be well thought of, though I don't think it much alters my estimation of myself, which is pretty well settled by this time, and doubtless at far too high a value. . . .

"It is just the end of term! Only fancy! Collections begin this week! I *must* work. There I hear of Riddell working himself to death, reading all day, and seeing no one; while *he* has read very hard ever since he has been up; and other men doing their ten hours'—one even sixteen hours'—reading a day. Only fancy! I seldom get above eight! I *must* work! Oh! those horrid schools! I

take plenty of exercise—*i.e.*, two hours a day, go to bed about twelve, live very moderately, and don't think reading would hurt me, do its worst! And then I find I *can't*. I have not the power of working *very* hard. Working can't hurt me, but I can't work; while men, who always get headaches and pains and biliousness by reading, can stick to it like wax, and do nearly twice as much in the day as I can. Oh, for that application! If one could but read two hours together without raising one's eyes or taking off one's thoughts, and then begin again and do two hours more! Never mind. I must make the best of a bad job, and be thankful for health."

It may be an encouragement to others who suffer from this same difficulty to know how completely it was afterwards overcome by him, so that in after years he was able to do many hours' consecutive hard work on his writings. His diaries of the years between 1863 and 1868 speak of many a "good morning's work on Commentary" (S.P.C.K. "Commentary on the Four Gospels"), and there are numerous other records of a power of application to one subject for hours together acquired by perseverance in his after life.

His fears as to the result of the final schools were amply justified. During the examination a brief line sent home says;

"I have just come out from the science paper, and have been completely nonplussed by it. I expected to do it and logic best, and all my hopes are gone. I believe I could not have made a more decided failure in it. I feel sure that I have lost all chance of a second."

This foreboding proved correct, for, on the list being published, his name appeared in the third class. His

testamur for this examination is dated May 5, 1845, and the first of the signatures of the examiners is that of H. G. Liddell, for so many years afterwards Dean of Christ Church.

His letter to his sister on the subject has been preserved and in it he says :

"So it is all over now, and the class list has sealed my certain conviction. I suppose it affected me much less than most who were disappointed, from that very previous certainty, but altogether the whole affair is very disappointing to look back upon. I fancy there were not above two or three at the most who did unexpectedly well, Jacobs, a first, being one. A considerable majority were below their expectation. Such a number as fourteen gulfs was never before heard of: there are generally five or six. Relatively to others, what annoys me alone in the list is Williams' second. I am very glad Riddell was not disappointed. I put on my Bachelor's gown yesterday, and took my degree as a 'petty compounder,' because I had more than £5 per annum income, but less than £300."

He was now only one and twenty years old, so that it was impossible for him to be ordained for some time He therefore determined to go to Durham for the theological course there, and took up his residence in October for that purpose. Meantime, after the work and anxiety of his examination, he took a long holiday, proceeding first of all to Belgium and Germany with his father and other members of his family, and then paying Mr. Congreve a visit at Rugby. Finally, immediately before entering at Durham, he went with his brother for a tour in Cumberland, a county full of happy recollections of their boyhood,

for at Workington, and at Isell Hall and Vicarage, several of their holidays had been spent.

There is very little to record of the quiet year now spent in going through the theological course, but it is interesting to note that (though it was not until afterwards, when curate of Kidderminster, that he became intimate with the Douglas family, the eldest daughter in which he married), his future father-in-law was Canon of Durham at this time. There is just one little bit of testimony which bears upon this period, contained in a letter from the present Bishop of Aberdeen to Canon Douglas of Salwarpe, dated "Feast of St. Stephen, 1897." He says, speaking of Walsham How, "Ever since I first met him, when he was reading Divinity at Durham, he has been a great help to me. At Durham, though he was reading Divinity, and I was only a 'freshman,' I felt his influence for good, and he gave a distinctly higher tone to the college life of his year."

He proceeded to an *ad eundem* degree at Durham, but meantime was anxiously engaged in considering what curacy he might obtain. With a family so closely united in affection it was only natural that there should have been some wish that he might find work in Shrewsbury, but to this course he was clearly opposed, as is evident from the following letter to his sister written from Durham in 1846.

"I wish the subject of the curacy was settled. I must confess the proposal of staying at home for the first year has rather damped the (perhaps rather exaggerated) ardour with which I looked forward to entering upon my clerical duties. I should begin with very different feelings there and the considerations of being of use at home, and in no little degree the prospect of your society, would in some

measure usurp the place of the thoughts of active employment and deep interest with which I had invested the duties before me. It would be altogether a different thing to me; but I won't say any more about it to-day, for I think perhaps my feelings are stronger, now it is new to me, than they will be in a short time.

"L., the curate of St. Margaret's here, to whom I took my situation, said, though he thought it would be only from a strong sense of duty that he would live at home as curate at first, yet, if a man *could* resist all petty inducements to idleness, and *could* so far command himself as to make any change in his mode of life, which he might feel it his duty to make before those who have known him intimately, it would be the best training possible for his character: yet he did not think he could do all this. Let us wait and see about Mr. Claughton at any rate first. I wish I knew of any good way of applying to him."

Fortunately some way was found, and it was speedily arranged that Walsham How should join the band of curates at Kidderminster under the Rev. T. L. Claughton, afterwards Bishop of St. Albans—a decision of the greatest importance in influencing his future life, for he shared to the full the allegiance felt by all Kidderminster curates to their vicar, of whom (when Bishop of Rochester) he said in the great speech he delivered at the Wolverhampton Congress of 1867: "One thing I know—that none of his old curates (and I thank God I am one) have any ambition to be other than he."

CHAPTER III

KIDDERMINSTER

It having been settled that Walsham How should proceed to a curacy at St. George's, Kidderminster, he went to stay at the Star and Garter in Worcester for the examination for deacon's orders, an ordeal which immediately preceded the ordination, and did not, as in well-ordered dioceses at the present day, take place some weeks before, so that candidates may have their minds free from anxiety as to the result of the examination at such a solemn time. It does not appear either that in other ways things were managed as they are now, for, writing to his brother from there, he says:

"Two days of the examination are now over: six men's names were given out as having done best in the first day's papers, mine not being among them. I rather expected to hear mine, I confess, but I hope there is a very good set of men this time. All things are done in a very indecorous, off-hand, careless way, and they say the ordination is too. . . .

"A very, very little distracts my thoughts, and unnerves me for my duty. What could we do without externals, without forms and rules and observances? If there are many like me, as I fancy there must be, we should get on badly without them."

On December 20, 1846, he was duly ordained deacon, and licensed to the curacy of St. George's, Kidderminster, exactly one week after his twenty-third birthday. He went straight to his work, and one can picture the "cheerful, earnest young fellow," as he is described by one who knew him there, going on Friday evenings at six o'clock, before evening service, to the vestry, with the rest of Mr. Claughton's large staff of curates, to receive his first instructions as to the duties and responsibilities of parish work. One of the duties in which he was quickly engaged, and in which he was singularly successful, was the getting together and instructing a large class of youths, and, though it is now half a century ago, there still linger in Kidderminster some grey-headed men who attended this class, and who say of him that he had a happy knack of attracting to him almost every young fellow with whom he came in contact. Quite recently one of this class came and spoke to him in Wakefield, and many were the questions asked by the Bishop after others who were still remembered by name, and with affectionate recollection.

In connection with this side of his work, it may be mentioned that he was instrumental in helping to found a Mutual Improvement Society in Kidderminster, which in latter days has developed into the Workmen's Club and Institute, one of the most successful institutions of its kind in the country. His portrait is still to be seen in the club album, with those of the late Lord Lyttelton, Dean Boyle, and many others of its early patrons.

He had not been many months at Kidderminster before he longed to pay a visit to his home, which was now at Nearwell. This is the subject of the following letter to his sister, and many who knew him

well will recognise the allusion to the "cuckoo," for it was a favourite habit of his to signal to those at a distance, or to amuse little children, by imitating the sound of a cuckoo with his hands before his mouth.

"KIDDERMINSTER, *Feb.* 8, 1847.

"DEAREST MINNY,

"If I had not to preach on Wednesday, I am not altogether sure that you might not have been rather startled at hearing the cuckoo outside the window at tea-time this evening. I had vanity enough to think what fun it would be to get off the coach, run up and listen in the verandah, and hear one of you say, 'I wonder what Walsham's doing about this time?' Wouldn't I have made you jump! How often have I run up and down the almanack with a sort of hope that some spare week had appeared in it since I last looked, and turned again sadly to my sermon, saying: 'No, there's no day till Easter Monday,' and then perhaps old Maynard and I may pop in together—who knows?

"My mother says she should like to look in upon me sometimes. I think she would be amused to see me sitting at dinner by myself, with a black cat on the table close to the side of my plate. It is a most unsnubbable cat. It likes anything you do to punish it, and seems just as happy and purrs as loud, whether you put it in the coal-box, or rub its fur the wrong way, or step on it when asleep, or anything. The worst of it is that it sometimes takes a running jump at you from a great distance, and sticks its claws very tight in to keep itself up. It often goes and gives its own shadow on the wall a reproving pat with its paw, and pursues its own tail with the excited pirouettes of a dancing dervish.

"You have no idea what funny little fellows we have in the school. They look so fat and wise and solemn it always makes me laugh to look at them. And they have such funny dresses, too. One very little chap comes, with his hair combed smooth down, in the cape of his father's great coat, which makes him look like a fat sugar loaf in its dark blue paper. Yesterday I made a bold incursion into the girls' Sunday School, and heartily repented it, for all the lady teachers, who were strangers to me, rose up and delivered the head class into my hands to teach. Several of them are girls about your age, and many grown up, and they were shy and giggled, and wouldn't answer, and even laughed at my beginning at the wrong end of the class, or something of that sort. I think I must leave that department in senior and graver hands, or at least go for some time at first under their protection. It is horrid to be stuck on a stool in the centre of twenty big girls, drest in their Sunday best, who laugh when you ask them a question."

The very next day he writes again to his sister, and this time on more serious subjects. It will be seen from this letter how he grasped at once the secret of preaching, and from the very first endeavoured after that simple lucidity which marked his sermons throughout his life.

"KIDDERMINSTER, *Feb.* 9, 1847.

"My aim and object [speaking of his sermons] is just to hit the nail on the head, to make as plain as possible the subject I have chosen, and keep as well as possible out of all others. . . . I am quite of my mother's opinion about descending low to meet the common understanding of people, especially the poor. Ideas that seem almost wearisome to us from their commonness

must be put into our sermons, for the people will not supply in their minds what we omit as a matter of course. Dr. Jenkyns told us that St. Chrysostom, speaking of plain language in sermons, said he would rather use a wooden than a golden key if it better fitted the lock."

Very early in this same year—in fact, only a month after his ordination, he wrote a long letter to his brother on the observance of Friday. As the views expressed in it are exactly what he held all through his life, it will be well to quote it, especially as it affords yet one more instance of the early adoption of views never to be changed. Writing from Kidderminster, January 22, 1847, he says:

"The chief point to be answered is about the observance of Friday, a subject so delicate and difficult to speak about that it had better perhaps be indirectly. The difficulty of it lies in its being so completely personal, and in speaking of it you must unveil things in your own practice, which, according to the Bible, had better be left in secret. But I am certain in one's own family, when an occasion of this sort is given, it is one's duty to speak out. My mother suggests that not going out to dinner on Friday may be to make us better prepared for our Sunday duties. She is right so far as Sunday duties are only a part of all duties, its object being simply to make one better. There is no lecture or service here on Friday evening, beyond the daily afternoon prayers. But there is such a thing as the duty of fasting. No one can possibly deny this who reads Matt. vi. 16–18, Mark ii. 20, 1 Cor. vii. 5, 2 Cor. vi. 5, xi. 27. Besides these more positive passages we have the practice of the Apostles and

the early Church recorded in the Acts; and, to crown all, the great fast of our Blessed Saviour Himself, which is the more instructive if considered as immediately preceding His Temptation. It is to my mind as plain a duty as anything else, and has *always* appeared so. I do not think I *ever once* had a doubt about it. Next, as to its nature: the above passages show that it is utterly different to general self-denial; that, in short, it is a *particular* self-denial in the matter of eating and drinking at *particular* times. Each person must judge for themselves what is really imposing a restraint upon them without any detriment to health. If there are *particular* seasons for fasting, when are they? If we knew nothing beforehand, should we not readily decide that of all days the day on which Christ suffered the extreme of His Passion, the day of His death, was the most appropriate? The Church of England has in a table at the end of the Calendar in the Prayer Book pointed out particular times. . . .

" . . . I have earnestly wished that Friday were properly observed as a day of mourning, as Sunday is of rejoicing and happiness (both being necessary to man's soul). At Oxford and Durham I seldom forgot the day altogether, and though I do not pretend to have done my duty in this point in any degree, yet I always found that, when in the best and most serious state, I observed Friday most. And I state most earnestly that it is a good thing to do so. Yet we must observe most carefully the directions given by Christ Himself. It must be to ourselves, and as much as possible unobserved. We must *never* (if possible) speak of it, except when it requires vindicating or impressing. . . . If people would but believe the words and experience of our best and wisest

men, of the saints of our Church, such as Jeremy Taylor and Bishop Andrewes, and numberless others, they would not neglect fasting so much as they do."

Two or three letters, undated, but written just about this time, tell how intensely happy he was in his life at Kidderminster, and how warmly he appreciated his vicar and his fellow curates; thus, writing to his sister, he says:

"I see Government promise the three new bishops, that were so much talked of, as soon as they have money. I do hope Lord John won't have the appointment. As long as they keep making bishoprics rewards for old dons and clever writers and schoolmasters, what can they expect of the Church? . . . A woman told me yesterday that the vicar and Mrs. Claughton had called upon her and 'behaved very pretty.' Please write soon.

"Your very affectionate brother,

"WM. WALSHAM HOW."

And soon after:

"I like all the curates better the more I see of them. Whateley, Douglas, Kewley and Tate, are four you might pick out of all England as fellow-workers, and good and pleasant friends; and I am sure if Carlyle knew Claughton, and thought as we all do, he would write a new chapter in his 'Hero-Worship' on the 'Hero-Vicar.'"

Then to his brother he writes:

"Douglas is a really delightful fellow. How *extraordinarily* fortunate we are! We unquestionably are a very pleasant set of fellows. If . . . is another, I shall

consider it a law of nature that Kidderminster curates must be nice."

The intensity of his devotion to and affection for his vicar comes out strongly in an unpublished poem called "A Day's Influence," of which the Rev. T. L. Claughton is the subject. The poem was written many years after leaving Kidderminster, and thus records the lasting influence of the place upon his mind :

"At morn I saw a well-remembered scene,
Lov'd well, and safely stored, long years ago ;
Black fir-trees framing all the burnish'd mist
That drap'd the hollow of the sloping town,
The high church-tower, upshooting, sunny, clear,
And gleaming uplands softly fair beyond ;
But not in lustrous day-dreams lay the spell.

At night I saw God's host, the angel-stars,
Marching their awful march through infinite space,
Serenely pure, divinely beautiful ;
But not in glorious starlight lay the power.

For *he* was there, who of all men the most
Swayeth my inmost heart with love and power.
Shall painter teach to stranger eyes the smile
That draweth sweetness from its varyings ?
And shall I with rude handling and dead words
Mar the soft spell, rending the delicate flower,
To scan the secret of its loveliness ?
Yet this much known, that as the wavering maze
Of tender sunlight under vernal woods
Fills all the soul with love, so love is born
From all his gentle moods of graceful mirth ;
And from his graven thoughts upsprings such power
As silence breathes beneath the vivid stars.

About this time Walsham How saw something of the family of W. W. Douglas, his fellow curate, and must have

been making up his mind that the eldest Miss Douglas should, if possible, be his wife. The special mention of "Douglas," whenever writing about his fellow curates, seems to foreshadow this, and a letter written after being best man at Mr. Tate's wedding may have been meant in a subtle manner to prepare the minds of those at home for what was coming in the near future. Writing to his brother on June 21, 1848, he says:

"We had a great dispute at dinner on Monday as to the bridegroom's man's office, which one person contended was to carry the ring; but I believe that my idea was generally voted a sounder view of the matter, namely, that he and the bridesmaids were as seconds in a duel, and that if anything happened to the principals they were bound to have it out. I do think it an iniquitous piece of gynocracy that there should be eight bridesmaids to one bridegroom's man! . . . I am sure I congratulated old Tate most heartily, for I had no notion before how much the wedding of a friend makes one feel. I don't know how I should hold out if you or Minny did such a horrid thing, and, as for myself, the very thought of being in such a ticklish position quite frightens me!"

Not so very long after this—probably in the autumn of this year—matters had evidently advanced a good deal, for we get in the following letter a clear intimation that his hopes were known at all events to his brother:

"I rode over to Worcester (for the Festival) after breakfast, got my ticket, and went to the cathedral. As long as very few people were there, the behaviour was

reverent enough, but I confess after a while it became far more like a concert-room than a cathedral, and I am sorry to say the bishop's party, who came early, did their best, by talking and laughing, to make it so. . . .

"Mr. Douglas (as I had fully intended before I started) asked me to go round by Salwarpe, which is not much out of the road between here and Worcester, to dinner, so I rode with his carriage, and spent a very pleasant evening there, renewing my acquaintance with lots of little Douglads, who used to fight me when I met them out walking at Durham. There appeared to be dozens to come into dessert, and dozens who appeared in the drawing-room afterwards, too old for dessert and not old enough for dinner, besides lots of babies too young for either, and the four eldest who dined with us. I never encountered such a houseful in my life; but after all there were only eighteen children and a Swiss governess, besides a gentleman and lady and their daughter who were staying there, and another stray lady ditto. Of course I took Miss Douglas in to dinner."

All this time the controversy about the Tractarian movement was raging, but Walsham How had found a safe shelter and sure guidance with Mr. Claughton. Yet the ripples of the storm were felt even there, and some lines written by Mr. Baptist Noel "To a Youthful Anglo-Catholic," and published in the *Guardian*, drew from him a letter couched in language perhaps the strongest and most indignant that he ever used. Here it is:

"Have you read Mr. Baptist Noel's rhymes in the *Guardian*? I laughed at it at first, and wrote to Maynard under the impression that it was extremely ludicrous, but,

since reading over the 'Lines to a Young Anglo-Catholic' again, my feelings have changed very much. I can hardly conceive anything so horrible being believed, much less expressed. They would be utterly monstrous in the mouth of a most bigoted Papist, who believes in our everlasting death as a certainty; they would disgrace a Mohammedan, and coming from a professing Christian they make one shudder. Read them line by line and think of their meaning, and ask yourself if you ever saw in print anything so fearful, so almost Satanic. My first thought when I read them carefully last night was, 'His delight was in cursing and it shall happen unto him: he loved not blessing and it shall be far from him.' My next, 'That it may please Thee to forgive our slanderers, and to turn their hearts,' not that I identify myself in any way with the party he attacks; but if there be a love of the Cross, and a voluntary taking it up day by day, if there be an ardent and over-strained searching after truth, if there be hours and hours of earnest absorbing prayer, if there be a quiet hope, and looking for a better country, it is to be found in that party, whose errors arise rather out of an *over*-heated imagination, a *too* engrossing earnestness, and a too great concentration of the thoughts on certain ideas, which at last warps the mental powers. If any man is sincere, and has his heart brimful, it is the Anglo-Catholic. I believe the party thus designated to be in great error, but where is the slighting of the Cross? Where is the shrinking from the light? Where is the hate of Dissenters? Where are the heartless prayers? Let him talk of 'heated brain,' 'fervent fancies,' 'false dreams of unity,' 'erring notions of the old,' &c., if he likes. But this is not the worst part. God forgive the man that could write the line 'By the heaven thou canst

not gain.' What is all this but, in the words of David, 'cursing and lies'?"*

But the happy Kidderminster days were soon to end, and his share in the services there, which he describes as the most enjoyable he had ever known, to cease. There was some idea of his leaving to undertake the curacy of the Abbey Church at Shrewsbury, but for a time this was put aside. Writing from Kidderminster to his sister he says:

"I thought of going into several of the points you speak of, but really I am so glad to get the matter off my mind that I will only say shortly that I should not have let the particular objections you have dwelt upon weigh with me at all, had I thought it right on wider grounds to accept the Abbey. I think it is not so hard to see what the vicar means by urging that *I am placed here.* A change is always accompanied by so much evil to the people, as well as unsettlement to oneself, that I do not think one has a right to accept a more desirable curacy, merely because it is so."

But an event occurred to alter his determination. In the autumn of 1848 his stepmother died, and he resolved to go and live at home to be a comfort to his father and sister. He at first volunteered to assist the curate in charge of the parish of Holy Cross (The Abbey), Shrewsbury, which then included what is now the separate parish of

* The lines referred to included the following verse:

"By the prayer in which thy heart
Ne'er consents to take a part:
By the heaven thou canst not gain;
By the hell of endless pain:
Turn thee from thy follies quick,
Youthful Anglo-Catholic!"

St. Giles', but, on this gentleman shortly leaving, he was appointed to the curacy, living at Nearwell, his father's house in the parish.

Application had, however, to be made to the bishop for permission to leave his curacy, for he had not concluded the usual two years, so that he writes :

"I took occasion to speak to the bishop in the vestry about resigning my present curacy, and he said certainly I might, as soon as I could do so without inconvenience to the vicar. I visited several poor people yesterday evening. They all know I am going to leave, and quite pain me by their kindness."

It should be mentioned here that on December 19, 1847, he was duly ordained priest at Worcester, so that at the time of his death, which occurred on August 10, 1897, he had completed his fifty years since his ordination as a deacon, and was within a few months of keeping the jubilee of his priesthood.

He now settled down quietly at Shrewsbury for two or three years, until the living of Whittington (about seventeen miles north of that town), of which his father had purchased the next presentation, should be vacant.

Here is his own description of his position at this time :

"SHREWSBURY, 1848.

"But, to be in earnest, it does make us very happy, dearest Minny, to think that we are in any degree making you so, and, as I can only judge of your feelings by my own, I must conclude that you do not feel the less so for knowing what deep and true happiness you give to us. For both these reasons, I am very thankful that I can now look upon my position in this parish as somewhat more

permanent than it seemed to be before. Mr. Burton * came yesterday afternoon and offered me Mr. Panting's place, which I at once accepted, and I trust it may please God to give me health to work usefully here for some time to come. I am in some anxiety about a fellow curate, a good one being so very hard to get. Wm. Douglas, Mr. Hilton, Mr. Pardoe, and Edward Thring, being all immovable, I shall make one attempt to get Mr. Fletcher to take the place, and then I am utterly at a loss. I can think of nobody else, and I really should dread facing the Abbey for any length of time by myself."

These years were marked chiefly by two events: in the first place, by his marriage at Salwarpe on November 6, 1849, to Frances Ann, eldest daughter of the Rev. Henry Douglas, Rector of Salwarpe and Canon of Durham, and in the second place, by the writing of the first volume of "Plain Words"—the book by which he first became known as a writer. It was the custom at Nearwell to read a sermon at prayer time on Sunday evenings, and the short sermons contained in this volume were originally written for these occasions. His father was so much pleased with them that he urged their publication, and even offered to defray the cost thereof, but there is no record of their publication in his diaries until we come to November 17, 1858, when there is the brief entry, "looked over first proof of 'Plain Words.'" This first series of the book was published by Wells Gardner in 1859, and the forty-eighth edition is just about to be issued, showing the great popularity his first book achieved.

* Vicar of Holy Cross, Shrewsbury.

CHAPTER IV

WHITTINGTON

On September 23, 1851, Walsham How was instituted by the Bishop of St. Asaph to the Rectory of Whittington in the county of Salop.

His ministerial work may be divided into three periods, of which by far the longest began at this date, for he remained in his country parish for twenty-eight years. The other two portions—viz., his episcopate in East London and that in Wakefield, each lasted but nine years. Thus the very prime of his life and energies was spent at Whittington—a long preparation perhaps for the more important positions to be filled afterwards. It was a critical time in the history of the Welsh diocese to which he now belonged. The evangelical movement had taken a firm hold on most of the clergy: forms and ceremonies were considered of little importance, and even orders and sacraments were of secondary account. The religious census of 1851 made out the contrast between the attendance of Church people and Nonconformists at public worship to be very glaring, and it registered the high water mark of Dissent. But the old order was changing; the Oxford movement began to make itself felt even here; men had arisen of the type of Henry Glynne of Hawarden, and Henry Ffoulkes of

Buckley, afterwards Canon and Archdeacon of Montgomery; and under the sway of Bishop Vowler Short the Church in the diocese was beginning to claim its proper position.

Walsham How's predecessor at Whittington had been rector for more than forty years, and was a strong adherent of the old Evangelical School. He had had texts of Scripture painted in large white letters on the outside of the old red brick church, and also of some of the cottages in the village. The hymn book in use was "The Christian Hymn Book," compiled by himself, and was a wonderful volume. The preface contains the following passage: "Many hymn writers have fallen into the mistaken notion that man is formed of clay, or have taught it for the convenience of rhyming. It is, however, quite false that man is made either in whole or in part of clay!" One of the hymns was written by the editor, and the following couplet may be quoted as a specimen of its quality:

> "Earth's axis thou placed in position inclined,
> Thus the seasons contrived with benevolent mind."

In a large volume of Parish Papers the new rector gave the following description of the church as he found it:

"Rebuilt 1804. It is a curiously ugly brick building, completely devoid of style or taste, with large round-headed windows, &c. So completely ignorant of church architecture was the generation which saw the present church built, that Lord Dungannon has told me that he remembers being brought to this church when young, soon after it was finished, that he might see a specimen of all that could be desired in a church both as to beauty and as to excellence of arrangement."

The pulpit was the front part of a platform on square wooden props running along the south wall of the chancel. The organ was a barrel organ. The font was a shallow oval basin on a three-cornered wooden pedestal. The chancel seats were two long common benches on either side. "Such," wrote Walsham How, "is our poor parish church, and, having partly rebuilt the rectory house, I often think of 2 Sam. vii. 2." *

If the church was in a remarkable state, the house was no less so. In the same papers we find:

"Near the front door a fox was chained to a kennel, but was shut up whenever the hounds met in the neighbourhood. It was very odorous. The garden was more of a thicket than anything else, being filled in all parts with dense shrubs, small paths leading about amongst them and bringing you to arbours, grottoes, &c. Five small streams of water were also conducted in channels through the garden, and altogether it was a damp wilderness apparently made for hide and seek. When I came, there was a very nice swimming bath of considerable size and depth on the flat grass plot opposite the dining-room windows. It could be filled and emptied at pleasure, and in a more convenient place would have been a great luxury."

The house itself was singularly inadequate and inconvenient, and, before the young rector could bring his bride to live there, considerable alterations and additions were made under the direction of Mr. Ewan Christian, the architect to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, Mr. and Mrs. How meantime occupying lodgings in the village.

* "See now, I dwell in an house of cedar, but the ark of God dwelleth within curtains."

Changes were of course quickly made in the garden: shrubs were cleared away, the swimming bath was filled up, the small streams were united in one, and a pretty course made for it down two little falls and between large mossy stones, where ferns were planted and rare flowers grown, of which some account is given in the chapter on botany. The one thing that was not changed just at first was the church and its services. Although the new rector's training at Kidderminster was not calculated to make him content with things as they were, yet, acting under the advice of Bishop Short, he determined to make no changes for a year, so that the people might begin to know him and have confidence in him first.

With so much that was quaint in the rector of Whittington's new surroundings there were also many strange characters among his new parishioners. The following words are given verbatim as spoken by an old woman on the occasion of his first visit to her, soon after becoming rector.

"The old man and me, sir, never go to bed without singing the Evening Hymn. Not that I've got any voice left, for I haven't, and, as for him, he's like a bee in a bottle; and then he don't humour the tune, for he don't rightly know one tune from another, and he can't remember the words neither; so, when he leaves out a word, I puts it in, and when I can't sing I dances, and so we gets through it somehow."

Superstition was extraordinarily rife. Cures were supposed to be effected by such means as the being swung nine times under a donkey, the taking of any remedy recommended by a man on a piebald horse, &c.

One day the rector called at a house next door to one

in which an old man had recently died. The woman on whom he was calling told him she had seen her neighbour go past just after he died. Mr. How expressed his surprise, and asked for further particulars. "He walked down the road, sir, in front of the house," said the woman. "But what was he like?" asked Mr. How. "Oh! he was exactly like a cat!" was the reply.

During his twenty-eight years' residence in Whittington the rector saw a great change and enlightenment come over his parishoners. Probably at the present day it would require a diligent search to find even a trace of many of the strange old customs and beliefs that were prevalent in the middle of the century.

In 1852 his work was increased by his being appointed by the bishop to be one of his voluntary inspectors of schools, a position which he held for eighteen years, until in 1870 the Elementary Education Act was passed. He was fond of quoting Mr. Forster's remark when preparing this Bill, that "if every diocese had been as well provided for as St. Asaph there would have been no need for that Act."

From the following year (1853) his diaries date, and although they are strictly confined to events and never contain one single sentiment from beginning to end, yet they are extremely characteristic and interesting. They were evidently kept chiefly as a guide to his work, so that he might be satisfied that he was day by day doing as much as he had set himself. Thus we find each day a note of the services he had taken, of his attendance at school, of what writing work he did, and of what parochial visits he paid, the latter being carefully entered by name. He laid great stress on school attendance and on parochial visits, and in his last charge to the clergy of the Wakefield Diocese, he says:

"I cannot understand any clergyman with a high ideal of his work and office not doing all in his power to teach and train the children in his parish. . . . Our ideal clergyman will therefore be most regular and punctual in assisting in the religious teaching of the day school."

And of pastoral visiting he says:

"The ideal clergyman will be constantly in his parish. . . . I think St. Paul would suggest a good deal of very earnest personal dealing with souls when he speaks of 'warning every man, and teaching every man.'"

His own practice at Whittington was to attend the schools every morning at nine, and to visit so diligently that at the end of the year a calculation on the last page of the diary would show that he had made an average of twenty-two visits per week for the whole fifty-two weeks, of which time a portion was taken up in an annual holiday and in work outside his parish, making the average for the weeks spent at Whittington considerably higher.

The other entries in his diaries consist of notes on the weather, the date of bedding-out plants, attendances at night school as well as at choir and cricket practices, fishing excursions (with the number of fish killed), and all the varied occupations of a country clergyman.

Thus these diaries are filled with small details of every-day life, and show his close attention to little things, and the order and method with which he arranged his time. Few, if any, of what some would consider the more important events are mentioned at all. So, of all the many offers he received, large town parishes, canonries, colonial and home bishoprics, &c., there is scarcely even

a note. The very date of his becoming a bishop is simply marked with the two words "My consecration." It was typical of the man. His modesty shrank from any acknowledgment of his own worth. He was happiest in quiet routine work, while he had the keenest enjoyment of all legitimate pleasures and holidays.

It is thus that he must be pictured for many of the first years of his life at Whittington. The parish was of large area—some seven miles from point to point—and contained numerous hamlets and outlying farms and cottages. All these were regularly and frequently visited, and the rector on his cob, with one or other of the children on a pony by his side, was very generally to be met with in the lanes or fields on his way to visit a sick person, or to call upon a distant parishioner.

From the very first his wife proved a most valuable assistant in his work. Not only did she carry on the usual mothers' meetings, clothing clubs, &c., but she was indefatigable in nursing the sick. Wet or fine, night or day, no one ever hesitated to send for her at once, and one of her sons has a distinct recollection of being got out of his bed in the middle of a cold winter's night to accompany her to a cottage a mile and more away, from which a messenger had come to summon her to the bedside of an ailing child.

In their joint work and happy home life many years passed quietly away, while children came to them, and the joys and sorrows that are common to mankind. Meantime certain events occurred which must not be passed over.

The church services began to be improved, and a choir to be regularly trained by the rector. Some grey-haired men will remember a photograph of themselves that was

taken in very early days, when seven little boys in Eton collars and bright blue ties stood in a line, psalters in hand, before a new-fangled instrument called a camera. This was the first regular choir trained by Walsham How, who used to conduct their practices in the village school with the help of his flute. Extra celebrations of the Holy Communion, and week-day evening services, were introduced, and were, to judge by a note of the excellent attendance, much appreciated.

In 1854 the Bishop offered him the Rural Deanery of Oswestry—by no means the least favourably circumstanced of the deaneries in the diocese—and it may surprise the present generation to learn that on his first visitation he found no less than three churches without fonts. This office of Rural Dean he retained for a quarter of a century, until, in fact, he became Bishop Suffragan for East London.

In this same year the first heavy domestic sorrow befell him. He and his two children, with Mrs. How and her father and mother, were spending a holiday at Barmouth —a place afterwards to become most familiar and most dear to him—in an ivy-covered house called Bellevue, not far from the site of the present new church.

The two children were but three and one years old respectively, and the elder, "little Maynard," is described as a particularly pretty and engaging boy. On August 8, there is an entry in the diary, "little Mayney ill." For many days after this there seems to have been great anxiety; then, on August 30, he is described as "certainly a little better"; but on September 3, a Sunday, we read: "At 11 our beloved child died quite suddenly, from the heart. I went through the whole service with Communion without knowing anything."

They buried him in the churchyard at Llanaber, just overlooking the sea, and many and many a visit was paid in after years to the little grave where the first of their children was laid.

Immediately after the funeral Mr. and Mrs. How paid a short visit to another spot which became a favourite afterwards, and stayed at the Inn at Llanbedr, kept for so many years by Mr. Richards. The holiday was thus slightly prolonged, but September 16 saw the Rector of Whittington back again at work in his parish.

Among many of the devices employed by him to get a better acquaintance with, and to give pleasure to, his people, none was more popular than the "Old Men's Dinner," of which the first mention occurs on January 1, 1855, and which was continued on or about New Year's Day during the whole of his residence there. In a parish of 1500 people there were always a good number to be invited as "old men," and very cheery gatherings they were, though the rector invariably spoke a few solemn words to his guests in the course of the little speech with which he welcomed them. Many customs and associations became connected in the course of years with these dinners. It was always a special observance to drink the health of one man who had been born with the century, and no one would have considered that the occasion had passed off properly without a beautiful old song called "To-morrow," piped with many an old-fashioned shake and run in the high tenor of the venerable rectory gardener.

Besides these functions there was an annual tea to the old women, a school feast—and such a school feast !—for the children, with concerts and lectures and every kind of useful and enjoyable gathering for the parish at large, for

it was not the nature of either Mr. or Mrs. How to neglect the brighter and the social side of life. The rector himself was fond of lecturing, and his diaries give one an idea of the variety of his subjects. From 1857 onwards he gave lectures on "Modern Poets," "Astronomy," "Geology," "Visit to Rome," "Sir Humphrey Davy," "Books," &c., both in his own and in neighbouring parishes, and, though after 1870, his time became so much taken up with missions, retreats, Convocation, Congress, and literary work, that the lectures were dropped, yet in his last years he was delighted to resume them, and to give one of his bright chatty discourses on Astronomy to the Grammar School boys or the girls of the High School in Wakefield.

The marvel is that he found time for everything even in these earlier and comparatively freer days. He wrote at this time several series of "Plain Words," and from 1863 to 1868 was hard at work on the S.P.C.K. "Commentary on the Gospels." One of his old curates says that he used simply to *make* time for literary work by employing all odd minutes at his writing table. His parish work was never interfered with. He seemed to have time for everything, and this was only accomplished by dint of great care and method. He had the greatest horror of wasting any time, however short, and it has been said of him that he could not "loaf" even for ten minutes. The orderliness of his life was shown in numberless ways. He kept exceedingly accurate and minute accounts. He had maps of each district in his parish with which he supplied every new curate. These maps he had always corrected up to date, and every house was numbered, with an index giving the name of every man, woman and child in the parish, with sufficient particulars to make it unnecessary

for the new clergy to pester people during a first visit with questions as to their family and belongings. Then how punctual and orderly he was in his correspondence. All who wrote to him will readily acknowledge that they were never kept waiting for an answer to their letters. His habit was, on receipt of a letter requiring an answer, or on finding in course of conversation that a letter had to be written, immediately to address an envelope for the purpose, and thus to provide himself with an effectual reminder. It has been said that his very handwriting was a type of his character—strong, energetic, systematic, sympathetic. One who had never known him might have picked his letter out from a hundred others as written by one who felt he had a work to do and knew how to do it. He was, too, very regular in his habits, so long as he was still at Whittington, and never late for, or absent from, services, meetings, or even meals. This habit of orderliness ran through the smallest details of life, and the misplacement by a housemaid of even a small article of furniture would cause him daily vexation, while he never allowed any one to put his clothes away in his drawers, doing it with his own hands all his life long, that he might be sure of finding them in the right order. These seem small matters; but they serve to show by what method he ruled his life, and how close was his attention to little things.

In 1858 he was able to see St. Andrew's Church at Frankton (a district of his parish) consecrated, the first step towards the formation of the new parish of Welsh Frankton. The complete severance did not take place till some years had elapsed, and till a difficult and disagreeable contest with some of the local landowners had been won.

In 1860 he was installed as an honorary canon of St. Asaph, and retained the office until, in 1878, he was admitted to the prebendal stall of Llanefydd with the Chancellorship of St. Asaph Cathedral. Needless to say these appointments brought no emoluments with them, but were conferred merely as an honour. Canon Walsham How (as he may now be called) was always comfortably off, for the living of Whittington was at this time worth more than £1000 a year, and his father was able at his death to leave him considerable private means. The death of his father occurred in 1862, and in writing to his brother immediately after so great a bereavement and sorrow, he says :

"This must draw us three closer together than ever, dear Maynard, for, though it has truly broken one link which drew us often together, yet the common grief we have shared will add one of a different sort ; and the more loved ones are taken from our sight here below, the more precious I think the rest become."

In 1865 the inhabitants of Whittington were somewhat startled to learn that their rector had undertaken the chaplaincy of the English church at Rome. He was away for four months of the spring of that year, taking with him Mrs. How and their little daughter and her governess. It was his invariable custom when enjoying any scenery, or travels, or indeed almost anything whatever, to write long accounts of all that he liked best, or that amused him most, so that others might share in his pleasure at second hand. So diligent was he in this that on one occasion, when passing in a steamer through some of the loveliest scenery off the west coast of Scotland, he was found in the saloon writing a long description

of his enjoyment of the scenery, the best part of which he was missing at the very time! So from Rome he sent numberless letters home, and a few of the more interesting and amusing extracts must find a place here.

"ROME, *March* 20, 1865.

"I must tell you of a very absurd sight I saw the other day. I went to call on an English sculptor, a Mr. Adams, in his studio. He was working at a statue of Mr. Gladstone, in his Chancellor's robes. Mr. Gladstone being in England, a model was needful (the head having been taken before in England), so a regular Roman model was standing on a platform for him. You would have roared to have seen him. He was a handsome dirty Roman with beard and moustaches of course, and as Mr. Adams wanted legs and drapery, this fellow was divested of his trousers, and stood there with naked legs and feet of extreme shagginess and ruddiness, having on of his own only a shirt and a gay open waistcoat, but duly robed in a mock Chancellor's robe of state, which he had to hold in an attitude. I should like Mr. Wm. Lyttelton to have looked in. He would have shook the place down with laughing. . . . We see a great deal of the Mackarnesses, and are going with them to Tivoli to-morrow. Bishop Forbes of Brechin is one of the most taking men I have ever met, so very kind, and nice, and thoughtful, and interesting. He is very learned and full of information of all sorts, talking well on every matter. He is going with us to-morrow."

"151 VIA BAMBINO, ROME, *March* 24.

"I am going this evening to a friend to be introduced to Mr. Wm. Palmer,* the 'Vert.' He is a very dangerous man, being very learned and a most unflinching champion of Rome. I want to get him to take us over some of the Catacombs, to which he is about the best guide here. He is not the Wm. Palmer who wrote the Church History, but 'Deacon Palmer,' as he used to be called, because he never would take priest's orders in our Church. He was at one time very nearly joining the Greek Church. I certainly do not feel the least attracted by Rome as a system here, and I imagine it is really made much more attractive to English ideas in England.

P.S. (Annunciation.) We went last night to tea, as I said, and met Mr. Palmer. There was no one there but the lady who asked us, and another clergyman and his wife. Mr. Palmer . . . abused the Church of England, and said very hard things. He sadly wanted some one of age, talent and authority enough to put him down. However, on some subjects he was interesting and pleasant enough. The chief thing I fought him on was his attempt to defend the absurd assertion of some Romish manual that the *Times* is the organ of the Anglican Church. He tried to make out that it fairly represented the dominant spirit of the Church."

"ROME, *April* 11, 1865.

"The only possible addition in the way of a 'Diary' is a glorious moonlight walk to the Coliseum. I walked about with Nelly [his daughter] and a little friend of hers

* This Mr. Palmer was elder brother of the late Earl of Selborne and the late Archdeacon of Oxford, and was equally distinguished in his University career.

here, and they asked me to tell them a story. So we sat on an old broken slab of stone, and I told them the story of the martyrdom of St. Ignatius in that very spot by wild beasts, which they seemed to appreciate. By the way, you might be interested in a little matter showing the suspicion and the weakness of the present Roman Government. There were races in the Campagna last Thursday, and the winning horse in the steeplechase, which was Prince Doria's, was ridden by an Englishman, a Mr. Spears, a horse of his own being ridden by his groom. Mr. Spears had lilac and green colours, and when he stripped to ride, people said they could not tell him from his groom, so he tied a white girdle round his waist. When he won the Italians were in raptures, shouting that he had the Italian colours, which are red, green, and white. On reaching home he received notice from Cardinal Antonelli to leave Rome in twenty-four hours, and though Mr. Odo Russell went with him to Antonelli, he would listen to no explanation, and Mr. Spears has gone. It was entirely unintentional, and, besides, the colours were not right."

On May 27 the parishioners of Whittington welcomed their rector home again, and showed their appreciation of him and emphasised their welcome by presenting him with a silver salver.

In 1866, instead of taking his usual holiday, Canon Walsham How went into residence for six weeks at the Canonry, St. Asaph, and while there saw a good deal of that neighbourhood, making several life-long friends. On August 11, 1866, he thus wrote to his brother :

"On Wednesday last I went to Hawarden (Mr. Glynne's), at which church I intoned A.M., and preached

P.M. on Thursday. Hawarden Castle, Sir Stephen Glynne's, is lent to the Bishop of Chester, so its owner was at the rectory with his brother. The rectory is an immense place, the endowment being £3000 a year, and the Gladstones, who generally live with Sir Stephen, were there too, all but the ex-Chancellor, who could not leave town, which was a great bore, as I wanted much to meet him, and have missed him there twice before. Mrs. Gladstone was very pleasant. She received such a jolly letter from the Princess of Wales while I was there. Archdeacon and Mrs. Bickersteth were there, he preaching A.M., and the charming Mrs. Wynn of Cefn. . . .

"Charley [a small four-year-old son] went to the cathedral service this afternoon. He has been very anxious to see the bishop, so we took him, and the bishop gave him a small wooden horse, so that he considers episcopacy quite a desirable institution!"

Early in the following year one of the many little visits of his brother to Whittington occurred, and drew forth the following letter:

"WHITTINGTON RECTORY, *Feb.* 6, 1867.

"MY DEAR OLD FELLOW,

"I value much your appreciation of a Sunday here. I really feared I had bored you with three services. My morning sermon ought to have been more useful than most of mine, for it was no essay, but a comment on a real case, and discussion of a real difficulty; and I always find those 'sermons from the life' do most good.

"I am so glad to see the Government does not shirk reform. I believe to have done so would have lost the Conservatives popular confidence for long to come, and have given the Radicals a fatal triumph."

CHAPTER V

HIS POSITION AS A CHURCHMAN

THE year 1867 was one of great influence on the subsequent career of Walsham How. Already loved and appreciated by a growing circle of friends, it was not till the Wolverhampton Church Congress of this year that he became generally well known.

There was to be a debate on Church Ceremonial, and Canon Erskine Clarke, then Vicar of All Saints, Derby, had been worried with two sets of extremists in his choir, some believing in the *Church Times* and some in *The Rock*—both of which were in those days strongly and bitterly partisan. Feeling that it was very necessary to *define* the sort of churchmanship which could keep these two sets of men in one choir, he asked Mr. How to come and see him at Derby the night before the Congress. They talked it over, and it was arranged that on the particular subject which gave the opportunity Canon Walsham How should set forth the Anglican position. This he did in a speech which has been described as "epoch making."

He spoke as follows:

"My lord,—I stand up to express one conviction which I hold very strongly. It is this—that the strength and

backbone of the Church of England lie in that very large party ('if party' that can be called which eschews and repudiates all party names and party practices)—that very large party (for I *must* use the word, having no better) which has learnt many things from the great Church movement which has burnt its mark ineffaceably upon the history of this generation; but which is startled, and to some extent repelled, by the rapid and excessive development of that movement, which is marking, perhaps no less ineffaceably, the present movement. This large party has been trained in a system which they find rudely questioned and shaken by some in these days. They have learnt to love the Church of England as they have learnt to know her. They have learnt to love the Prayer-book as they have seen it interpreted by wise and loving hearts for many years past. They are now asked to unlearn many old things, and to learn many new. I said that this party has gained much from the great advance in Church doctrine and practice of the present age, and they gladly acknowledge the debt. They have gained a clearer and firmer grasp of some very precious truths. They have gained the love of higher and more beautiful services, and of the musical offering of praise in choral worship. They delight in hearty congregational services. They love hymns heart-stirring and affecting, like Neale's and Faber's —hymns which can, and do, draw tears from eyes unused to weep. They hate all slovenliness and coldness and dryness. They are thankful to have escaped from the old reign of dry dignified proprieties. They seek, and I hope they attain to, life and warmth and love in their worship. They aim at short, stirring, and, where possible, extempore preaching. They accept without grudging much that will render their services attractive to the indifferent and

elevating to the devout. They decorate their churches, and are not ashamed of the blessed symbol of our salvation. (Loud cheers.) Above all they are continually multiplying the opportunities of daily prayer in their churches, continually making more and more frequent the celebrations—especially the early celebrations—of the Holy Communion. (Cheers.) They are learning—and thank those who teach them for the lesson—more and more to set forth *that* as *the* great act of worship in the Church of Christ. (Loud cheers.) But, fellow Churchmen, what is said of us? We are behind the age; weak, timid compromisers; sadly in the dark, and needing much enlightenment. Nay, we are even stigmatised as 'Anglicans.' Horrible imputation! A little while ago, when men wanted to call bad names, they used the word 'Protestant:' now it seems 'Anglican' is to become the term of reproach. And why are we called such bad names? Why, because we will not adopt a ceremonial which we believe to be neither required by obedience to the laws of the Church nor edifying to our people. (Loud cheers.) Now we do not wish to abridge any man's lawful liberty, though we do think such liberty ought to be self-abridged by obedience to authority. (Renewed cheering.) We shrink with horror from persecution, moral as well as physical. But we do claim this for ourselves, without judging others; we do claim our position as faithful, honest exponents of the Church's mind and practice. Doctrine has been most wisely excluded from our discussions, and I hope I shall not transgress this wise rule if I say, what indeed it is impossible not to say—namely, that we know very well this is no question of *mere* ceremonial. If it were, neither ritualists nor anti-ritualists would attach to it the importance they do. Doctrine *does* underlie the whole question.

And I honestly state that many with whom I should agree shrink from this new (or, if I may not say 'new,' this unusual) ceremonial, partly because they shrink from a certain *definiteness* and *localisation* which characterise the doctrine sought to be expressed by very advanced ritual. (Cheers.) Let me not be supposed to doubt the zeal, or devotion, or sincerity of those who hold such doctrine and use such ritual. I know well, and love and honour, some among them; but yet I must protest with all the energy at my command against the tone of somewhat scornful superiority with which the 'mere Anglican' is sometimes spoken of as a sort of minimist, holding but a small portion of Catholic truth. Why, I heard the other day a bishop [Dr. Claughton of Rochester], lowest indeed on the bench, but not lowest, I think, in the hearts and in the honour of the land, spoken slightingly of as a 'mere Anglican.' Well, one thing I know—that none of his old curates (and I thank God I am one) have any ambition to be other than he. (Loud cheers.) I protest, too, against the exclusive assumption of Catholicity by one party; against being supposed unfaithful, and twitted as uncatholic, because I will neither utter nor enact the Shibboleth of *any* party. My lord, we love the name 'Catholic' and we refuse to narrow it to a party watchword. We have long said to Rome, 'You shall not have exclusive possession of this title;' we now say the same to others. We love the doctrine of the Church as we love nothing else, believing it to be 'the truth as it is in Jesus;' we refuse to narrow it to mean Church doctrine as set forth in one particular development, and in one peculiar phraseology. We desire to treat candidly, and in a spirit of brotherly love, those with whom we find ourselves unable to agree in many things. And we desire to remain, what we hope we are

now, plain, faithful, honest members of our ancient and purified, and therefore dearly beloved, Church of England." (Loud cheers.)

This speech established his position in the Church as one who could not brook slovenliness or inadequacy in her services any more than he could approve the practices of the extreme Ritualistic party. *The Guardian* commenting on it said:

"The advocates of this cause (the Ritualistic) do not even acknowledge the force of the remonstrance so earnestly made by Mr. Walsham How against the habitual contumely with which they treat the old 'High Church' school. We could have wished that some one of the ceremonial revivalists had come forward to state in answer to Mr. How's appeal that the scorn and contempt heaped on so-called Anglicans by their organs would be repudiated by the more earnest and temperate men among them. They seem to have no ears for such pleadings in favour of toleration or peace. . . . On either side perhaps the speakers proved too much: it would be as easy to defend a multitudinous congregationalism by weapons taken out of one armoury, as it would be easy from the other to find arguments in favour of Rome. If it had not been for Mr. How's speech it would have seemed as if the old English *via media*, with its long array of orators and divines, its massive learning and dignified integrity of character, had no place in a Church Congress of our time. For our own part we do not believe in the probable extinction of what has had so much to do with our national progress, our manliness of temper, and our reputation for truth and honesty throughout the world."

It is remarkable that immediately after this Congress he received the first offer of a bishopric. After the deposition of Dr. Colenso, Bishop Gray of Capetown offered the Bishopric of Natal to the Rev. W. Butler, Vicar of Wantage, and afterwards Dean of Lincoln. Mr. Butler at first accepted the post, but afterwards, on the advice of Archbishop Longley, withdrew his acceptance. Bishop

Gray, who had been authorised by the synod of the diocese of Natal to appoint a bishop, writes in his diary (see Life, vol. ii. p. 371):

> "1867. Nov. 26. Offered Natal to How.
> Nov. 29. How declines Natal."

This is the only record there is of the offer having been made, it being, in common with other subsequent offers, ignored in Mr. How's own diary.

It may be well here to observe that the views put forth by this Congress speech are, after all, only those which he had held all along. In the first sermon he ever published he explicitly set out the duty of staunchly upholding the Church of England, while guarding against dangers from Rome on the one hand, and infidelity and carelessness on the other. This sermon is worth quoting as once for all explaining his position in the Church. To the last days of his life he was urgent for more frequent and more careful services wherever he found a low standard in his diocese, while he not infrequently preached sermons warning his hearers that danger from Rome existed still. The sermon was preached in the Abbey Church, Shrewsbury, on the 16th Sunday after Trinity, 1850, and was printed by request of the parishioners. Its subject was "The Church Movement of the Present Day." Taking as his text the words, "Prove all things: hold fast that which is good," he proceeded to explain that there is ever a "spirit of the age" spreading onwards and around, like leaven leavening the lump. He went on to say:

"On the whole I doubt not the principle of *reaction* will be found to govern the great movements in question. To put this more simply, when men find by degrees that

they have fallen into some extreme, they are startled and hasten to retrace their steps, but in their eagerness about this, as well as in the narrowness of their views and one-sidedness of their feelings, they forget to stop at the truth when they come to it, and so generally fall quite as much into the other extreme, and have again to retrace their steps with again the same result as before. . . . The chief danger (next, of course, to that of neglecting these questions altogether) is the danger of being carried too far by the powerful influences at work amongst men. The greatest difficulty (next, of course, to that of learning to care for such things at all) is the difficulty of stopping at the truth when we arrive at it.

* * * * *

"The least observant cannot fail to have marked the great change of feeling which has for many years been spreading over our country in religious matters—a change which, by God's mercy, has (I hesitate not to say) very mightily advanced the cause of God's truth. But if that which has for a time advanced the cause of truth be found to go beyond truth, and so run into the error of extreme, it is the duty of those whom God has appointed especially to guard and to dispense the truth to raise a voice of warning and to point out the danger which is at hand. Nor can we close our eyes to the necessity of this warning at the present time. We have seen from time to time waves washing up beyond the boundary line; there have not been wanting here and there instances of those whom the surf has carried forward far into the region of error. . . . Now, this movement very plainly began in reaction. . . . The Church fifty years ago was cold and seemingly lifeless. Her doctrine was lax; her practice cold and formal. In doctrine, the

sacraments were lowered and neglected, the unity and reality of the Church forgotten, the divine delegation of ministerial grace lost sight of; aye, and worse than these omissions, was the too common substitution of a cold and heartless morality for the life-giving doctrines of the Christian faith, the ever-blessed spiritual truths of the Atonement by the sufferings and death of the Saviour, and sanctification by the indwelling presence of the Holy Ghost; truths on which our very salvation hangs, and to take away which from our teaching is verily to take away the sun out of the heavens. And as to practice—the services were often slovenly, often few in number; communions were at long intervals, and scantily attended, &c. &c. . . . And then we must take shame to ourselves likewise for the scandals caused by the clergy themselves, whose neglect of their flocks, whose worldly bearing and pursuits, whose niggardly bestowal of their time and trouble in their Master's service, but too often led the careless to rest in their carelessness, and the zealous to seek spiritual guidance elsewhere. The tide had long set that way, and few there were that stemmed it. But, God be thanked! all life was not extinct. And thus . . . there began that wider, and for long also truer, movement, which has spread now more or less fully into every part of England. . . . Doubtless many who felt the truths that were beginning to be felt so keenly, outran their wisdom in their zeal, and fell into divers dangerous excesses. Many set their affections too much on outward forms; . . . many naturally gave a very undue prominence to doctrines that had been before unduly kept in the shade. . . . Every good has its attendant evils; and if men are roused to thought, even in the right direction, how can it be but that some think wrong?

"But, you ask, what has been the good? My brethren, is it nothing that apathy has changed to earnestness, coldness to zeal, deadness to life? Is it nothing that the services of God are multiplied in number, are improved in decency and beauty, are frequented by more and heartier worshippers? Is it nothing that the clergy have their duties and responsibilities so brought home to them that they *cannot*, they *dare* not, neglect them if they would? Is it nothing that in every corner of our land churches are being made more worthy of the worship of God, more fit to affect the heart of man? Is it nothing that the saving doctrines of our holy faith are now preached more earnestly and constantly than of old? Is it nothing that Christ's own blessed sacraments hold now a more worthy place? Yea, cold or bigoted indeed must that heart be that cannot thank God for all that He has done for the Church of England in late years. Verily He hath looked down from heaven, and beheld, and visited this vine.

"But now I must, alas! change my voice; for the flood that enriches may rise too far and devastate. If a righteous abhorrence of the deadly errors of Romanism, amongst other causes, led our forefathers to shrink back too far in the opposite extreme . . . we, in restoring some good and true things, have unquestionably weakened the righteous abhorrence of those errors. The tide has swept some in this direction beyond the line of truth, and stranded them on the shore of error. God in mercy grant its waves rise no farther! Perhaps there was much need at first to soften men's asperity towards the Church of Rome; . . . certainly many required teaching that, however corrupt and cankered, still the Roman Church *is* a branch of Christ's Catholic Church, and to be re-

garded as a deeply erring *sister*. . . . But within the last few years men have been found who could bear nothing said against Rome, who wilfully blinded themselves to her evil, and would only contemplate those points in her which they considered good—men, who on the other hand, loved to find fault with their own Church, and to hold her deficiencies up to censure and her weaknesses to scorn—false-hearted sons, who gloried in their own mother's shame.

* * * * *

"Yes, brethren, it is a time to remember that our Church is a *Protestant* Church—*i.e.*, a church which *protests* against the perversions of Rome, as well as a *Catholic* Church—*i.e.*, a true and living branch of Christ's one Catholic Apostolic Church. . . . Till the Church of Rome has reformed herself we can neither hold communion with her, nor shut our eyes to her grievous sins. May God give us the spirit of wisdom and moderation, that, while we let not slip anything that is good and true, we be not led away by any false tide of feeling to such fearful errors."

CHAPTER VI

CONVOCATION COMMITTEES, ETC.

IN the summer of 1868 the whole family from Whittington Rectory migrated for their holiday to Douglas in the Isle of Man, and took up their abode temporarily at Derby Castle, which was at that time a quiet house situated at the further extremity of Douglas Bay. While there Mr. How was very nearly drowned while bathing—but it will be better to let him tell the story himself in the letter to his brother, written on the following day:

"DERBY CASTLE, DOUGLAS,
"*Sunday, Aug.* 9, 1868.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

"I must write and tell you how merciful God has been to me, as I was nearly drowned yesterday. I know you will offer your thanks to God for my escape, as we have in church this morning. It was exceedingly rough yesterday, and when we went to bathe in a little rocky bay near this house, where we have bathed hitherto, the waves were so great that I would not let H. A. and E. W. go in, but only F. and F. C., both of whom can swim. As I passed F. trying to get out beyond the tremendous breakers, I warned him not to try to go out far, as I felt the sucking back of the return waves so strong.

Happily neither attempted to swim out. However, I got well beyond the breakers, and then it was glorious to be carried up so high, and let down into the hollows between. I supposed that, as the tide was coming in, and nearly full, I could easily swim back when I pleased, and that the waves would help me; but directly I turned I found myself further out than I thought, and felt a very strange current drawing me outwards, against which I could make no progress at all. Then my feet got entangled in a quantity of floating seaweed, which I shook off with a violent struggle, and I suppose this took it out of me, for I was very soon exhausted, and conscious that I was drowning. Several waves went right over me, and I lost my breath, and could only just shout to a man on the rocks, 'Help! help! I am drowning'; and then I quite gave up all hope of life. It was a very awful moment, old fellow, though I think I was too frightened to feel all its awfulness at the time.

"But there really seemed no chance. The man shouted to me to keep off the rocks and swim across the bay, but I was utterly spent and suffocated, when, most mercifully, I found myself close to a small bit of rock, which appeared for a few seconds between the huge waves which swept over it, and this I seized somehow, and, though I was washed off it once, I caught it again, and managed at last to get one leg over it, and so to cling to it better. It was still a dangerous place, and you have no idea how the great waves going right over you take your power away, when you are trying to get breath again. However, finding I could not hold on much longer, I got over the little rock, and to my great thankfulness found rocks and stones by means of which I dragged myself to the main rocks. I was, as you may

suppose, tremendously exhausted and knocked up all day. I did not recover my breath for half an hour, and how I scrambled up home and got on my bed I hardly know. It is a solemn thing, my dear brother, to have been so near death. God grant I may not forget the thoughts and resolutions of yesterday! Do pray for me that I may give to God the life that He has again given to me far more thoroughly than I have done. You cannot conceive the intensity of the love one finds in one's heart for those one has nearly left. Fanny was out on the shore, so I saw no one, till, when on my bed, I found C. taking his day sleep in a crib by the side of my bed. I get him in my arms, and had such a good cry that it did me good, though I think he was rather astonished. Then you can't think how loving they have all been, especially dear old F.,* who was always stealing up to kiss me as I lay quiet yesterday evening."

This incident gave him the motive for "The Last Bathe," which is to be found in his book of published poems.

In December of this year Canon Walsham How was elected a proctor in the Southern Convocation, and during the ten years of his office he did a vast amount of work in committees and otherwise. He was immediately put upon the joint Committee of Convocation on the Revision of the Authorised Version, and writing on this subject to the late Rev. D. P. Evans, then one of his curates, he says:

"We had in Committee to-day the Bishop of Winchester [Dr. Harold Browne] (in the chair), the Bishops of Gloucester [Dr. Ellicott], Salisbury [Dr. Hamilton],

* One of his boys.

and Llandaff [Dr. Ollifant]; Archdeacons Grant, Rose, and Bickersteth; Deans Warley and Alford, Dr. Kay, and some others—sixteen in all out of twenty-four—a good muster. It was most interesting work, though to-day we had really only to discuss two points: (1) Is it wise and right to attempt revision *now?* (2) What form should it take? We were unanimous in favour of the first, and on the second were also unanimous (which astonished me much) in concluding that a revision could not be adequate, if confined to marginal readings, and must ultimately embody the more important corrections in the text. These, it appears, would not be *very* many, but we could not go into details."

Within the next year or two he also served on "Archdeacon Freeman's Third Service Committee," and on the Committee on the Rubrics. To this latter he gave an immense amount of time and labour, and published a valuable pamphlet on the subject, as well as a series of articles in *Church Bells.* Many of these are pasted into the Book of Parish Papers at Whittington, and the following extracts will explain the views he held. In 1874, after the Purchas Judgment, writing about the Ornaments Rubric and that immediately preceding the Prayer of Consecration, he said:

"One thing became manifest. If laws are to be summarily enforced, they must be clear. Moreover, it was seen and admitted that at least the two important Rubrics referred to are not clear, and that their want of clearness was a great excuse for diversity of practice.

"And now, once more, ought not this uncertainty to be an element in our judgment of those from whose practice we differ on either side? Have we any right to

dogmatise and condemn in so uncertain a matter? Is it not at least lawful to hold diverse views of the meaning of the Rubric we are discussing? I signed (as many others signed) the Remonstrance against the Purchas Judgment, not as agreeing in views or practice with Mr. Purchas, but because it appeared to me monstrous that a man should be subjected to severe criminal penalties for adopting interpretations of Rubrics which could not be said to be strained or unnatural in themselves, and in the case of one of which a former decision of the Court of Appeal appeared to prove the interpretation correct. Whatever its merits in law (and that is questioned by very high authority), the judgment appeared to me morally indefensible. My English sense of justice rebelled, and I protested, and protest still.

"To the question 'Who should undertake to clear the Rubrics?' I answer: This is, in the first instance, the plain duty of Convocation. Convocation must at least be prepared to say what seems to the clergy of the land desirable in regard to the disputed and ambiguous Rubrics.

"I must honestly confess to my extreme dislike to vestments. I can hardly imagine circumstances under which I could be induced to wear them. But, having resolved to judge, as far as I am able, independently of my own views or feelings, I have to ask myself this question: 'Can the Eucharistic vestments be reconciled with the views of any party legitimately embraced within the wide boundaries of our Church?' This question I am unable to answer in the negative. Undoubtedly there has always been a succession of divines, such as Bull, Wilson, and Andrewes, who have clung to the primitive sacrificial language, not, I think, using it in

the extreme sense in which some would use such language in these days, but rather explaining it as used in the secondary sense of the pleading and representation of the once perfected Sacrifice. Such divines, if now living, would in all probability defend the vestments as not implying more than the memorial of the Sacrifice—as not unsuitable to the 'showing of the Lord's death till He come.'"

Writing again in 1877 on this subject, after the Ridsdale Judgment, he says:

"The amended Rubric, enjoining the surplice, permitting the black gown in preaching, and permitting the cope in Holy Communion with the sanction of the bishop, was passed by 41 to 7. We are not sanguine enough to expect that this compromise would satisfy all concerned. Feelings have been too deeply stirred, and positions too firmly established, for this to be the case. Yet we would fain hope that here may be found a common ground on which opposing parties may meet. The lawfulness of a distinctive garb, wherewith to do honour to the most sacred service of our Church, is yielded, subject to the bishop's sanction, while the present vestments are disallowed. The Ritualist would have to give up his stand on the old Ornaments Rubric, and to be content with a robe, not associated with specific doctrine, and allowed to be one 'for glory and for beauty' only. The Evangelical would have to give up his stand upon the recent Ridsdale Judgment, and to allow of a grander and more ornate ritual in certain churches with the bishop's sanction. It would be no triumph to either side, and might surely bring brother nearer to brother. Our differences are not so wide as they seem. It is surely our

wisest course to minimise them in all external things. The spirit which loves marks of distinction and difference for their own sake is not the spirit of Christ. His spirit is a spirit of love and forbearance and self-sacrifice. Could we only approach these questions (in one sense how trivial!) in this Christ-like spirit, there might yet be peace within the walls of our Jerusalem, and her children might dwell together in unity. 'Oh, pray for the peace of Jerusalem, they shall prosper that love thee.'"

Thus he wrote and laboured for some *modus vivendi*. Party spirit and insubordination in the Church were ever hateful to him, so that when, in 1877, a number of clergy openly defied all episcopal authority, he got up the following address to the bishops, and secured a list of influential signatures:

"AN ADDRESS TO THE BISHOPS.

"*To the Most Reverend and Right Reverend the Archbishops and Bishops of the Church of England.*

"WE, the undersigned clergy of the Church of England, desire to assure your Lordships of our sincere loyalty to our spiritual rulers, as well as of our true sympathy with them in the difficulties of the present times.

"We believe that any revision or amendment of the Church's rules, and still more, that any readjustment of the relations of Church and State to matters either legislative or judicial, however much to be desired, must be a work of much time and patience, besides being in itself surrounded with difficulties.

"Meanwhile we believe that there is grave peril in the practical non-recognition of any existing and immediately

available authority having a rightful claim to obedience in matters affecting the ritual of the Church.

"We hold, however, that the very constitution of the Church provides for all its faithful members in the Episcopate itself an immediately available authority, having a rightful claim to obedience in matters affecting the ritual of the Church. We recognise in the words of the Preface to the Prayer-book 'Concerning the Service of the Church,' as well as in our own ordination vows, a very broad and stringent obligation to submission to the authority of our bishops in all disputed matters of external order.

"We therefore desire to assure your Lordships of our acceptance of this principle, and of our resolution to bow to the decision of our bishops in all matters concerning the service of the Church, in which, the same having been diversely taken, and having been referred to them, they shall authoritatively declare their judgment.

"(*Signed*)

"JOHN BRAMSTON, D.D., Dean of Winchester.
G. M. YORKE, D.D., Dean of Worcester.
J. S. HOWSON, Dean of Chester.
B. MORGAN COWIE, Dean of Manchester.
J. A. HESSEY, Archdeacon of Middlesex.
J. B. LIGHTFOOT, Canon of St. Paul's.
ALFRED BARRY, D.D., Principal of King's College.
W. H. LYTTELTON, Rector of Hagley.
E. CAPEL CURE, Rector of St. George's, Hanover Square.
AUGUSTUS LEGGE, Vicar of St. Bartholomew's, Sydenham.
J. G. LONSDALE, Canon of Lichfield.
A. P. PUREY-CUST, Archdeacon of Buckingham.
J. E. KEMPE, Rector of St. James', Piccadilly.
E. F. PRESCOTT, Vicar of St. Michael's, Paddington.
J. H. ILES, Archdeacon of Stafford.
ARTHUR BROOKE, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Brompton.

G. HANS HAMILTON, Archdeacon of Lindisfarne.
E. H. GIFFORD, Rector of Much Haddern.
J. HANNAH, D.C.L., Archdeacon of Lewes.
LOVELACE T. STAMER, Rector of Stoke-on-Trent.
JOHN GOTT, D.D., Vicar of Leeds.
H. M. LUCKOCK, Canon of Ely.
G. S. PALMER, Rector of Newington.
A. C. AINSLIE, Vicar of Henstridge.
DAVID WILLIAMS, Canon of St. David's.
A. T. LLOYD, Vicar of Aylesbury.
ALFRED POTT, Archdeacon of Berks.
E. CARR-GLYN, Vicar of Doncaster.
W. H. RIDLEY, Rector of Hambledon.
J. C. MILLER, Vicar of Greenwich, and Canon of Rochester.
JAMES RANDALL, Proctor in Convocation for the Chapter of [Bristol.
F. PIGOU, Vicar of Halifax.
J. R. T. EATON, Proctor in Convocation.
PHILIP HOSTE, Rector of Farnham.
E. T. LEAKE, Chancellor of Lincoln.
GEORGE VENABLES, Vicar of Great Yarmouth.
J. ERSKINE CLARKE, Vicar of Battersea.
W. D. MACLAGAN, Vicar of Kensington.
W. R. CLARK, Vicar of Taunton.
J. P. NORRIS, Canon of Bristol.
W. FOXLEY NORRIS, Vicar of Buckingham.
F. W. A. BOWYER, Rector of Clapham.
J. T. BIRKETT, Rector of Gravely.
T. B. LLOYD, Vicar of St. Mary's, Shrewsbury.
MARSHAM ARGLES, Canon of Peterborough.
W. J. M. ELLISON, Vicar of St. John's, Battersea.
J. F. WICHENDEN, Prebendary of Lincoln.
CHARLES BELLAIRS, Rector of Bolton Abbey.
H. W. BURROWS, Vicar of Christ Church, Albany Street.
TEMPLE HILLYARD, Canon of Chester.
H. COTTINGHAM, Vicar of Heath.
RICHARD GEE, D.D., Proctor in Convocation.
W. WALSHAM HOW, Rector of Whittington."

A glance at this list of signatures will show how

influentially the address was signed, and how widely representative the names were of various schools of thought. At least nine of the signatories afterwards became bishops, and men are included of such diverse views as Canon Luckock, now Dean of Lichfield, and Mr. Carr-Glyn, now Bishop of Peterborough :

But to return to Canon Walsham How's Convocation work, we next find him at work for the Committee on the Athanasian Creed. In the Whittington Parish Papers we find the following extracts inserted by himself :

"ATHANASIAN CREED.

"*Paper drawn up by W. W. H., and presented to the Committee, of which I was a member, with a view to helping the discussion, viz.*:

SYNODICAL DECLARATION.

"THE attempt to frame a Synodical Declaration concerning the Athanasian Creed is an attempt to meet and to remove popular misconceptions. Therefore, to be of any use, the Declaration must be popular in character and simple in words. It must be such as can be shown to a superficial objector without itself requiring explanation. The popular objections to the Creed are concerned with the condemnatory clauses, which are by some understood : (1) As consigning to everlasting death all, without exception, who do not hold the true Faith. (2) As pronouncing such condemnation upon all who may err with regard to any single clause in this exposition of the true Faith.

"The subjoined form is an attempt, put forth very diffidently, to provide a declaration which shall meet these popular objections. It is thought well also that the Declaration should in its first clause set forth the general nature of the formulary, and that there should be added a

clause dealing with the words which have appeared to some to involve a condemnation of the doctrine of the Eastern Church with regard to the Procession of the Holy Ghost.

"It is then suggested that, after a preamble, stating that misconceptions have existed, and do exist, concerning this Creed, and expressing the earnest desire of the synod to remove, so far as may be, all such misconceptions, the Declaration should be as follows:

"1. That this Creed is of the nature of an instruction concerning the true faith, rather than of an actual confession of faith.

"2. That the warnings of this Creed are addressed only to such as have already received the Catholic Faith, declaring faithfully to such the peril of sinful rejection or perversion thereof.

"3. That by the 'Catholic Faith' must be understood the great fundamental doctrines of our holy religion, as set forth in the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds, and herein expounded for the instruction of the faithful.

"4. That in the words 'the Holy Ghost is of the Father and of the Son' no denial is to be understood of the truth that the Father is the eternal source of all being."

The following letter will serve further to describe his attitude on the question:

[*To* Canon W. W. DOUGLAS.]

"WHITTINGTON RECTORY,
"*March* 13, 1870.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,

"Many thanks for your letter. I am glad you have spoken about the Athanasian Creed, as it gives me the opportunity of telling you about it. I am a member of

an association for promoting unity among Christians at home, of which Mr. George Venables is secretary. It originated at the Wolverhampton Church Congress, and was a suggestion of the Bishop of Ely's [Dr. Woodford]. We had several very interesting and instructive meetings at various places, and at Derby, Mr. Crompton, an Independent minister, read to us a letter, which was afterwards printed, and of which I send you a copy. There was a discussion upon it, and I spoke strongly as to my desire to retain the Creed in our *services*, as well as in our Prayer-book, and expressed myself in favour of trying the explanatory note or rubric, which Mr. Venables suggested at Wolverhampton, and which Mr. Crompton advocated in his letter.

"I should (as almost every one would) much prefer to *have had* the Creed without the 'damnatory clauses,' but there they are, and although I freely allow I use them in rather a non-natural sense, I, for one, see no way of removing them. (You remember perhaps that the late Bishop of Lichfield resolutely shut his lips during those clauses.) Well, after this meeting Mr. Venables wrote to ask me whether I would join in a petition for such an authoritative note as was suggested, and I said I would most gladly.

"I afterwards saw the form of petition printed, and found he had named three plans, instead of the one I agreed to. So I wrote asking to withdraw my name. However, he wrote most strongly urging that, if I agreed to the general principle that some relief would be desirable, and approved of one of the forms of relief suggested, I ought to sign. I did not think this quite sound reasoning, but, not considering it of much importance, I never answered his letter, and allowed my name to remain.

"As to the three plans, I thoroughly disapprove of an

optional rubric; I would thankfully omit the clauses and begin 'This is the Catholic Faith,' if I saw any way to it, but I don't; and the third only—the explanatory note, of which we have already several examples—seems to me practicable.

"At our dinner of the writers in *The Church and the Age* the subject was largely discussed, Bishop Ellicott being in favour of using the Creed only on Trinity Sunday, and almost all the others wishing for some action in the matter, except Dr. Irons. It seemed felt by most that the Creed would be infinitely grander, if it was positive only. I have no sympathy (and none of us, except perhaps Mr. Maclagan and Sir Bartle Frere, had) with the popular objection to the minuteness of definition in it. What so many do feel is the terribleness of saying (as the primary sense of the words seems to say) that all are lost who cannot subscribe to this minuteness of definition. It is absurd of Mr. E. Stuart to say that it is the same thing to say 'Whosoever believeth not'—a perfectly wide and general saying—and 'Whosoever believeth not a large number of distinct propositions concerning the Faith . . . shall be damned.' Any one can see that unless every one of these is of *necessity* included in our Lord's intention in the word 'believeth'—a very difficult thing to prove—the parallelism fails. But I do not want to argue the matter. I only want to let you know what I did, and what I think about it. I have not seen Pusey's declaration; can you send me a copy or give me the words of it? . . .

"Ever, my dear William,

"Your very affectionate brother,

"WM. WALSHAM HOW."

It was always a trouble to him that nothing was ever done to remove the difficulty felt by many to joining in the damnatory clauses. Walking back from a cathedral service at Wakefield in the last year of his life he was asked whether it would not be a good thing to have some explanatory note to them. "Yes," replied the Bishop, "or better, omit them altogether."

While speaking of the views he held on controverted subjects, in order that it may not be necessary to return to matters which he always disliked, it may be well to quote here (again from *Church Bells*) what he wrote upon the vexed question of Fasting Communion.

"We trust," he says, "sincerely that early celebrations will continue to become more frequent, and that they will be more and more prized by our people. Still, later ones are at present a necessity, and we as earnestly trust that these may never be transformed from a blessed Communion of the Body and Blood of our Lord into a hearing of the Mass. And as to fasting, it is a means and not an end. It is meant to bring the body into a state helpful to a prayerful and watchful spirit. Let it be so used when it effects its purpose. But is it better to lie in bed till church time, as some do, because they cannot otherwise go through the long morning service fasting, or to take such simple food as may be found needful to enable both body and spirit to engage profitably in the worship of the Church without impairing their fitness for the ordinary duties of the morning? We really cannot help recoiling with a shudder from the gross carnalism (we can call it nothing else) of words which now lie before us, and which we almost tremble to repeat; in which we are warned that 'when we are

about to receive the Body and Blood of Christ into our bodies, we should take care that the resting place of the sacrament be not pre-occupied'!"

On ritual generally the words of the Bishop's Charge at the Wakefield Diocesan Conference of 1892 must be quoted, for one of his latest acts was to leave instructions to that effect. An envelope addressed to his eldest son was found on his library table after his death with, amongst other enclosures, the following words written across a half-sheet of note paper. "If my views on ritual matters are ever wanted, I would refer to my Charge in vol. ii. of the bound volumes of the *Gazette*, pp. 92, &c."

This must have been written just before he left home for Ireland, and not more than ten days before his death, of which he seems to have had a presentiment. The whole Charge is too long to quote, but the following are some typical passages:

The subject was the recent Lincoln Judgment, and in the course of his address the Bishop said:

"Quite apart from any opinion as to the particular points upon which the Archbishop and his Assessors pronounced their judgment, I hold it to be a matter of great thankfulness that there should be perfect accord between the Spiritual Court and the Civil Court of Final Appeal. I rejoice that the learning and acumen of the Archbishops have been approved by the highest legal authority, and that the Supreme Court has set its seal to his Grace's fairness and impartiality.

" . . . I am not one of those who decry or despise the verdicts of civil courts in ecclesiastical matters. The State has its rights as well as the Church. The Crown is

bound to see that justice is done in all matters, ecclesiastical as well as civil. . . .

* * * * *

"In the first place, I shall expect that the restrictions of the judgment be observed wherever I myself officiate. In the second place, I earnestly hope no one will feel that the larger liberty allowed in certain points will justify the taking advantage of such liberty to the distress or disturbance of good people in our congregations. There is a difference between lawfulness and expediency.

* * * * *

"I think such a body of faithful, earnest, loyal clergy and laity as I now have the privilege of addressing may rightfully claim to know their bishop's opinions on such matters as these which I have briefly passed in review. Let me, then, say plainly that, in endeavouring to show the reasonableness (I should feel it presumptuous to deal with the *legal* arguments) of the decisions arrived at, I have not done so from any love of, or desire for, such things as have been pronounced not unlawful. I have no doubt of the rightfulness of such pronouncement. It seems to me to be based on common sense, right principle, and, as far as I can venture to judge, on law. But personally I am happier with a very simple ritual. Minds are differently constituted, and to some, no doubt, ornate ritual is devotionally helpful, while to others it is welcome as dignifying the most solemn of our services. And I repeat what I have said on a former occasion, that my enforced familiarity with services of all sorts of types has, I am thankful to say, enabled me to enter into the spirit of the worship without much distraction from variety of outward form. But, even with this advantage I feel an over-elaborate ritual *is* distracting; and the

introduction of unusual or fussy or extreme practices does mar my enjoyment of the services; sometimes more from the feeling, which I cannot suppress, that these things are very likely disturbing or distracting others, than from the effect they have directly on myself. And then I shall not wholly have liberated my soul if I do not add that I have, and have all my life had, a great and sincere dread of Romanism, in protest against which I join with all my heart, and I would urge that great tenderness be shown towards those who may, even ignorantly, imagine certain practices to be of a Romeward tendency. I cannot too often or too strongly urge the high and holy duties of charity, sympathy, self-repression, and self-denial. . . .

"If the spirit which animates us be one of love and forbearance, and humility and obedience, the host of the Lord will go forth 'conquering and to conquer.'"

This exposition of his views on controverted questions may well be concluded by quoting his reply to a question asked him by the Rev. J. F. Kitto, now Rector of St. Martin's, Charing Cross.

The question was as follows: "I am regarded as, and believe myself to be, a strong Low Churchman, and you are regarded as a moderate High Churchman. Will you please say what you suppose to be the difference between us?"

In his reply the Bishop said:

"I am sure, in the first place, that men who are ranged by themselves or by others under different appellations are really more in accord than they think. The common ground is much the larger part of their creed, but even in the other part it is very comforting to find that, while using phrases which seem far apart, there is mostly a

large amount of agreement in their underlying truth. I suppose I should in my teaching make more of the Sacraments than you would, and that one of the real divergences among Churchmen would be the tendency on the one hand to magnify, and on the other hand to depreciate, ordinances. Again, in regard to the Holy Communion, possibly I may value the Godward commemoration, the pleading and representing before God (which is said to be typified by the Eastward position) more than you. But I fancy in doctrinal definition we should not be far apart, if at all. I cannot hold views or language concerning Holy Communion which imply a localised or defined presence of Christ's Body and Blood. I take my stand on St. Paul's 'The cup which we bless, is it not,' &c."

"Perhaps another divergence would be as to the prominence and value relatively of the corporate and individual life, and I might lean to the side of making more of the Church and 'Kingdom' than you.

"Then again I suppose there is a difference in men's minds as to outward ceremonial, and I might value greater attention to it as a help to reverence and devotion than you. I don't at all relish trying to find out points of divergence, but am trying to see why we should rank respectively as a strong Low Churchman and a moderate High Churchman. I wonder whether I am not rather 'Broad,' in the sense of trying to see and appreciate the good and true on every side. What I dread in the so-called Broad School is the indifference to positive truth, and readiness to surrender the old Faith. In its sympathy and charity I can go with it."

With this statement in the Bishop's own words the subject of his position as a Churchman may well be left.

CHAPTER VII

OFFERS OF PREFERMENT

As will be gathered from the general tenor of Canon How's position set forth in the preceding chapter, his inclination was towards gently winning souls for Christ rather than towards alarming his parishioners by insisting upon matters of ritual which he considered of secondary importance.

When in early days an uneducated inhabitant of Whittington objected to the use of flower vases in the church, the junior clergy wished to have no attention paid to what they considered impertinent interference. But the rector went and reasoned with the man, and, when this failed, removed the vases rather than lose his influence for good with a single parishioner. Not long afterwards this very man was attacked by a painful disease, and in his paroxysms of agony none but the rector could bring him the comfort and help he needed.

The same tenderness and consideration came out in all his dealings. One of his curates remembers preaching a vague and rambling discourse when the rector was present in church. In the evening it was customary for all the clergy to have the texts and subjects of their sermons entered in a book. Mr. How conveyed his rebuke for this particular effusion by looking up as he

entered the text, and saying with a twinkle, "Let me see, what *was* your subject?"

Of his thoughtfulness towards all there is a story told that on the formation of a Guild of Church Workers he presented a card of membership to the rectory cook, greatly to her delight and surprise. He told her that he did so because she so willingly did extra work and employed her best skill in compounding delicacies for the sick poor, and in that way was as truly a church worker as the district visitor who conveyed the fruit of her labours to the cottages.

He made little difference in his attitude towards Church people and Dissenters, of whom in a parish on the Welsh border there were not a few. He was great friends with one old woman, the wife of a local preacher among the Primitive Methodists, and he was always delighted to tell how, seeing her one day in church, he asked her how it was she had deserted her chapel. "Well, sir," she replied, "you see my old man be preaching at our chapel to-day, and I can't abide he!"

Mrs. How once said of her husband, "He never can see evil in any one; he is always making the best of them," and this accounts in great measure for the affectionate regard in which he was held by so many. At the same time this tenderness for others was apt occasionally to lead him into difficulties. He could not bear to refuse a request, and sometimes lamented over his inability to say "No." Thus his time was often taken up by unimportant engagements, which he had not liked to decline, to the sacrifice of more serious matters which presented themselves afterwards. He could refuse by letter, but a personal application was usually successful. To this, as well as to the busy life he led, may be ascribed what many

considered his rashness. Thus, a curate would be interviewed and on a very short acquaintance accepted. One of the best of his Whittington curates says :

"He came to see me at Cambridge, and said that he would write to me after our interview. As I walked with him to the station I was very anxious, wondering if I should have the blessing of being his curate, and how long it would be before I should hear. Perhaps his kindly nature noticed this, for, laying his hand on my shoulder, he said 'Well, my dear friend, I do not think I need keep you in suspense : I shall be very glad if you will come and work with me.' And then he blessed me."

He would decide important matters with what appeared to be reckless rapidity, sometimes appointing a man to a vacant post on hearsay only—and the marvel was that his decisions and selections were so often successful. That he knew how difficult it was for him to refuse anything in a personal interview, the following letter to his brother shows :

"THE MANOR HOUSE, PENMAENMAWR,
"*Aug.* 9, 1873.

"I have now before me, to be answered to-day, two letters which make me uncomfortable, one from the Archbishop of Canterbury [Tait] pressing me to go to Capetown, and one from the Bishop of London offering me All Saints, Margaret Street. The latter is comparatively simple, as I am too much out of harmony with the whole system there to be able to work there happily or usefully. In declining the other I cannot help dreading lest I should be refusing a work God would have me undertake. Yet I really cannot. The Archbishop begs me to go to Addington on Monday to see him. I dare not do that, lest I should be unable to withstand the personal pressure. A

long letter from the Bishop of Edinburgh (late of Grahamstown)* also presses me to accept it. Do you think I am wrong to stay where I am so much happier, and where I hope I am not useless ?"

The Archbishop's letter referred to was as follows :

"ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON,
"*Aug.* 6, 1873.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I am very anxious to speak to you on the subject of the vacant See of Capetown, and to ascertain by a personal conference what prospect there is of our persuading you to accept the post. The Bishop of Edinbro' and Mr. Bullock are to-night with me, and would at once concur in your appointment. May I ask whether you could visit me here on Monday next to stay the night ? Our line is from Victoria to East Croydon.

"Yours sincerely,
"A. C. CANTUAR."

The Bishop of London's letter is interesting as showing the estimation in which Canon Walsham How was held as a Churchman of sound moderate views.

"FULHAM PALACE, S.W., *Aug.* 6, 1873.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Most thankful although I should be to have your help and influence in this diocese, I do not think I should have ventured on the following proposal, involving a possible sacrifice of ease and comfort which I have no right to ask you to make, had it not been suggested to me by a friend of yours, and warmly supported by Maclagan. It is that you would undertake the very difficult and important charge of All Saints, Margaret Street.

"I am very anxious, as you may suppose, to place there an incumbent who will satisfy (as much as may be) the reasonable requirements of the congregation ; will maintain the services in their beauty within the allowed limits of the Anglican ritual ; will

* Cotterell.

sympathise and co-operate with the large and varied charitable machinery of the parish; will be a ready and experienced counsellor in all cases of spiritual distress and difficulty without encouraging (as I fear has been done there of late) the enervating habit of confession; and who will introduce a somewhat more evangelical (I am not using the word in its party sense) and experimental tone of preaching than has been the *ordinary* tone there.

"That this will satisfy all the congregation I do not expect. No one whom I could concientiously place there would. Some would go to St. Albans and elsewhere. But it would satisfy many, and what is more it would benefit them. And if *you* went, the gap, I believe, would soon be filled, and the congregation, if not the same, would be as large and influential.

"I am bound, however, to lay before you the difficulties. The system of All Saints is the voluntary system on the most extreme scale. Not only are the services, the curates, and the charities maintained by the offertory, but the endowment is only £150 with a house (which Mr. —— gave to his curates), and the income has been made up to (it is supposed) a considerable sum by an offertory on one Sunday in the year which was delivered uncounted to the incumbent. All this, of course, may fail, and the church might be left to sink to the ordinary level of an ill-ordered district church. I do not think this probable with your incumbency; but no doubt to accept such a post would be a venture of faith, and as such only I lay it before you.

"I ought to add that this is the first time I have offered the incumbency to any one, excepting that I ascertained from my old friend Henry Burrows, *after* the newspapers had given it to him, whether he would accept it or not.

"I mention this because the Church newspapers have amused themselves and their readers by filling up the benefice from time to time out of their own imaginations. I should say too, as I told the churchwardens, that after what has fallen from the Chancellor and others, as to the desirability of the point being reargued and redecided, I should not think it necessary to inquire whether the incumbent I appointed consecrated at the north or west side of the Holy Table.

"I believe that I have now laid the case fairly before you, and

leave the decision in your hands, not doubting that God will guide you aright.

"Believe me to be,

"Sincerely yours,

"J. LONDON.

"Rev. W. WALSHAM HOW."

That he was able to decline offers made him, when he felt that it was right to do so, is plain from the fact that besides the two Bishoprics of Natal and Capetown already mentioned, he refused that of New Zealand on the return home of Bishop Selwyn, of Montreal, and of nomination for that of Jamaica. Of appointments in England he also at various times declined the Bishoprics of Manchester and Durham, a canonry at Winchester, and such livings as Brighton and Windsor with the Readership to the Queen.

Among the eminent men who began to esteem him highly and to extend their friendship to him was Samuel Wilberforce, then Bishop of Oxford, visits to whom at Cuddesdon were among his greatest pleasures. Here is an excellent account of one of them written in the train on his way home in June 1869.

"I have had a most delightful visit and S. O. was in immense force. Our party in the house (*i.e.*, the Palace) were the Archbishop of Dublin with Mrs. and Miss Trench, the Bishop of Lincoln with Mrs. and Miss Wordsworth (but they left yesterday), the Bishop of Derry with Mrs. Alexander ('Hymns for Little Children'), the Dean of York with Lady Harriet, Miss and a young Mr. Duncombe, Mr. Hubbard, Archdeacon Randall, Lord Rd. Cavendish, Dr. Woodford, Mr. Basil Wilberforce, and such a charming wife, Mr. Wayland Joyce and myself. The Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, Dr. Leighton, dined each evening, and some

others. They were all excessively pleasant and friendly, and we had such talk as is not often to be had. Each evening, after the ladies had left, we had a long and most deeply interesting conversation, formally introduced as a topic for consultation, upon the re-organisation of the Irish Church. Of course I took no part, though the Bishop of O. called on me to do so, but the Archbishop, the Bishop of Derry, the Bishop of O., Archdeacon Randall, and Mr. Joyce, all said much, and the great question as to the mode of admission of the laity, and the relation they should bear to doctrinal questions was very fully discussed. The Bishop of O. seemed to have more clear and decided opinions than the two Irish Bishops. . . . I think the general result was that the laity should be a constituent part of the synod (against Mr. Joyce's view, who would only admit them to 'conferences'), but that in all doctrinal questions they should take no part, except that, since nothing would be enacted without the consent of all three orders, they would have a veto upon any *change* proposed, whether affecting doctrine or no. . . . Yesterday, the anniversary of the College there, was a most glorious day, everything was so hearty and happy and full of life and hope. . . . The Bishop of Lincoln preached a very remarkable, but a little fanciful, sermon on the *numbers* used in the Bible and their mystical meaning. It was curious that one of his main examples was the 153 fish in the second miraculous draught of fishes, and we were 153 clergy in surplices in the procession, as it was afterwards discovered. The great lunch and speeches in a tent followed, and I do not know which I enjoyed most—Miss Wordsworth's delightful talk (I was lucky enough to take her in, and the Bishop made us sit nearly opposite him at the high table)

or the Bishop's exquisite and ceaseless humour. His sayings want the wicked twinkle of his eye to give them point, but I must try to tell you two or three. He was proposing the preacher, Bishop Wordsworth, and he said, 'Not only did he arrive here yesterday, after a long and wearying journey, too late to refresh the natural man—if indeed (which I greatly doubt) the good Bishop *has* any natural man capable of being refreshed, but also to-day he is going to leave us after nothing better than the sparse and crude entertainment of this our tent in the wilderness.' You know, I daresay, that Bishop W. is a most spiritual looking man.

* * * * *

"I must tell you about Mr. Hubbard. In proposing his health, the Bishop spoke of his utility on the Ritual Commission, and said, 'Mr. Hubbard and I have been sitting side by side on the Ritual Commission. Now uninitiated persons must not think that this is at all like sitting on the ordinary egg. That is generally exceedingly undemonstrative, and sits under you in the most peaceable way, till you suddenly find the small downy creature you have been expecting emerge into innocent vitality. Not so with our egg. We have been experiencing incessant progues and pokes and oscillations; there have been squeaks, and cries, and reports, and records, and sometimes we have even sat upon a *Rock*, though we never found that as hard as you might expect. In fact, the *Rock* was about the softest thing we encountered,' &c.

"We had an evening service at 6.30 and then dinner, The Principal, King, came to dinner. He is a most delightful person. I got a few nice private talks, especially with Bishop Wordsworth and Mr. Hubbard."

CHAPTER VIII

RETREATS AND MISSIONS

In 1869 Retreats were far from common in the Church of England, and had, unfortunately, been associated in men's minds with the extreme Ritualistic party. Canon Walsham How saw in them, and in parochial missions, ready instruments for deepening and quickening the spiritual life among clergy and laity, and was one of the first to take a leading part in their promotion. He has left the following note concerning a Retreat held at Whittington, and conducted by Mr. King, the present Bishop of Lincoln :

"A Retreat having been held at Llandyssil for two or three years previously, Archdeacon Ffoulkes asked me to allow of its being held at Whittington in the summer of 1869. I had so long felt that the great need of the Church (and certainly not least in these parts) was the deepening of the spiritual life in its members, both clerical and lay, but especially clerical, that I could not refuse my consent. I had already attended one Retreat of a somewhat informal character, and I knew from experience how precious such times of retirement and instruction are to busy men. I have since attended others, and, indeed, have (though terribly unfit to do so) conducted one myself at the Palace at Lichfield, and so blessed do I hold this instru-

mentality to be, that, if God spares me, I mean to encourage this practice as far as I can, and to do what in me lies to rescue it from anything of a party character. No doubt, having been taken up by men of an extreme school of Church opinion, it has aroused a certain amount of suspicion in opposite quarters."

During this Retreat at Whittington he wrote the following description of the addresses delivered :

"Mr. King's 'meditations'—three daily, about half an hour each—in church—are perfectly marvellous in their searching of conscience, and probing of motives, and knowledge of human nature and of spiritual things. They are also exceedingly clever and thoughtful and interesting, but his whole tone of personal holiness, with a loving, beautiful brightness of manner, makes what he says to us most touching and heart-stirring. I am sure he bows the hearts of us often as one man, and few have had dry eyes all the time."

In spite of a knowledge of Mr. How's character and views, and in spite of the fact that during his eighteen years at Whittington he had sought to be friends with his brother clergy, and had ever borne himself humbly as one who desired the welfare of others rather than of himself, so bitter was the party feeling among some of the ultra-Evangelicals that an attack, which would have been outrageous if it had not been for its absurdity, was made upon him in connection with this Retreat. The local papers were full of letters crammed with abuse, and it was freely stated that the gathering at Whittington was for the purpose of secretly celebrating the Roman Mass. A neighbouring clergyman, under the pseudonym of

"Rusticus," led the van in this attack; but the intensity of the opposition very quickly died away, and five years afterwards the following letter appeared in the same paper which had published those of "Rusticus:"

"WHITTINGTON RECTORY, *Dec.* 9, 1874.

"SIR,

"Some years ago, when a Retreat was held at Whittington, certain letters appeared in your paper, of which I will say no more than that they were written in entire ignorance of the subject they treated. That subject has become more familiar to men's minds since that time, and one result has been that which I have more than once earnestly pleaded for at Church Congresses—viz., that 'Retreats' are becoming divested of all party character. I have been quite sure from the first that the Evangelical School in our Church would not long withhold their approval from a means of spiritual strength so blessed, and indeed so needful, in these days of many labours and many controversies. If you can find room for the enclosed letter of my friend Mr. E. H. Bickersteth, with whom, as with the conductor, Mr. Thorold,* I have had most interesting private correspondence on the matter, I am sure your readers will be glad. I will only add that the letter describes, in all main points, the object and nature of our own observance at Whittington.

"I am, &c.,

"W. WALSHAM HOW."

Then follows the letter referred to, which gives an account of an Evangelical Retreat held at Christ Church, Hampstead.

One of the chief uses which Canon How made of

* Afterwards Bishop of Rochester, and then of Winchester.

Retreats was to make them part, whenever he could, of the preparation of candidates for Ordination, and, when Bishop of Wakefield, he always appointed at least one of the days immediately preceding the Ordination to be observed by the candidates as a "quiet day." But long before that, when examining chaplain to Bishop Selwyn of Lichfield, he introduced the plan and conducted the Retreat himself. Again, when asked by his old vicar (then Bishop of Rochester) to address the Ordination candidates at Danbury, he tried the same method. There are two interesting letters to his brother, written by him at this time, which may be quoted here:

"WHITTINGTON RECTORY, *Feb.* 18, 1874.

"I am too full of work. [This was just after the London Mission.] Next week I go to Danbury on Thursday to conduct some services and meditations for the young candidates for Ordination on the two last Ember days. I preach in St. Paul's on March 1 (I tried, but could not get out of it), and go to a mission at Stratford-on-Avon for March 7 to 16. I have resolved never to take more than two missions in one year. These come dreadfully near together, and it takes it out of me too much to be quite wholesome. It taxes spirit more than flesh with me."

"WHITTINGTON RECTORY, *March* 3, 1874.

"The attempt to make the last two Ember days a sort of lax Retreat for the young candidates for Holy Orders at Danbury was (I hope and think) very successful.

* * * * *

"I want to tell you one thing which startled and moved me much. On Friday I was alone with the Bishop, when

he put his hands on my shoulders and said, 'Do you know I have had a great disappointment about you.' I could not tell what he meant till he told me that Lord Selborne had promised him that I should have the Canonry at Rochester, to which Dr. Miller was moved from his at Worcester last year, but Gladstone had pledged himself to Dr. Miller, so it could not be. I did not then for an instant dream of what the dear Bishop meant, but he burst into tears, folded me in his arms, and said, 'And then you would have been my suffragan, and it would have made all the difference in the world to the rest of my life.' It was very upsetting. Just think of my nearly being his curate over again!"

He continued to conduct Retreats and Quiet Days long after he had ceased altogether to take an active part in parochial missions. In fact, as lately as 1896, he conducted a retreat at Workington, his grandfather's old parish, and a warm letter of thanks from the Rural Dean of Cockermouth and Workington has been found amongst his papers. Probably the most anxious work of this kind that ever fell to his lot was in 1891, when he was appointed to give all the addresses at a gathering of bishops at Lambeth. From this he shrank, overpowered by the feeling of his own unfitness, but did not like to decline it, although, as he wrote, the Archbishop's request filled him with "great dismay and distress." His special qualifications for work of this kind were numerous. He always felt himself to be the unworthiest of all, and therefore his words gained force as expressions of his own difficulties and needs. He was a master of simplicity of language, making obscure and intricate matters plain. He was full of love and sympathy, so that he repelled none, but rather

attracted the confidence of all, while his natural brightness and humour prevented his addresses from ever being monotonous or dull.

The following extract from a letter to his daughter, Mrs. R. Ll. Kenyon, written after conducting a Retreat at Durham, gives some idea of the spirit in which he undertook such things:

"DURHAM, *July* 11, 1886.

"The Retreat is over this morning. We had about sixty-five clergy. The grand old Castle is a perfect place for it, and the men seemed a very nice set. It is very humbling work thus addressing so often such a set of earnest men. It seems to turn one inside out, and make one feel one's own wretched insufficiency. I could only do it by trying to speak to my own soul as much as to others. I am, however, very thankful for some evidence of real help given to some of the men. Some I saw privately were very nice and very grateful."

A much more recent letter written to the Rev. W. F. Norris, Vicar of Almondbury, and brother to Mrs. F. D. How, the Bishop's daughter-in-law, gives further evidence of the spirit of humility in which Dr. Walsham How undertook this class of work:

"I am groaning in despair at being kept from Bowden this week. [He was to have conducted a Retreat for clergy at that place, but was prevented by his doctor.] I shall have to write all my addresses out in full, and send them to be read. It is a terrible disappointment to me. I was hoping so much to find the days very profitable to myself."

Another agency for spiritual welfare which attracted

Walsham How's attention was that of Parochial Missions. As in the case of Retreats, so in this matter also, he saw the usefulness of these special efforts before many members of the Church of England were altogether prepared to approve of them. The following entry made by him in the Whittington Parish Papers, and dated 1873, explains clearly his opinion :

"Missions have been used with great advantage for long, both by Roman Catholics and by Dissenters. It is only of late that the Church of England has begun to recognise their power. They are, in fact, a sort of Church 'revival,' conducted generally (not always) upon sober Church principles. In some particulars, especially in the prayer-meetings, they startle, and even offend, old-fashioned Church people of conservative instincts, but they win souls for Christ, and deepen the reality and earnestness of many. There can be no doubt at all that God's blessing has attended them in numbers of places. My own experience of those I have myself conducted, leads me to believe that they may be the greatest possible blessing to a parish. It is important to remember that all parishes are not fit for a mission. There must be a foundation of deep and true religion, and of genuine Church feeling and life, to make a mission safe or profitable."

In this year (1873) a mission was held at Whittington by the Rev. F. Barker, now Rector of St. Giles' near Salisbury, who was called upon at the last moment to supply the place of the missioner who had promised to conduct the work, but who was unavoidably prevented from doing so. Writing about this mission, Mr. Barker says :

"After much hesitation I consented to do so (*i.e.*, take the missioner's place), and so began a friendship and a devotion on my part which has lasted ever since. It was my first mission, and I had to ask for guidance at every turn. What struck me then, and has often struck me since, was the desire of the dear Bishop to bring young men forward, in whom he thought he saw any aptitude for special work. In my own case, while always ready to advise and help, he left me to do the work he had asked me to do, with a free hand and with an entire trust. . . .

"When I think of the Bishop in connection with missions, certain features of his work—shall I say of his character?—stand out at once before me. The first thing to strike one was the great love of the man. He had a love for everything: not only for the children in the village lanes, but for the birds and flowers in the rectory garden. How well I remember, soon after his consecration, his meeting a little girl in the village, who dropped him a curtsey and smiled up with a happy confidence into his face. 'Ah, Janey,' said the Bishop, 'what shall I do when I have no little girls to make bob curtseys to me in London?' And this great love of his entered into all he said and taught. His natural theme seemed to be the love of God. . . .

"Another feature of his preaching was what, for want of a better word, I must call 'subjectiveness.' His appeals were to the heart and the conscience, and personal religion seemed always the great end he had in view. This came out very markedly in what was then called the 'after-meeting.' In these, at the Whittington Mission, the Bishop (rector he was then) took his part. He spoke with the utmost reverence and earnestness of voice and manner, and begged the people to pray *really* for themselves, and while they remained upon their knees he would walk quietly up and down the church, uttering words of help and encouragement, such as 'Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief'; 'Lord, I repent, help Thou mine impenitence'; and the like. On the second or third evening he would speak to any one whom he had noticed as present on some previous day, sometimes to find a welcome, sometimes, I can remember, to meet with little encouragement. The after-meeting was purely devotional in its character, and exhibited in a marked degree that subjectiveness to which I have already referred. . . .

"I shall always esteem it one of the greatest happinesses of my life that I was permitted to begin my mission work under one, and with one, who was so full of the Spirit of God, and who put in the foremost place the sanctification of the individual soul."

The first mission conducted by Canon Walsham How was the one held in the parish of North Malvern in 1872. Canon C. J. Ridgeway, now of Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, was then vicar of the parish, and gives the following interesting account:

"The mission held in 1872 by the late Bishop of Wakefield, then Rector of Whittington, still lives, I know, in the memory of many. He was a complete stranger to me, except by his writings, when I wrote and asked him to conduct a mission in my parish. His answer was characteristic of the man. 'He had never,' he said, 'done such a thing, and greatly distrusted his fitness for the work; but if he could be of any use to a brother, specially to one young in the ministry, he would, God helping him, do his best.'

"Assisted by the late Canon Howell Evans (then Vicar of Oswestry), he entered on the work with the humility and holiness which were inseparable from him. His methods were simple, but carefully thought out. There was no sensationalism, but they were marked by a quiet earnestness. His mission sermons on the evening of each day were pointed but persuasive. The after-meetings, always conducted by himself, were quiet and reverent, free from excitement but most impressive. His personal dealing with souls was wise and healthy.

"The most striking feature of the mission was his instructions each morning on the spiritual life. They told of a wide experience, and a deep sympathy with the longings and difficulties of others, and I know many, some now at rest in Paradise, others still 'toiling in rowing' (the text of his closing sermon) here below, who were helped to live closer to God, and to persevere more hopefully.

"Looking back on this mission, as one who has himself since then conducted many missions, I am much struck by the wisdom with which he planned the arrangements, for in those early days he had little or nothing to guide him."

Among the Bishop's papers after his death was found one inscribed with the following touching lines, which refer to this mission at North Malvern.

"To a child of four years old ('Una'), who was a great delight to me in my few spare moments during an eight days' mission which I conducted in her father's parish."

"Parvula quam felix lusus agit Una, laborum
Nescia! Pernici me pede Cura premit!
Vox tamen ignotas pellit tua garrula curas,
Subditus et risu fit levis, Una, labor."

This has been happily translated by Canon Foxley Norris as follows:

"Little Una! with your gambols
Ah! how happily you play,
Nothing knowing of the labours,
Nor the cares which on me weigh.
Cares pursuing, swiftly, sadly,
Haunt me, but your merry voice
With the music of its chatter
Makes my weary heart rejoice,
Chasing thoughts you cannot dream of,
Little Una, far away,
While the toil your laughter conquers
Sweetly turns from grave to gay!"

Until 1878 his parish work at Whittington was greatly broken into, though not *lessened*, by missions which he conducted elsewhere. In 1873, besides the one in his own parish, there were those at Malvern and Brighstone; in 1874 at Christ Church, Albany Street, during the London Mission of that year, and at Stratford-on-Avon; in 1875 at Wolstanton, and at Holy Cross (the Abbey) and St. Giles', Shrewsbury; in 1876 at Berkhamstead; in 1877 at St. John's, Chester, and at Minchinhampton; and in 1878 at Warminster. After his consecration the only mission

he conducted was that at Hackney during the London Mission of 1884.

Of these it will be sufficient to refer to that at Christ Church, Albany Street, in 1874.

The Rev. E. B. Penfold, now Vicar of St. Michael's, Camden Town, was at that time one of the assistant clergy of the parish under Canon Burrows, the vicar. Mr. Penfold remembers how, when Canon Walsham How proposed a somewhat long list of services, he did so with the remark "giving addresses never tires me."

In a mission address delivered in St. Paul's Cathedral in 1884, when he was Bishop of Bedford, he referred to this mission, saying:

"A man came to me in the last London Mission, when I was conducting the mission at Christ Church, Albany Street. He was a middle-aged man of business, and he said to me, 'Oh! sir, my trouble is my prayers. I want to pray to God, but when I kneel down it seems to me as if the devil was busiest. I cannot collect my thoughts; I cannot find any warmth and fervour. Oh, tell me, sir, is prayer to be a failure?' This he said with all intensity and earnestness. Well, poor fellow, of course I tried to comfort him, and I prayed with him. I hope he found more help afterwards. I cannot tell. I never heard more of him. But when a man comes to one in that way, one at once looks at one's own prayers, and asks oneself, 'Do *I* pray so fervently? Do I even *long* to pray so fervently?'"

From these last words it is evident that he felt it specially necessary to keep a strict watch upon his own life while engaged in mission work. The necessity of this was enforced upon him by a letter from Archdeacon

Norris of Bristol, a close friend of many years standing, to the following effect :

"*Jan.* 7, 1874.

"MY DEAR WALSHAM HOW,

"If you were here (how I wish you were !) I should venture to whisper 'Is it well, this constant forcing to the surface of your very deepest emotions?' I mean 'well for your own spiritual self?' But who and what am I to speak so to you? Only I should so dread it for myself, such frequent mission engagements, developing disproportionately (it must be) the emotional half of one's finely strung nature. . . .

"It were too bad to try and urge you to come here in the face of such a Lent of labour.

"God bless you,

"Ever thine,

"J. P. N."

It was surely the humility, marking all he said and did, which saved him from the dangers suggested in this affectionate letter.

But to return to the Christ Church, Albany Street, Mission. Another of the clergy then working under Canon Burrows was the Rev. F. La Trobe Bateman, now Vicar of St. John's, Upper Norwood, who has contributed the following graphic account of Canon Walsham How's mission work, and with his words this subject may be fittingly concluded. He says :

"My first knowledge of the late Bishop of Wakefield's work as a mission priest was in the year 1874, when he took the mission at Christ Church, St. Pancras, where I was at that time one of the assistant priests. This was in the early days of missions. If I may venture to say so, it was not so much his brilliant oratory as his simple affectionate earnestness, the largeness of his sympathy, and the sunniness of his smile, which won our hearts *en masse*. Children looked at him, listened to him for a minute or two, and loved him ever afterwards. Young priests, somewhat ecclesiasti-

cally and doctrinally strained, became quiet and natural again under the influence of his personality. The laity were strangely attracted by the naturalness and humanity of the man, a humanity enriched indeed by the beauty of personal holiness, but intensely and refreshingly human for all that.

"He was good enough to associate me in missions with himself on several occasions subsequent to that mission in London. There stand out in my memory with special vividness two of these missions, at Stratford-on-Avon and at Warminster. We were indeed at different churches, though in the same towns; but we used to meet daily. Never shall I forget the humility and self-forgetfulness which shone out in those little morning meetings for prayer and 'comparing of notes.' One thing always puzzled him, how to deal with morbid and despondent people. 'What do *you* do?' he used to ask of me, his subaltern. Morbidness was so altogether contrary to his own bright faith in God. And I have reason to know that it was this very fact which made him specially helpful to the morbid. It shamed them out of their self-introspection.

"I think that his special success in mission work lay rather in his 'instructions' and 'after-meetings' than in the mission sermon proper. He used to feel this himself. The pulpit is associated with a certain amount of formality; but down in the nave, one can speak heart to heart. And to that mission priest the hearts of his audience answered back. I have notes of some 'Mission Instructions' of his lying before me now. It seems but as yesterday that he talked to us: yet twenty-five years have elapsed since then. There he stood, in that London church, on the chancel step (I never remember him, in his missions, making use of the modern chair), and he started with the words, 'The beginning, the middle, and the end of the spiritual life is self-surrender to God.' The words caught hold of us all. With that unerring human instinct which is hardly ever at fault, and which to myself constitutes one of the deepest mysteries in human nature, we knew perfectly well that the man who began with that sentence was himself 'self-surrendered.' It was his frequent custom to conclude his missions with a meditation on 'the Mount of Transfiguration,' in the course of the final celebration of the Holy Eucharist. 'We will go up with Thee, our Master, to purer regions: we wish to

ascend the mountain with Thee, but our steps are so faltering, our faith is so dim.' And then his last simple words, 'Many have made and signed formal resolutions, many others have made them, but not written them down. Let us offer them to our God before this altar. We will pause after the words "We offer and present unto Thee . . ." Then we will offer them to Him, and pray that He may accept them, and give us grace to do them. I commend you all to that grace of God. I shall never forget you, nor this week. I shall always intercede for you, and I ask you to do for me the same act. Will you sometimes ask for me that God may strengthen me to do my work for souls more faithfully; that I may be more ready to help others; that we may all meet at the last on that Mount of Transfiguration, where we shall together see Him in His glory.' Very simple it was, but therein lay its power. It is not to be wondered at that, when he ceased, there was hardly a dry eye in the church.

"He never, in his missions, preached confession with the same directness that most missioners adopt at the present day; but, for all that, a considerable number of people sought him out for this purpose in all the missions that he took; and a very large number of others came to him for advice and help. He had no need to invite them to come, they came of their own accord. They knew that a man of God was in their midst, and that God had sent him to *them*.

"I have known many mission priests. More brilliant mission preachers there have been and are. But for helpfulness, and tenderness in dealing with souls, and entire healthiness of teaching, and bright attractiveness of personality, the dear Bishop of Wakefield (the 'Canon Walsham How' of the old mission days) stands alone—at least in the affections of the writer."

CHAPTER IX

EARLIEST SUGGESTION OF EAST LONDON

THE last seven or eight years of Canon Walsham How's life at Whittington were exceedingly busy ones. To take one year as an example: in 1875 he took two missions, one in Wolverhampton and the other in Shrewsbury. He conducted Retreats at Bowdon and at Hawarden. He took the Ember addresses at a gathering of clergy in Market Harborough. He addressed Lay Church Workers in St. Paul's Cathedral. He spent several days in speaking to the candidates for Ordination at Ely in May, and at Lincoln in December, preaching the Ordination sermon in each case. He spent four days at Bangor giving "meditations" to a large gathering of clergy. He visited St. Asaph for meetings of the Diocesan Societies. He attended Convocation, and committees on the Lectionary and on the Rubrics. He preached twice at Great Yarmouth, and three times on one day at Bradford, while on Sunday, December 9, he gave four addresses and one sermon in Worcester Cathedral. He attended and spoke at the Stoke Church Congress. In August he had a good holiday at Barmouth, and yet, with all these multifarious engagements, his parochial visits at Whittington kept up to the high weekly average of twenty-two for the fifty-two weeks, and they were not

merely "calls" (these he hardly counted), but visits for advice, reading, and prayer, by a faithful parish priest.

This will give some idea of how work was pressing upon him more and more until he took up the greatest work of his life in 1879.

Meantime some few letters may find a place, written during these years upon various subjects :

"WHITTINGTON RECTORY, *Dec.* 13, 1873.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

"I was very glad of your brotherly greeting this morning [his birthday]. I thank you for it. It always cheers me up. At fifty one's look is a good deal backwards, and these greetings wake up memories of dear old times. As I passed the Stone House on Thursday I looked at the windows, and thought of the old 'book-room,' and the 'play-room,' and the strange old days when we were little chaps playing at ball against the jessamine. Oh, how the years run by! It will soon be over, 'and then?' well, I hope then we shall be allowed to remember old times still—only better than we do now."

"WHITTINGTON RECTORY, *April* 19, 1875.

"I went on Friday evening with Mr. John Oakley, of St. Saviour's, Hoxton (S. S. H. of *Church Bells*), to Moody and Sankey, and was agreeably surprised. It was a most marvellous sight to see 20,000 people packed in the Agricultural Hall; and the singing of the hymns by such a mass of voices was very grand, though the tunes were, of course, rather secular. It did not *sound* the least secular. Mr. Moody preached a very simple, but vivid, almost dramatic, Passion sermon—a sort of historical

narrative of the Passion, interspersed with little pointed applications. It was *very* like a sermon of Mr. Body's I have heard, though simpler, and with less rhetoric and less excitement. It was quite a Passion service, beginning with 'Rock of Ages,' and most suitable for a Friday evening, to which he even alluded."

In the course of a letter to his brother as to conducting a men's Bible class, written in 1876, he says :

"I should say they (the men) should not be kept more than an hour altogether. The real difficulty is just what you name—to make it interesting and helpful. I should read about half an hour of the Bible, talking as much as possible about various points, and giving all the illustrations I could. I should ask them whether they would like to read in turn, or for you only to read, and ask them to ask questions, saying you will try to get answers if you cannot answer at once. Afterwards I should read with them some book for about twenty minutes. That abbreviation of Patteson's life, called 'A Fellow Soldier,' would do. So would the life of Hedley Vicars, some of Smiles' books, &c. It is a great thing, when you can, to break the reading with a little familiar talk, especially out of your own experience—*i.e.*, of things that have happened to you, places you have seen, &c. Try, too, to be sympathetic and friendly with them. You need not fear the appearance of superiority. Tell them you want to learn and study with them, but somebody must lead, or they would have a Quakers' meeting."

The following extracts from letters to some of his curates at Whittington are also of interest.

[*To* Rev. F. G. I., *as to his coming to Whittington.*]

"*Dec.* 14, 1870.

"I certainly fear you will be disappointed here. Please do not raise your hopes too high. . . . You will find much very unsatisfactory here. Former curates have set in motion some good plans of work, and I can go on pretty well in a groove, but I am constantly feeling my want of real success in many ways. When I try to decide in what I get on best, I fear I must come to the humiliating conclusion that it is in visiting old women. I don't win the confidence of young men. They feel me cold and reserved. And with the squirearchy I am cowardly, and do not speak out my mind as I ought. In fact, while I am busy enough, I doubt if I do any part of my work thoroughly. You will soon see this, and I cannot ask you too strongly not to think of me as an exemplary or successful parish priest. As to the time of your coming, I should not like to put your good vicar to any inconvenience, yet I shall be thankful to have your help whenever you can be spared. And now I must say good night. I trust and pray God's blessing may be upon this decision."

[*To the same.*]

"WHITTINGTON, *March* 30, 1871.

"I am rather sorry you will come to us for the idle time of year first. I am working pretty hard now, and got through fifty-seven pastoral visits last week, the most I ever did in any one week, except just when I was first making acquaintance with the parish."

[*To the same, concerning the revision of the Lectionary.*]

"WHITTINGTON, *January* 1871.

"What I feel as even more important than the details of the scheme (important as these are) is the manner in which it may possibly be made law. It seems to me it would be very wrong and unconstitutional to force it upon us without the concurrence of *both* Convocations, and I believe no such concurrence has been accorded by York. Church legislation is a great puzzle at present, and *most* unsatisfactory."

* * * * *

"The course I should like best would be that a sensible joint Committee of the two Convocations, consisting of men generally approving the new Lectionary, but quarrelling with its defects of detail, could be nominated, that they would agree upon a schedule of suggestions for improvements of details, and that the Royal Commission could be revivified to receive and consider (and, one would hope, adopt) these suggestions. Then that both Houses of Convocation in both Provinces should give their assent to the amended Lectionary before the Houses of Parliament are asked to do so. This is, I know, a visionary dream, and I suppose hardly one of the steps I have named could practically be taken."

[*To the same, on his engagement.*]

"We are so very glad to hear the good news, and we all most warmly congratulate you. R. D. once said that there were two things indispensable to an engagement, which he never could acquire, and the non-possession of which was fatal to all his hopes. The first was an un-

limited sense of inferiority, and the second an unlimited capacity for letter-writing. I trust you are making progress in both these branches of education."

[*To the* Rev. D. P. J. E.]

"*May* 1870.

"MY DEAR E.,

"I think you will be interested to hear what I heard to-day from the Bishop of Llandaff (Ollifant) about our new bishop.* He was on our Committee, which was a joint Committee of the two Houses, and at lunch time I asked him if Llandovery was in his diocese. He said, 'No, but I know it very well, and Mr. Hughes is a great friend of mine.' So I had a talk about him, and he told me we should like him very much, for, though a decided Evangelical, he is by no means a party man. . . . So I do trust he will be a good bishop.

"Good-night.

"Yours ever affectionately,

"WM. WALSHAM HOW."

[*To the same, when Vicar of Carmarthen.*]

"I have for some time had a vision of a visit to you, and my idea was to persuade you to take me to see St. David's. I have seen all the cathedrals except that and Canterbury. I cannot possibly come in Lent, having refused many others, since my almanack was as full as I can let it be for that season, so I can make no definite plans. But it would be great fun if we could have a run of two or three days, and get a little fishing as well as see your cathedral. Mrs. How came home from Barmouth for Christmas, having kept up well so far, but this very

* Of St. Asaph.

cold weather has been too much for her, and she has been laid up for the last few days with bronchitis."

During all these last years at Whittington, and, indeed, more or less until her death in 1887, Mrs. How suffered greatly from bronchitis and asthma. Probably the severity of these attacks was increased by her courageous determination to continue her parochial work, and especially her nursing of the sick. At times, however, she became so ill that protracted residence in other climates became necessary, and thus we find that the winters were usually spent at Barmouth, or Cannes, or some other resort recommended by her doctors.

In 1877 Canon How's diaries show the following entries:

"May 7. F. very ill, the worst day perhaps she ever had."

"May 13. F. came downstairs, the first time since October, except for journeys."

It is not, therefore, surprising to find that on November 1 of that year they started for Cannes, where Canon How acted as assistant chaplain.

This visit marks an interesting period, for it was then that the idea of the East London work was first presented to him, although it was not until eighteen months afterwards that he was actually consecrated Bishop Suffragan. Extracts from letters of this period will give the circumstances in the best possible way.

[*To* Mrs. W. W. DOUGLAS.]

"*Private.*

"CANNES, *Feb.* 19, 1878.

"MY DEAREST SISTER,

"I want your loving and wise advice, and William's too, in a matter which is causing us much anxiety to-day,

but which you will, of course, not talk about to others. I had seen in the newspapers some vague notions of a scheme for a bishopric for East London, but had no idea it had taken any definite shape, or was among actual probabilities, till last night, when I received a letter from Mr. Maclagan, asking me, in the name of the Bishop of London, whether I could see my way to accepting this most difficult and responsible post. He gives me no particulars of any sort, and I do not even know what the proposed status would be, but I presume simply that of Suffragan to the Bishop of London. It is not an attractive sphere, except as presenting a field for hard self-denying work. But I want to abstain from naming any of the pros and cons, which come crowding into our minds, that I may have your fresh unbiased opinion upon the momentous question. I am writing for more information, partly as a means for obtaining more time, and I know I shall have your prayers that I may be guided aright. I am also consulting the Bishop of St. Albans [Claughton], partly because his own brother* would seem to be so obvious a man, being on the spot, that I should wish to understand how matters stand in regard to him."

[*To* Rev. H. W. BURROWS, *afterwards Canon of Rochester.*]

"*Private.*

"CANNES, *Feb.* 21, 1878.

"I saw Plumptre here as he passed through the other day. He had not then had the offer of the professorship, but a rumour has come since to the effect that it has been offered to him. But rumours at Cannes are such treacherous things. Fancy you, in your kindly heart,

* Bishop Piers Claughton.

thinking of me! Why, I should not dream of such a thing for a moment, even were they deluded into such an insane idea as to offer it. I am totally unfit through ignorance. . . . But I must come to the reason for heading my letter 'private,' as I am anxious for your kind counsel in a very serious matter. The same post which brought your letter, in which you speak of the rumour of Gregory being Suffragan for East London, brought me one from Maclagan asking me, for the Bishop, if I could see my way to consenting to be nominated for the post. I know I am very unfit for such a position, but I suppose it is right to some extent to let others judge in such a case, and Maclagan, who knows me very intimately, presses it upon me. He tells me nothing whatever about it, and I have written to ask him for as full particulars as he can get me. It is very possible it would involve such a loss of income as I could not afford with all my sons (four still under education), but, supposing that difficulty removed, I am still in sore perplexity. Were I to think of myself alone it would be no very great sacrifice to give up our delightful country home, and to live and work in the East of London. But for my dear wife it would be terrible. She would be buried there (even if, as Maclagan says, we were to get a house at Clapton or Stoke Newington), without friends, and without the sort of people round, rich or poor, of whom she could make new friends. At home she has so many dear friends of various ranks that in all her illnesses she was never lonely. I fear she is never likely to be strong again, and, though she says she is quite ready to make the sacrifice, it is so great a one that I do not know whether I ought to allow her to make it. It would of course be a very great change for N. [his daughter], but

she says it would be far grander than a regular bishopric with a comfortable palace and good society. I shall be truly thankful for any thoughts that strike you in the matter. I do really wish to do simply what is right and for God's glory, but He has given me my wife and children, and I dare not leave them out of the consideration. You will pray, too, that I may be guided aright. Write as soon as you can, please. Mrs. How has been less well of late, and has had a tedious, though not severe, attack of asthma, lasting eight or ten days now. I think the anxiety of this matter makes it worse."

The following was the Bishop of St. Albans' characteristically affectionate reply to the letter seeking his advice:

"DANBURY, *Feb.* 22.

"MI CARE HOVÎ,

"I am most thankful, and so will my brother Piers be, for the solution of the Eastern Question. I am not so sure that it is a *Suffragan*. It may be a *bonâ fide Episcopus Orientalis*, and you will be my next door neighbour. I don't think it will make any difference to Piers, except the very desirable difference of his having less work. But that *you* should be the *vir designatus* will be a delight to him as it is to me. I will write more fully on Monday; meanwhile, mi care Hovî, do not hesitate to accept the position. It is not necessary that you should have great influence with the *roughs*. It is the clergy who are most to be considered. And they will all cleave to you. Mind, it may be a Suffragan after all. I know nothing really about that, but I know my brother is favourable to the idea.

"Ever yours affectionately,

"T. L. ST. ALBANS."

That from the Rev. H. W. Burrows contained the following passages:

"3 CHESTER PLACE, REGENT'S PARK, *Feb.* 25.

"MY DEAR HOW,

"I think you are admirably fitted to be a bishop in London, and would be acceptable to all. I know of no one so much to be desired for the post, and, as it is somewhat of an experiment, it is very important that the person first appointed should win confidence. . . .

"I advise you to say that you consent. My wife sends her love; she is much obliged to you for letting her hear about it. She cannot venture to give advice, but it has to her clearly the sound of a call.

"Yours affectionately,

"H. W. BURROWS."

In answer to this, Canon How wrote:

"*Feb.* 27, 1878.

"You think and speak, in your kindliness of heart, far too favourably of me, and your words make me ashamed of myself, as so little like them."

It was during this visit to Cannes that Canon How first made friends with Miss Jean Ingelow, a friendship lasting till their lives ended so nearly at the same time, almost the last public act on *his* part being to take the service at *her* funeral. Another friendship formed there was that with the Crosbie family, and before leaving Cannes he was to receive the print of "St. Augustine and Monica," which hung in his library at Wakefield afterwards.

[*To his sister.*]

"CANNES, *March* 11, 1878.

"The other day Nellie and I were at five o'clock tea at Lord Courtown's, when Lord Brougham, whom I had not met before, came up to me and shook my hand,

saying, 'Well, Cumberland, and how are you?' He then began to talk of my grandfather, the Lawsons, &c. He is brother to the great Lord Brougham who invented Cannes.

"N. and I have been to a very pleasant five o'clock tea (the Lenten dissipation) to-day at Lady Plunkett's, where we met all sorts of nice people, among them the nice, gentle Jean Ingelow, Mrs. Pollock (the Geranium) with her very pretty daughter, herself even prettier, and C. One of the nicest families here are the Crosbies (no title for a wonder!)."

[*To* Rev. H. W. BURROWS.]

"CANNES, *March* 26, 1878.

"The other day in giving an address I illustrated my subject by a description of Ary Scheffer's picture of 'St. Augustine and Monica,' and I was told afterwards that the lady who sat for Monica was in church. I have since received from her a present of a beautiful print of the picture."

But things were far from being settled yet. The formation of a Suffragan Bishopric for East London depended on a good many different people. The consent of the Crown had to be obtained, and that meant considerable delay. Further, the scheme could not, as at first contemplated, be carried out without the generous contributions of certain wealthy London laymen. This became, in the end, unnecessary, the income of a city living being afterwards devoted to the purpose; but at first this condition of things appeared likely to prove fatal to the selection of Canon Walsham How for the post, inasmuch as one of the most liberal contributors to

the proposed fund objected to his appointment. This is explained in the subjoined letter to the Rev. H. W. Burrows, and some idea is given of the attraction which East London work had from the first for the future Bishop.

"WHITTINGTON, *May* 11, 1878.

"MY DEAR BURROWS,

"It is all over, so far as I am concerned, with regard to East London. It appears (I hope I am not revealing secrets, but you will not talk about it) that one of the chief promoters of the scheme, upon whose money much depends, does not wish to have me. I hope they will make a much better selection, if the scheme takes effect at all. I am a little disappointed, for I had been planning in my mind various schemes of usefulness, and hoping to go among the overburdened and often disheartened clergy of East London as a brother, giving them a helping hand, encouraging, and gathering them together, and perhaps brightening their too dreary life and work a little. It seemed to me a very grand work, and a very real work, with no show or luxury about it, and, were it not for my family, I think I should prefer it to any post I can think of."

When Mr. Maclagan was appointed to be Bishop of Lichfield it appears that he was anxious to be succeeded by his friend, Canon Walsham How, at Kensington, for we find the following passage in a letter from the latter dated from Whittington Rectory, May 21, 1878.

"I may venture to name to you that one of the members of the Cabinet (Lord Cranbrook) told Archdeacon Ffoulkes that he thought the probability of my moving

on before long would be a bar to my being selected for Kensington, which Mr. Maclagan was very anxious for. Kensington would be a much happier resting-place than any 'moving on' could bring one to. However, it is a bad thing to be speculating about the future, and I trust all these kind wishes about East London and Kensington may not unsettle me. I am buckling-to to my old steady work here pretty well."

Immediately after the temporary disappointment about East London his thoughts were turned in another direction by the offer of the Vicarage of Windsor with a Readership to the Queen.

[*To his second son.*]

"WHITTINGTON RECTORY, *May* 27, 1878.
"*Monday night.*

"MY DEAR HARRY,

"I am offered the Vicarage of Windsor with a Readership to the Queen. Mr. Maclagan presses me not to decline without going to see it, and the Dean of Windsor asks me to go and see him and talk it over. So I am going to run up to town to-morrow evening, and mean to take mother by surprise, talk it over with her, run down to Windsor by the 10.30 train on Wednesday morning and take notes of all things. . . . The question as to Windsor will turn on its healthiness for the mother. In no other respect does it offer much attraction, but the Dean says the vicarage is a good house and high up. The population is 7000. The Readership does not involve much, the Dean says, just a sermon now and then.

"Good night,

"Your loving father,

"WM. WALSHAM HOW.

"P.S.—Tuesday morning. A letter from mother, very much against Windsor, so I expect it will come to nothing."

The expectation contained in this P.S. was fulfilled, and Whittington kept its rector for yet another year, in spite of various attempts to lure him away. Thus he received the following letter from the Bishop of Winchester containing an offer that at first tempted him greatly.

"FARNHAM CASTLE, *Sept.* 14, 1871.

"MY DEAR MR. WALSHAM HOW,

"In the Diocese of Winchester it is proposed to establish a mission machinery for the evangelising the great towns of the diocese. Portsmouth, Aldershot, &c., are in great want of more help than the regular parochial machinery can give them. . . . It has been arranged to have a mission house at Winchester, with a canon residentiary at its head, the missionary clergy to be sent from thence to work where it is thought their work is most needed and will be accepted. It is wished much that lay workers, male and female, should be associated to the house and the work: young men training to be clergymen, deaconesses, mission women, &c. I do not know whether you would be willing to undertake the guidance and management of such a work, taking the canonry (about £800 or £900 a year and a good house) as your payment or provision and your *locus standi*. If you would, I feel sure that the diocese would gain much by your accession to it, and that the mission would be likely to succeed under your care and direction. Will you kindly consider this and reply as soon as you can? The maturing of the scheme has already kept the canonry too long vacant.

"Believe me,

"Ever very sincerely yours,

"E. H. WINTON."

This offer caused its recipient considerable anxiety, and

it was not until after a close inquiry into the proposed scheme that he finally decided upon its impossibility.

[*From* E. F. How (*his daughter*), *to one of her brothers.*]

"Has father told you of this new offer? The Bishop of Winchester has offered him a canonry with the headship of the Wilberforce Memorial Mission College. Father is rather smitten with the idea of the work. . . . I hear that the Bishop of Lichfield, Mr. John Oakley, and others are pressing him *very* strongly to undertake it, and the doctor's report of the climate for asthma is *fairly* satisfactory."

[*From* W. W. H. *to his sister.*]

"WHITTINGTON, *Sept.* 15, 1878.

"I am again in a trouble of doubt. This morning's post has brought me a most kind letter from the Bishop of Winchester offering me the vacant canonry in his cathedral with the headship of the Wilberforce Memorial Mission House, which is at once to be transplanted to Winchester. It is in many ways an attractive offer, but I fear Winchester is very low and flat and damp. It would not do to take F. [Mrs. How] to live there if it is unhealthy. Do give me any help towards deciding."

[*To the same.*]

"THE DEANERY, WINCHESTER,
"*Oct.* 1, 1878.

"The Bishop has been here all day to-day, and after much talk with him I have finally declined to come here. My reason is that I think the scheme for the Mission House quite impracticable. I have not time to tell you all about it now. Much here is exceedingly attractive; but I am glad the suspense is over."

There was to be yet one more attempt in this year to induce him to accept preferment. Several of the clergy in Jamaica, on learning of their bishop's proposed retirement, wrote to him requesting that he would allow himself to be nominated for the See. As in the case of other colonial offers this was at once declined with an expression of gratitude for the kind thought of him. Mrs. How's bad health and the education of a large family of sons always proved sufficient barriers to his undertaking permanent work out of England.

CHAPTER X

APPOINTMENT TO EAST LONDON

EARLY in 1879 the subject of East London was brought again to the front. The Bishop of London found himself with the valuable living of St. Andrew's Undershaft in St. Mary Axe in the city at his disposal, and at once proposed to utilise the income as the stipend of a suffragan bishop, provided that the consent of the Crown were obtained. Being no longer hampered by having to consult the wishes of those who would have, under other circumstances, provided the necessary funds, the Bishop at once offered the post of bishop suffragan for East London to Canon Walsham How in the following letter :

"LONDON HOUSE, ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, S.W.
March 3, 1879.

"MY DEAR CANON,

"I know that when Bishop Maclagan was with you at Cannes last year he had some conversation with you about a proposal for a suffragan bishop to take charge of the eastern portion of London, and he then thought that you might not be indisposed to accept it. Some misunderstandings afterwards arose, and some indiscreet talk outdoors threw obstacles in the way, and the matter dropped. The project has, however, lately revived, and one most munificent offer made it probable that in twelve months or so it might be carried out. But now the death of my old friend F. Blomfield has put the matter entirely into

my own hands, subject only to the consent of the Crown. The living of St. Andrew's Undershaft in the City of London is worth £2500 net, after paying Queen Ann's Bounty and other outgoings, and as the population was only 580 in 1871, and can scarcely be 400 now, of whom none are poor, a curate's stipend is the only other deduction, excepting, however, the possible rent of a house.

I am not, however, without hope that a house in a suitable and healthy situation may be provided free.

"I now, therefore, ask whether you would be disposed to help me in the work of this unwieldy diocese, and *that* in a part where from various circumstances many of the parishes are spiritually in a very depressed and unsatisfactory state. It would not be fair to conceal the difficulty of the work; but that God's blessing would be on it, when undertaken, as you would undertake it, in a spirit of pious self-distrustful earnestness, I do not for a moment doubt.

"As the Crown has not yet been approached on the subject, and there is some jealousy about reckoning too confidently on the Queen's pleasure, I must ask you kindly not to mention this except in confidence. I may say that both Bishop Maclagan and Mr. Wilkinson of St. Peter's, Pimlico, are very anxious that you should undertake this work.

"Believe me to be,

"Sincerely yours,

"J. LONDON."

This proposal was kept secret, for the ultimate appointment would of course remain with the Crown, but in spite of all precautions the fact became known, and paragraphs appeared in several papers, with the ultimate result of still further delaying the settlement of the business. But before these were published, the Bishop-designate could not resist mystifying some members of his family as to what was going on. For instance, on March 5, he writes to one of his sons, and says (referring to St. Andrew's Undershaft):

"I have been offered a very good living further south, with only 400 population, and think of accepting it. What should you think of your old father settling down in a parish with that population to spend his declining years in idleness? I *really mean* that I shall probably take it."

Ten days later he writes to the same son, and says:

"DEAREST HARRY.

"It is too bad to keep you mystified so long. The truth is that I thought I should be able to tell you something definite by this time, but it seems it may be weeks before the question will be finally settled, so I cannot let you remain in suspense all that time, and am now going *felem de sacco liberare*. The long and the short of it is the Bishop of London has offered me St. Andrew's Undershaft, a city living, with a population of about 400, and an income of £2500. Of course you will guess that this means that I am to be Bishop of East London. (N.B.—You must by no means let anybody else get a sight of even pussy's ear or the tip of her tail.) I have consented, after consultation with the Bishop of Lichfield and the dear mother, and now the Bishop of London is applying to the Crown for their sanction of the scheme, and when that is obtained he will submit my name, which also requires the approval of the Crown. All this takes much time, and the Bishop writes that it may be difficult to get at the Queen about it just at present, so we must be patient. It is such a comfort to learn that Mr. —— who had offered £10,000 towards the fund on condition of having Canon Gregory, a few weeks ago withdrew his condition and offered the sum with the knowledge that the Bishop would select me. It would have taken a year or so to get up the subscription

and complete the scheme, but now the Bishop is quite independent, and no subscription is needed, as, on Canon Blomfield's death, he at once resolved (if the Crown consents) to endow the suffragan bishopric with that living. There is a curate in charge, and the church is in excellent order. There is hardly any parochial work. The house will *not* do, and that will be one of the first things to look out for. I am going up on Monday to see the Bishop of London and talk it all over. I shall be at London House, St. James's Square, till Wednesday. It is a tremendous responsibility, and the work will be very heavy, and, I fear, very disheartening. The Church is *nowhere* in East London. God grant I may have grace and strength to do some little good, and at least to cheer and encourage the poor broken-down clergy there. The mother is so good about it, and the daughter, of course, takes the noblest view of it. But oh! how one finds out one's love for dear old Whittington! No time for more. Mother pretty well. Such a perfect day to-day!

"Your loving father,

"WM. WALSHAM HOW."

Mrs. How was ready, as ever, to take her part in all her husband's anxieties, and writing from Barmouth on March 5 says:

"I wish I could say anything to help you. I feel myself that the work at the east of London is what you could do, and that God is calling you to do it. We must not give one thought as to whether we should like to live there or not. If God permits us to be together, we shall be happy anywhere. I can only pray God to direct you right. I am so thankful you are with the dear good Bishop [Lichfield]. He has the Master's work so much at heart that I am sure he will try to give the best advice."

It was the *Manchester Guardian* that somehow ferreted out the fact about the proposed appointment to East London, and the *Oswestry Advertiser* of March 25, 1879, published the following paragraph :

"The London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* writes : 'I understand that the frequently expressed wish for the appointment of an additional bishop for the eastern division of the diocese of London is at last likely to be gratified, and that Canon Walsham How will in all probability be selected for the post. At the time when the proposition was first made, some years since, Mr. Wilkinson, Mr. Maclagan, and Mr. How were named for the post; but I have reason to believe that the choice will fall upon Mr. How, and that, unless an obstacle is raised by the Premier, the bishop will present the canon to the valuable rectory of St. Andrew's Undershaft, an old city church in Leadenhall Street, which is worth about £2000 a year.'"

This paragraph caused great consternation. It was known that the Crown was naturally strongly averse to its assent being taken for granted, and it had been thought that the matter was being kept a dead secret.

"WHITTINGTON RECTORY, *March* 28, 1879.

"MY DEAREST SISTER,

"I was at Wolverhampton giving addresses to the clergy, and preaching at night, on Wednesday, and never knew of that paragraph in Wednesday's *Oswestry Advertiser* till I was visiting in the parish yesterday afternoon, when I was startled and horrified to be asked about it. I rushed home just in time to cut it out and send it to you, for I have been longing to tell you, but was under a pledge of secrecy to the Bishop of London, who says the Crown are exceedingly jealous of their assent being assumed, so he begged I would consider it secret till that

consent was obtained. He wrote to Dizzy quite three weeks ago, hoping he would get an opportunity of laying it before the Queen before she left England, but he has heard nothing. The consent at present asked for is only to the general scheme for a suffragan, no name being mentioned, and when that is obtained the whole process will have to be gone through again as to the name. I fancy the first step cannot now be taken before the Queen comes back. I went up last Monday to see the Bishop about it, and went on the Tuesday to see St. Andrew's Undershaft, which is in the corner of Leadenhall St. and St. Mary Axe. Oh! such a soot-begrimed, iron-railing-beguarded, dim, dingy, dirty edifice! I got in, having with great difficulty found the verger, and, under the assumed disguise of an archæologist, looked over the church. It is better inside than out, being nicely open-seated, and properly arranged, but heavy and gloomy. The population is about the same as Salwarpe [Canon Douglas's country parish], the parish consisting chiefly of warehouses, offices, &c. St. Mary Axe forms the parish, and I should have very little to do with it, and there is no rectory, the old one being made into offices, and let at £300 or £400 a year. There is said to be a good curate, and the verger said the choir was excellent. Of course I do not the least know yet where I should have to live. I stayed two nights with the Bishop, who was very kind and told me all he could about it. I never told a soul in London, not even where I was staying, and no one here, except Nellie, knew where I was, so it cannot have got out through me. It is very provoking its coming to the knowledge of one's people in this way. I did so wish to go and tell my best people myself, as soon as the Bishop gave me leave."

[*To* Canon DOUGLAS.]

"WHITTINGTON RECTORY,
"*Easter Tuesday*, 1879.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,

"Early last week I heard from the Bishop of London that Mr. Foster had been to him to say he had an offer for his house (Stainforth House) at Upper Clapton, and had postponed giving an answer till it was considered whether it would answer for a residence for the future suffragan. He asked if I could come and see it, so I have fixed to do so next Thursday. I go, self-invited, to John Oakley's (St. Saviour's, Hoxton) to-morrow, and Mr. Foster calls for me there to take me to the house. He says he will lend it for a year or two, if we like, till we can judge of its suitability. I fear it is rather far from the centre of work, but it may be a great boon to have a house to turn into all ready. Mr. Foster has left already, and gone to live at Chislehurst. He will be a great loss to East London."

This is the first mention of Stainforth House, on Clapton Common, which, owing to this generous proposal on the part of Mr. Richard Foster, became the home of Bishop Walsham How and of Bishop Billing during their respective tenures of office as suffragans for East London.

[*To his sister.*]

"WHITTINGTON, *April* 18, 1879.

"DEAREST MINNY,

"Of course it is a grand thing to have a house to turn into at once whenever one may want one, so that one cannot but gratefully accept the offer. Otherwise it

is not quite what I should have selected. It is, to begin with, at the extreme N.E. corner of the district, and a more central position would be much better. The chief trouble of all, however, is the church, which is *very* advanced, and will cause me some difficulty. It would be very marked to go a mile beyond it to a church I should like far better, and scarcely well to be supposed to sympathise with the very advanced type. So I am perplexed. The house is a very good one: there is a nice garden, and a small field capable of supporting two cows. The house stands high, and on gravel, so is very healthy. It is quite rural at the back, looking down the slope of the ridge to the river Lea."

Time went on, and yet no appointment was made. These months must have been exceedingly trying ones to the future Bishop, for there was still great uncertainty as to whether he would be selected by the Crown, and at the same time there was the prospect that he might be leaving the beautiful home at Whittington where he had spent twenty-eight happy years.

[*To his brother.*]

"WHITTINGTON, *June* 3, 1879.

"I may be going to leave this parish, and it seems to me, in looking back, that, though I may have been more or less busy, I have in reality scarcely touched great parts of a clergyman's true work. I have failed entirely to win the labouring men, probably—nay, certainly—because I have not sympathised enough with them, nor gone among them when I could, and have been reserved with them. And I have failed to win the lads for the same reasons."

[*To the same.*]

"JERUSALEM CHAMBER, WESTMINSTER,
"*June* 24, 1879.

"I believe, after all, it is quite true that the difficulty as to East London arises from my name getting into the papers. . . .

"The Bishop of London has just called me out, and told me he has been inquiring from Lord Beaconsfield's private secretary the cause of the delay, and is sorry to say he has learnt that the Queen was greatly offended at the paragraphs in the papers, that she has been told by some one that I teach private confession, and that Lord John Manners, who has been with her, and who was a parishioner of Mr. Burrows [Rev. H. W. Burrows, afterwards Canon of Rochester] in his late parish, has been pressing him strongly upon her."

The Bishop of London had submitted two names to the Crown, as is the rule in such cases, placing Canon Walsham How's first and Mr. Burrows' second. It is usually, but not invariably, the first name that is selected.

The suspense was, however, soon to be relieved. Convocation ended on Friday, July 4, and that night Canon How returned to Whittington. The next morning brought him a letter from Lord Beaconsfield in the following terms:

"10 DOWNING STREET, WHITEHALL,
"*July* 4, 1879.

"SIR,

"The Queen having been pleased to approve of the appointment of a suffragan bishop, to be styled suffragan of the See of Bedford, for the purpose of assisting the Lord Bishop of London in the duties of his diocese, and having had under consideration the two names submitted in accordance with the statute,

I have the pleasure to inform you that her Majesty has, on my recommendation, been graciously pleased to select you to fill that office, and that I have requested the Secretary of State for the Home Department to take the necessary steps to give effect to the Queen's commands.

"I have the honour to be

"Yours faithfully,

"BEACONSFIELD."

It was a happy chance that there was a small family gathering at Whittington Rectory at the time the above letter was received. Canon How's eldest son and his wife were there on their honeymoon, besides other members of the family, so that the news arrived at an opportune moment. The entry in the Bishop designate's diary for this day is characteristically simple:

"July 5. Saturday.—Heard from Lord B. of my appointment." Then follows a list of some half-dozen sick people to whom he paid visits, and the entry closes with: "Small lawn-tennis party."

He wrote at once to his sister telling her that the suspense was over:

"WHITTINGTON RECTORY, *July* 5, 1879

"DEAREST MINNY,

"It has come at last. A formal letter from Lord Beaconsfield has announced to me by this morning's post that her Majesty has been graciously pleased to select my name for the suffragan bishopric of London, with the title of Bishop of Bedford. . . . And now, my one dear sister, I know that you will pray for me, even more than ever, that I may have grace and wisdom for this great responsibility and laborious work; and I ask this great favour of you all.

"Your affectionate brother,

"W. W. H."

His brother seems to have got earlier intelligence, for on the same day the following letter was written :

"MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,

"I do value your brotherly greeting and sympathy most truly, and am very glad that your letter should be the first after the news has been definitely received. I am myself thankful that the trying suspense is over ; but it would have been a great deal more convenient if they had made a little more haste about it, for it is too late now to get things ready by the 25th (St. James' Day), and the next Saint's day falling on a weekday is Michaelmas Day. I shall doubtless hear from the Bishop of London in a few days. It was the last thing I expected to have any letter this morning, as I did not leave London till 6.30 yesterday evening, and, as the Bishop was sitting among the bishops in conference with us in the afternoon, I felt sure that, if anything was decided, I should hear it from him. I do hope we have, for the present at least, done with that wretched Ornaments Rubric. Though I cannot agree with Dean Stanley's contemptuous and insolent protest against wasting our time on a question of 'clergymen's clothes,' yet I do think it very sad that the matter should have been forced upon us by the converging currents of ambiguous rubrics, contradictory rulings in the Law Courts, extravagant practices, and impracticable parsons. But there is truth in the strong assertion of the Denison School that they are not fighting for a vestment, but for a faith which it symbolises, and for a link of continuity with the ancient Church of the land. However, I think what we passed yesterday will, if ever it become law, be a great discouragement to the extreme ritualists."

[*To* Rev. H. W. BURROWS.]

"WHITTINGTON RECTORY, *July* 5, 1879.

"MY DEAR BURROWS,

"At last the suspense is over. I have heard this morning, having only reached home after midnight last night, that I am selected. I believe, in many ways, you would have been a wiser and a better man, but I am younger, and so I dare not shrink from a labour which, in a few years, I might not unreasonably dread to undertake. I know that you will sympathise with and pray for me, as I should have done for you had it been reversed. With love to all.

"Ever your affectionate friend,

"W. WALSHAM HOW."

As may readily be supposed, letters from friends poured in as soon as the appointment to East London became known. Some few of these are of special interest, and are given here.

[*From* Bishop HARVEY GOODWIN.]

"*July* 18, 1879.

"MY DEAR WALSHAM HOW,

"I address you by this name because it is a pleasure to do so before it vanishes into the somewhat apocryphal title of Bishop of Bedford. I really feel ashamed of not having written you one line of welcome before, but other necessary matters have somehow claimed precedence. You have a fine field before you, one really to be envied if you have strength, as I pray God you may, to cope with the work. There is no field in which there is more to be done.

"It strikes me as very curious, the change in feeling and opinion about bishops. I can remember, and so can you, the time when the cry was, 'We don't want ornamental men, we want working clergy,' and the notion of applying the bishops' own estates

to an increase of the episcopacy was scouted as a heresy. Now people are beginning to find out that what they call working clergy do *not* work successfully without leaders. It seems common sense, and not to require much appeal to argument or to primitive antiquity, but it has cost the Church of England some years and some loss to find it out.

"God bless you, my dear brother, in your new and arduous work.

"Yours sincerely,

"H. CARLISLE."

[*From* Bishop CLAUGHTON.]

"DANBURY PALACE, CHELMSFORD, *July* 7.

"MY DEAR WALSHAM,

"I could not tell what had befallen, when from day to day we heard nothing of the East London Bishopric. It is now settled as we all wished, and I am most thankful that your administrative powers will be exercised in a sphere where they are so much needed. Moreover, I am very thankful for the relief your establishment there will be to my brother [Bishop Piers Claughton] who has a great deal too much to do. Moreover I am glad you succeed John Bunyan, and not Stern, the last Bishop of Colchester, for, though I should have been delighted to have had you as suffragan to *me* at Colchester, I did not want them to fill up my 'sedem suffraganeam si quando ingraviscente infirmitate' I needed help. I only wish you came into the Upper House of Convocation. . . .

"Dear How, it is a great pleasure to think that I may see you now and then. Where shall you live? At St. Mary Axe, or St. Andrew's Undershaft, or in Finsbury Square? Some day let me hear from you. My three daughters and my wife send their love to you.

"Yours affectionately,

"T. L. ST. ALBANS."

[*From* Bishop CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.]

"RISEHOLME, LINCOLN, *July* 9, 1879.

"MY DEAR CANON HOW,

"Allow me to express the thankfulness that I feel for your appointment to the office of bishop suffragan of and for the

diocese of London, and to assure you of our hearty prayers for the divine blessing upon you and your episcopal work.

"Yours sincerely,

"C. LINCOLN."

[*From* Bishop HAROLD BROWNE.]

"78 PORTLAND PLACE, W., *July* 7, 1879.

"MY DEAR CANON WALSHAM HOW,

"I am rejoiced to learn from the papers that you are really to be the bishop suffragan for East London, with a title from my old diocese. There was supposed to be some hitch, and I did not like to say anything to you about it. I hope now that all will run smooth. Every one must rejoice that you are to occupy a position of so much importance and influence. I only regret that it is not to a diocesan bishopric that you are to be consecrated. I am reconciled to losing your help in my diocese, which, as you know, I once coveted, for I feel that what I lose London more abundantly gains. May it please God to give health, strength, and wisdom, and to bless all your labours for Him and His people.

"Ever most sincerely yours,

"E. H. WINTON."

[*From* Bishop JOHN SELWYN.]

"MY DEAR CANON HOW,

* * * * *

"You won't mind me telling you how deeply I sympathise with you in your self-sacrifice. I went from smoke and dirt to sunny climes,* you from one of the prettiest places on earth to what?—well, one of the grandest works a man could be called to. You must be very bright and never look at the dark side of things or you won't get along, and those East-enders, they tell me, are very depressed. The herewith sent doggerel (*vide infra*) is, I trust, a prophecy of the help you will be to them.

"At any rate you are not fewer there than were the Apostles on the Day of Pentecost. I hope your example will lead a few others

* He left a parish in Wolverhampton to become Bishop of Melanesia.

to give up what I call the luxury of religion—plenty of services and nice rectors and all the rest of it. I know two right good men who want to come to the East-end, but they must not leave their work in the north yet: Pelham at Beverley and Kennion* at Bradford. The latter had 100 mill hands at early celebration on Ascension Day, so he has got some stuff in him.

"What are they going to call you? Poplar would not be a bad title—1. Because I hope you will be a pop'lar bishop in the best sense. 2. Because poplar goes straightest and points straightest to heaven of any tree I know.

"Believe me, yours most truly,

"J. R. S., Bp."

"THE CRY OF THE EAST LONDON CLERGY.

"How shall we reach these masses dense,
Beneath whose weight we bow?
At last a light breaks through the gloom
And we will show you—How."

[*From* Dean BURGON.]

"THE DEANERY, CHICHESTER, *July* 15, 1879.

"MY DEAR WALSHAM HOW,

"I have been for five weeks ill—ill with fever. Only this day have I felt energy enough to totter into my library, and stare at the familiar books, and rejoice at the sight of the blazing fire. *Laus Deo!* This is my first letter—written in the old place and with the old tools, and it is, as you see, to *you*.

"Congratulations, and all *that* kind of thing, are out of place between men like you and me. I hope your new duties are acceptable to you, and that your new station will prove congenial to you. Will you wonder if an old bachelor feels strongly tempted to add—*and to your wife?*

"I am at least pretty sure that your presidency will be a blessing for the district over which you will have episcopal supervision, and I pray that the Father of Light will send you divine wisdom, and give you 'a right judgment in all things.' To which I must add

* Now Bishop of Bath and Wells.

a prayer that you may be blessed with health, and (if it is God's pleasure) length of days.

"I am ever, my dear Walsham How,

"Very faithfully your friend,

"JOHN W. BURGON."

There were also, of course, numberless letters from relatives, which it is not necessary to notice, except to quote one expression in a letter from the Bishop's brother, which confirms the impression of the congenial nature of the new work: "I must send you," he says, "the earliest expression of my earnest and best wishes on your new calling, and my thankfulness that your heart's desire has not been disappointed."

CHAPTER XI

HIS CONSECRATION AND DEPARTURE FROM WHITTINGTON

As has been shown in the last chapter, the appointment of Canon Walsham How to the suffragan bishopric for East London met with the hearty approval of his personal friends. It will be well now to turn and see how it was received by those over whom he was to preside. The idea of the formation of some such office was no new one to the Church people of East London.

In a magazine called *The Worker* (now defunct) we read that some years before

"There were gathered in the committee-room of the Additional Curates Society, at the old offices in Whitehall, a little body of clergy and laity, whose attention was being called by the then secretary of the society (Rev. Canon A. J. Ingram) to some returns as to the number of candidates presented for confirmation by certain of the parish churches in Bethnal Green. . . .

"There is such a thing as the idolatry of statistics, and the evil results of the idolatry of spiritual statistics are conspicuously fatal. . . . But it is equally easy to make too little of them. We see the value of a wise study of statistics when we look back to that dingy little dark office in Whitehall, and see that committee bending over those confirmation returns from Bethnal Green, placed before them by Canon Ingram; see them startled and appalled at that tremendous revelation of spiritual destitution;

see them rise, resolved to take action, which, by the mercy of God, and under the leadership of Bishop Jackson, resulted in the consecration of Bishop Walsham How as Bishop of Bedford."

Public attention had, therefore, been called to the wants of East London for some time. The work of many laymen and clergy in and for that region had also thrown into deeper contrast the spiritual barrenness of a large part of the area. Of these it is only necessary to name such men as the great Lord Shaftesbury; Mr. Denison, the member for Newark; Dean Champneys, formerly Rector of Whitechapel; Prebendary Harry Jones; the late Bishop of Bedford (Dr. Billing); the Rev. Charles Lowder, the Rev. J. F. Kitto, &c. These men, and many others, whose names are still household words in many a poor home in East London, were all there before Bishop Walsham How came, and had done a great work in laying a foundation on which he was enabled to build. But what did these and other workers know of their new Bishop? Some few, but *very* few, knew much of him, and viewed his appointment with hopefulness. The larger number knew of him as a writer of simple sermons, an occasional mission preacher, a cheery, kindly, country clergyman, whose tastes and interests and experience were not likely to give him any insight into their needs, and whose health and spirits they thought would soon succumb to the depressing influence of his new surroundings.

Probably no better idea of the general feeling can be given than that contained in a short paper written by Prebendary Shelford, Rector of Stoke Newington. He says:

"I remember well the circumstances under which the suffragan bishopric of Bedford was revived in the diocese of London.

"Efforts had been made for many years to bring the influence of the Church to bear upon the vast populations in the East-end, which for various reasons had been too much lost sight of and too little cared for, in the rush of modern life.

"First under Bishop Blomfield, and then under Bishop Tait, many new churches had been built and new parishes formed, with a proportionate increase in the number of clergy, who with much zeal and self-sacrifice devoted themselves to earnest efforts for the good of the people committed to their spiritual charge. In Bethnal Green, Spitalfields, Shoreditch, and Stepney, the subdivisions of huge parishes proceeded rapidly, and many able men were found ready to devote themselves to winning back to the Church the multitudes who had lapsed from her in days of supineness and inactivity.

"Yet, somehow, the success attending on these efforts had not been equal to the expectations which had been formed by those who planned or carried them out. The churches which had been built at great cost were not filled with worshippers. The clergy, after years of disappointment, were in many instances growing weary and disheartened. The results of their labours were disheartening. Certain statistics, relating to some East-end parishes which the A.C.S. had assisted, came under the notice of the committee about the year 1877, and were considered so important as to demand the attention of the bishop of the diocese.

"On his visit to the society for the purpose of consulting with the committee, Bishop Jackson, in reply to suggestions made to him, expressed his desire to obtain further episcopal help in the supervision of his vast diocese.

"In that proposal he was warmly supported by the committee. . . .

"Dr. Walsham How was, on St. James' Day, 1879, consecrated Bishop of Bedford. At that time certain titles named in the Act of Henry VIII. alone could be used, and although Bedford is far removed from the East-end of London, it was nearest to the metropolis which was then available for the purpose. Since then the Act has been amended, so that the two last of the suffragans who have followed Bishop Walsham How have received the more appropriate designation of Bishop of Stepney.

"It is undeniable that the appointment of Bishop Walsham

How was received by many, who did not know him, with some doubt and even fear. It was thought that one, who had spent most of his ministerial life in a country parish, would not be sufficiently in sympathy with his toiling town brethren, or would quickly succumb to the unwonted strain on his physical, mental and spiritual faculties. Very soon, however, were the clergy satisfied that in this they had been mistaken. The Bishop threw himself at once with ardour and enthusiasm into the work."

Those only who knew him chiefly by reputation were moved by such fears as these. Walsham How had indeed for twenty-eight years been a "country parson," but scarcely one of the type usually signified by those words. He had always been a worker, and the *sphere* of work did not make so very much difference. From morning service at 8 A.M. until at about midnight he laid down his pen in his study, each day at Whittington was fully occupied, and a man can after all do no more than work his whole time. The *nature* of the work was to change, the *quantity* was only slightly increased. The burden of a bishop's correspondence was to take the place of the writing of "Commentaries" and series of "Plain Words." The visits to country farms and cottages were to be changed to expeditions to cheer the workers in Limehouse and the Isle of Dogs. His way to church past the old Castle and its shady pools at Whittington was to give way to a more noisy route by tram or train or 'bus. But he was to show that the training and habit of work to which he had disciplined himself all his life long would help him to bear the new conditions and added strain from which so much was feared. The greatness of his heart never for a moment failed him, the loving brightness of his disposition was never dimmed by dreary surroundings or London fog, but shone with fresh

lustre as more frequent calls were made upon it to cheer the lives of his fellow workers in his new sphere.

The following letter from the then Rector of Hackney, who was to become one of the Bishop's dearest friends and warmest supporters, shows that there were some at least who rejoiced and feared not at his coming:

"THE RECTORY, HACKNEY, E., *July* 5, 1879.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I have been anxiously longing for the announcement which has to-day appeared in the *Times*.

"I thank God that you have been chosen as our suffragan bishop, and pray that His blessing may rest upon you and upon your work. We shall give you a cordial welcome, and I rejoice to think that you are likely to reside so near us. We hope that you will make any use of this house in arranging your future plans. It will be a great pleasure to my wife as well as to myself to receive you here at any time. . . .

"Yours most faithfully,

"ARTHUR BROOK,

"*Rector of Hackney, and Rural Dean.*"

Meantime the preparations for his consecration were being hurried on. It had been feared that it would be impossible to have everything ready by July 25, but great haste was made, and on Wednesday July 23, Canon and Mrs. How went to stay at Fulham Palace for the event. On the day of their arrival a large party of incumbents of the chief parishes of East London was invited by the Bishop to meet them, and thus they were introduced to many with whom and whose work they were shortly to become intimate. On the following day the Bishop designate was instituted to the living of St. Andrew's Undershaft, and also to the prebendal stall (that of Brondesbury) in St. Paul's Cathedral, to which he had been presented by the Bishop.

On Friday, July 25, St. James' Day, he was consecrated in St. Paul's Cathedral with three other bishops—viz., Bishop Barclay for the Anglican Church in Jerusalem, Bishop Speechley of Travancore, and Bishop Ridley of British Columbia. It was the first time since St. Peter's Day, 1847, that as many as four bishops had been consecrated together, and the interest taken in the ceremony was very great, though it naturally centred chiefly in him who was to labour in London.

The Archbishop of Canterbury (Tait) performed the ceremony, assisted by the Bishop of London (Jackson), the Bishop of St. Albans (Claughton), the Bishop of Rochester (Thorold), and the Bishop of Lichfield (Maclagan). The sermon was preached by Dr. Fremantle, Dean of Ripon, who spoke mainly on the subject of the Church in Jerusalem. The Bishop of London presented his new suffragan to the Archbishop, and it must have added much to the emotion of the Bishop of Bedford to feel that, besides the bishop under whom he was to serve, other participators in his consecration were his beloved old vicar, Dr. Claughton, and his intimate friend, Dr. Maclagan.

After the ceremony the new Bishop with all his family returned to Fulham, the Bishop of Lichfield also coming to spend the evening.

It is to be noted as characteristic of the man how little time he lost in getting to work. The next day, Saturday, July 26, he spoke at the opening of a Mission and Sunday-school Room at All Saints, Clapton, he attended a garden meeting for the Additional Curates Society, and he preached in Hackney Parish Church at night, this being the first sermon preached by him in East London as suffragan bishop.

On the following day he read himself in at St. Andrew's Undershaft, and on the Monday took Mrs. How to see Stainforth House, their future home.

His consecration had been so rapidly hurried on that a return to Whittington was necessary, and the next six weeks were spent busily there in saying many farewells and setting everything in order before finally leaving. During this period Archdeacon and Mrs. Ffoulkes of Llandyssil, who were to succeed the Bishop and Mrs. How at Whittington, paid a visit of inspection, and the Bishop of Lichfield (Maclagan) and other friends came to stay once more in this beautiful country home.

On Sunday, September 7, the Bishop preached his farewell sermon in Whittington Church to what was described as "an unprecedently crowded congregation." Preaching on the words "Being confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ," he thanked God that he had been privileged to watch many souls in the parish, and to see their fellowship in the Gospel from the first even till then. But he would not pretend that all had been bright and hopeful, that in his survey of his parish and of his own work he had nothing but thanksgiving to offer up. He knew, he said, that for himself he had something very different to offer up—he had to offer up a confession before he could speak of thanksgiving. He had to tell his God of many things left undone that he might have done, and of many things done slackly and unworthily that should have been done more to His glory. . . . There were days of brightness and days of clouds and darkness in every clergyman's life. And yet he thanked God upon every remembrance of them, because he shut from his thoughts the sadder side, and he chose that night

to look on the brighter side. He would recollect the joys he had had, he would recollect the encouragements they had given him. He would recollect the dear, dear friends who so often had spoken to him of their souls, and whom he had seen growing and persevering, and coming nearer and nearer to their God.

The sermon ended with a prayer that God might lead them all upward and nearer and nearer to Him, the final words being:

"O God, when the end shall come, still let it be the same, still nearer and nearer to Thee; yea, and at last through the grave and gate of death lead them all, and lead me with them, nearer, O God, to Thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen."

Thus his last words to those for whom he had laboured for twenty-eight years breathed the same spirit of humility and hopefulness and prayer which his life among them had shown forth from day to day.

Before he actually left his old home, however, his parishioners wished to give him some token of their affection to take away with him, and at a large meeting in the National Schools he was presented with a beautiful silver epergne of the date of 1775, to the purchase of which all classes and all denominations among his people had subscribed.

The late Mr. Edmund Wright, of Halston, in making this presentation concluded with the following words:

"His life here has been a busy and an active one. It has not been a negative, but it has been a positive thing, and positive things rather invite than avoid discussion. And yet, although this life has been so active in doing many things that have given rise to discussion, I can say honestly I do not believe there has been

half an hour's interference with, or interruption of, that friendly intercourse which has existed between the pastor and his flock for twenty-eight years. Now this denotes certain qualities of mind and heart of great value. They are most attractive qualities; but they are much more than this. They are qualities which give a man power and influence in his work. I believe that these qualities will attend the Bishop of Bedford wherever he goes—to East London or anywhere else. . . . I know no man who can do so much work with so little moral friction, if I may use a mechanical rather than an ecclesiastical expression, as the Bishop of Bedford."

The truth of these words has been amply proved. In the organisation of new work—a most difficult and delicate process—both in East London and afterwards at Wakefield, these qualities enabled him to accomplish much in a few years, and to overcome difficulties that would have proved stumbling-blocks to one less favourably endowed.

Besides this presentation from his parishioners, the Association of Church Workers in Whittington gave him a handsome service of communion vessels for use in his private chapel, and the clergy of the Rural Deanery of Oswestry asked his acceptance of a combined library table and desk. The clergy, too, of the diocese of St. Asaph presented him with his portrait by Mr. Edward Taylor, in connection with which may be quoted the words of Archdeacon Thomas of Montgomery, who says:

"It would be ungrateful to omit to mention the more than friendly welcome so readily extended at Whittington Rectory to the younger clergy in general, and especially I would name one whom I knew, who in days of weakness found there a very home, and to whom Mrs. How's parting words, on what seemed to be the coming of the end, were, 'You will come to us to die.' For the

diocese of St. Asaph, none rejoiced more than they, for they knew him best, at his well-deserved promotion; and, as they would not have the connection altogether severed, they sped him on his way with a presentation portrait to be for them an abiding link between his future and his past."

His episcopal ring was the gift of his old curates, a matter of the greatest pleasure to him. By a happy thought it arrived on his next birthday accompanied by the following letter:

[*From* Rev. H. TREVOR WILLIAMSON.]

"BREDWARDINE, HEREFORD, *Dec.* 12.

"MY DEAR BISHOP,

"The ring has arrived. As there has been already too much delay I shall send it you. It is hopeless to try and arrange a meeting of us all to present it. To-morrow being your birthday I decided to let you have it at once. If I am doing wrong I hope the other subscribers will forgive me. In their name I ask you to accept this ring—a token of the loving esteem which we bear to you. We thank you for all you have done for us in the old Whittington days, and pray that God may bless you in all your work as a bishop of His church, and give you many, many days of health and happiness in the years to come.

"(*Signed*)

F. P. JOHNSON	O. M. FIELDEN
H. D. NIHILL	G. E. SHEPPARD
CHARLES BRIDGES	J. J. TURNER
D. P. EVANS	F. G. INGE
F. D. HALL	R. B. DOWLING
M. J. BURROWS	H. T. WILLIAMSON
W. R. VERNEY	R. WILLOUGHBY"

[The last two signatures are those of men who had read at Whittington for Holy Orders.]

CHAPTER XII

EAST LONDON

In the middle of September 1879, Bishop Walsham How finally left his country parish, and plunged into his East London work.

His title of "Bishop of Bedford" was always a source of annoyance to him, as being inappropriate and meaningless. He often told the story of a correspondent who, after reading a speech in which the Bishop of *Bedford* described the wide extent of poverty, congested population, courts, alleys, &c. amidst which his daily duties lay, at last in despair wrote and appealed to the Bishop to explain how such things could possibly exist in a "purely agricultural diocese!" However, it did not take many years for the title to become known to all as identified with one who has been described as being, under God, the "leader of an East London Crusade."

It was not unfitting that his introduction to his new sphere should take place from Whitechapel Rectory, where he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Kitto for some days before taking up his residence at Upper Clapton. During this visit the eagerness and avidity with which he embraced every opportunity of learning what were the conditions of life of those amongst whom his work would lie, went far to remove the not unnatural anxiety

which had been felt on the appointment of a country clergyman to this onerous post.

It was an appropriate circumstance that one, who gained for himself the name of "The Children's Bishop," should have had an early opportunity of speaking to some of the little ones in his new area of work. During these first few days Mr. Kitto invited all the Board-school teachers in the neighbourhood to bring the children to church one week day afternoon after school was over. The Bishop expressed some doubt as to whether there would be a congregation, but his fears were quickly dispelled when he entered the great Whitechapel church, and had the delight of finding it filled from end to end with some of the poorest children in East London. Some account of this, and other bits of early experience of his new life, are contained in the following letter to the Hon. Mrs. Maclagan.

"STAINFORTH HOUSE, UPPER CLAPTON, E.
"*Oct.* 4, 1879.

"MY DEAR MRS. MACLAGAN,

"The leaves and the flower with the smooth stem are certainly Saponaria. The single flower with the woolly stem is, I should say, not a wild flower at all, and certainly has no connection with the other.

"I am not in our house yet, being really with a clergyman at Dalston, but I have been up there this morning. It is a scene of frightful confusion, but I hope to sleep there on Monday. I have spent this week in the south part of the district, chiefly at Whitechapel, and have been initiated into a little real East London life. Among a multitude of other things, I addressed 1200 children, rows and rows of girls without anything on their heads,

and many without anything on their feet, in Whitechapel church one afternoon at a quarter to five. All of them came voluntarily, in answer to our invitations sent round the parish. Mr. Kitto said it was a discovery he had made, that they would come, if asked, any time. They behaved very well, and sang very well, and attended very well, though there were no grown-up people among them, except a few officials posted here and there.

"I went one night, late, to address the men in the long, low kitchen of a Whitechapel lodging-house, where they make up two hundred beds (by no means one of the largest). It was a curious sight, some of the men were smoking, some drunk, some snoring, many with hats and caps on, and one combing his head all the time with a bit of broken comb. But they listened.

"I also attended the Feast of Tabernacles in a large Jewish synagogue. I am afraid they gave Mr. Kitto and me the 'chief seats in the synagogue,' and we were the only Gentiles present. It was the very oddest sight I ever saw, and I must some day tell you about it, as it is too long a story to write. I find I want a secretary already, for I can hardly get through my correspondence.

"My best love to the dear Bishop.

"Yours very sincerely,

"WM. WALSHAM BEDFORD."

In speaking of the Bishop's visit to the lodging-house, Mr. Kitto, who accompanied him, says, "Never before had he preached in such a place, or to such a congregation, and his evident pleasure, and his keen and active sympathy, made a great impression."

These were the introductions that he had to East London. The state of things that he found, and his first

impressions of how to meet it, are so well brought out in a contribution to *The Worker* for July 1890, that the words of that article must find a place here:

"A church cruelly under-manned, and struggling to provide the bread of life for 700,000 people, mostly poor; this was the church over which Bishop Walsham How was called to preside. The clergy were too few, and many of them were disheartened; jaded by the overstrain against too great odds; jaded by the unlovely pressure of their surroundings; jaded sometimes by illness, sometimes by old age. The endowments were sufficient for the incumbents in almost every case, but were not sufficient to provide assistant clergy, or lay workers, male or female. The paid Church workers, therefore, like the clergy, were too few. In parish after parish the necessaries of Church life were lacking or inadequately provided. In the very corner of England, where the Church needed her fullest equipment, was that equipment utterly inadequate. . . .

* * * * *

"The result of Bishop Walsham How's preliminary inspection came to this: people too many and too poor; churches enough; clergy and paid Church workers too few; the Church unequal to her task.

"The Bishop's movements were watched with enthusiastic interest from every corner of England. In East London itself every one who was in earnest about Church work began to think upon 'songs of deliverance.' And so it came to pass that when the Bishop, after full conference with his East-end councillors, delared his policy, it was most cordially welcomed, and help from many quarters was spontaneously and generously proffered.

"The policy was *to fill up the gaps in the ministry, clerical and lay.* A sufficient ministry, the Bishop argued, is 'the first thing needful' for Church work; a sufficient ministry will strengthen whatever exists for good all along the line; and each minister of such a ministry, whether in holy orders or not, whether male or female, ought to become a centre of energy and hope, a bread-winner of the necessaries of Church life.

"The machine by which this policy was to be carried out was the East London Church Fund. This fund has been, from the

day of its birth, in an increasing degree, the centre of Church life in the Bishop of Bedford's district. . . .

"If it be difficult now to speak much of Church work at the East-end without frequent allusion to this fund, it is just because the fund has supplied, from the human side, the power which enabled Bishop Walsham How to develop his policy.

"On June 18, 1880, the East London Church Fund was founded at the Mansion House, which, being the centre of the City of London, was the fittest birthplace of an agency which was intended to supply with the bread of life those thousands whom the influences of the City had in so great a degree focused to its gates.

"The fund being created, a council of clergy and laity was immediately formed to assist the Bishop in the administration of it. This council declared, without delay, that the one object of the fund should be the provision of that which the Bishop had said the Church in East London so obviously needed—a sufficient staff of resident clerical and lay workers. The wisdom of that programme has been demonstrated more and more from that day to this.

"(α) Large parishes, in which sub-division was inexpedient, have been supplied with additional curates, wholly or partly paid by the fund.

"(β) In parishes, where sub-division was considered expedient, mission districts have been formed and placed under mission clergy.

"(γ) Incumbents who from old age or other adequate cause are unable any longer to do their duty to their parishes, have been enabled to retire; the Bishop of Bedford has taken over the charges of their parishes, and has placed over them curates licensed to himself.

"(δ) An East London diocesan deaconess' home, with a series of branch homes, has been established at a cost to the fund of something more than £1000 a year.

"(ε) Scripture readers, lay evangelists, and parish nurses, have been and are being provided here and there, as the needs of the various parishes require them, and the income of the fund permits the expenditure.

"And all these new workers came to the work bringing new power of their own, and they strengthened the hands of those

already there, and they attracted new workers to the East-end, over which the light of a new dawn was beginning to glow. And among them, at every turn, they found their Bishop a spiritual force; the author of Plain Words, preaching, as he had written, forcibly, because simply and spiritually; always cheery, always hopeful, always busy about 'My Father's business.'

"And the contagion spread. The colleges, the public schools, the counties, began to plan their missions. . . . The clergy and laity of the Church in richer parts of the world espoused the new cause with generosity, such as is obvious in the records which tell how the Archdeacon of Middlesex, Dr. Hessey, raised £1000 to provide the stipends of two mission chaplains to be practically diocesan missioners for the district; how a certain lady has for many years placed in the hands of the Bishop of Bedford £2000 a year to build mission rooms in parishes where such machinery is required; and how, in a West-end church, in which Bishop Walsham How was once pleading for his fund, some one placed in the offertory bag a cheque for £500, across the back of which was written, 'A thank offering for Plain Words.' . . .

* * * * *

"Thus the Bishop's wise policy of 'fill up the gaps in the ministry' became possible, under God, chiefly through the agency of the East London Church Fund. . . .

"But not all the funds in the world, nor all the clergy, nor all the lay workers, nor all the eloquence, nor all the tact, nor all the activity, nor all the organisation, can effect anything unless the motive power is 'the promised power from on high,' the power of the Holy Ghost. We are thankful, therefore, to record here the anxiety with which Bishop Walsham How always sought to emphasise the claims of the spiritual life. . . .

"He was, on coming to East London, quickly recognised to be *a spiritual force*. During a long period of preparation he had the will and the opportunity to cultivate those 'spiritual gifts' with which he was in an unusually high degree endowed. This was the secret of his power in the pulpit, on the platform, and in personal intercourse. And what he was himself he sought to make others to be, not only under the normal process of 'spiritual attraction,' but also by using every opportunity of speaking or working on behalf of the spiritual life. His devotional gatherings

of the clergy, for instance, at the Ember seasons, on which occasions he usually gave the addresses himself, will long be held in dear remembrance, as precious moments snatched from 'this hurrying life' for the highest purposes of all. Such quiet mornings—for they were scarcely more than that, and indeed were only 'quiet' by comparison—offered an authoritative protest on behalf of the spiritual life, and emphasised the other precious protests made, here and there, by the isolated lives of those saints on earth whose worship is something like what it should be even in a nineteenth-century age."

It will be observed that in the foregoing article reference is made to the Bishop's "East London councillors." His position when he came to London was not exactly that of other suffragans. He found himself practically in charge of the East-end, and was allowed to confine his work to that portion of the diocese. The Bishop of London also handed over to him such patronage as he possessed in that district. He did not hold ordinations, or license men to curacies, &c., but in most things he exercised episcopal supervision over a certain accurately defined portion of the diocese of London. It was largely owing to this arrangement that he was able to devise schemes and plan his work in such a manner as to ensure the large measure of success that attended his efforts. Owing to this he was also able to concentrate his energies, sympathy, and affection, in a manner to which many a despondent East London worker owed not only practical assistance, but fresh courage to renew the struggle.

Finding himself in this position he wrote to consult the Bishop of Truro, Dr. Benson, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, and to his advice was partly owing the body of East London councillors who were of so great an assistance to Bishop Walsham How. Dr. Benson's letter

is of so great importance that it cannot be omitted. He wrote :

"KENWYN, TRURO, *Aug.* 30, 1879.

"MY DEAR BISHOP OF BEDFORD,

"I have read and re-read with love and care your most interesting letter. It is very good of you to talk to me on such subjects, and I would fain be worthier to reply.

"If I understand your position properly it must be almost, if not quite, unique. Is it not the case that East London is quite appropriated to you, and that you are not asked to fly to and fro over the whole of the rest of the diocese? If this, or something like it, is the case, it is clear that according to the true idea of episcopal governing you do want, and (supposing it to be true, as it surely is, that we suffer mainly from our desertion of the old and essential idea) you must have, a quasi-chapter, or a real chapter rather, though not consisting of the canons of a cathedral church.

"(It would be *quite ideal*, I conclude (in *both* senses), to dream of re-erecting in these days a *collegiate* church: else of course in old times St. Andrew's Undershaft could have been at once erected into a collegiate church, of which you would appoint canons and assign them duties, such as you could. . . . But this I suppose must be looked on as visionary, and you must find your *concilium* elsewhere. Those collegiate canons might be parish priests or others, with perfect propriety, or a mixed body.)

"Well then, the natural body for you to take as your *concilium* is undoubtedly the rural deans. How many of these have you? This is an important point. It does not seem to me to matter that they are not *representative*. The idea of *representation* is running away with us: it is not the only form of government, nor in monarchies is it the best. It is a fiction really because of the minorities, which contain often the wisest individuals.

"It is far more important that they should be men of weight, and that they should earn a character for fairness, than that they should represent *opinions* on such debatable matter.

"But whatever they may be at the present moment, undoubtedly they are your natural *concilium*—(they would be members of your *collegium*, if you could get one)—and in many matters you would

consult them *as rural deans* without the presence of any others. It would be wisest in all cases to consult them for *advice* not for *votes*, the decision of an irresponsible majority cannot be the guide absolute for a responsible individual. . . .

* * * * *

"Next you seem to want first a larger, and secondly a smaller, circle than that *concilium*. You want the larger to include laymen, you want the smaller for the sake of special help and unity of spiritual life. I look on both as essential.

* * * * *

"Thus you would have: 1. A body of rural deans. 2. A series of ruridecanal conferences of the clergy and laity of each rural deanery, and this, I fancy, would give you a perfect knowledge of opinion and feeling and intimacy with the best men. As to the smaller circle of spiritual priests who would more live about you, have frequent communion with you, and the like, these would not be, I suppose, a formal body; they would be sometimes larger, sometimes smaller. I should think it would be well to form it in quite quiet ways, and to let a spiritual purpose rule all, or nearly all, the talk. . . .

* * * * *

"My dear bishop, I feel that this is a very inadequate answer to such a letter. But all our work must be tentative perhaps. The principle cannot be wrong. It is *κοινωνία* [fellowship], frequent, constant, sustained, living, loving, consulting, self-withdrawing, corporate, and conscious of, and exerting its corporeity, which breathes from every line of the Acts of the Apostles. And the one function of the bishop is surely in its essential indea 'Consecration,' to consecrate everything that needs consecration or admits of it, and then subordinately, for he has to be two men at once, the Church man and Church ruler, to prepare all for consecration, and to keep up its energy after consecration. And for all these things he is distinctly promised *δύναμις ἄνωθεν* [power from above] *ἐπεκτεινάμεθα οὖν* [let us, then, stretch forward].

"Yours ever, most sincerely and brotherly,

"E. W. TRURON.

"The offer you had of a man's life and means for work to be found by you, is most delightful. I hope *ταπεινοφροσύνη* [lowliness of mind] is his virtue."

Partly, no doubt, as a result of the above letter the Bishop of Bedford surrounded himself with various bodies of advisers. The principal one was the Council of the East London Church Fund, a body composed of both clergy and laity; then, for other matters, the rural deans were called together as a "quasi-chapter," and, for a short time, a smaller body still met to advise the Bishop in the matter of appointments and patronage.

This was the machinery, by the aid of which the East London crusade was carried on, the East London Church Fund being, in the words of the Rev. E. S. Hilliard (for some years its secretary), "a sound channel, through which Churchmen outside the district can express their home missionary zeal, and a treasury of East London thank-offerings for the Church revival among themselves."

The growth of the fund has been such as to warrant the Bishop's audacity in daring to found a new Church fund in the London diocese. The Bishop's faith in his own cause challenged the faith of the laity in the Bishop, and both were found true.

The first eighteen months (1880–1881) brought in £11,527, the following year (1882) £5319. From that time onwards there has been, with one or two exceptions, a steady increase, the receipts for 1896 reaching the considerable total of £18,266.

Commenting upon this Mr. Hilliard writes:

"In every sermon for the fund, at every meeting in town hall, drawing-room, or garden, the Bishop's power to commend his cause was made quite plain; but his hold upon the confidence and sympathy of the people at large was never more strikingly illustrated than once, when, just at the time of Mrs. Walsham How's death (1887), the fund had fallen so low, through a change of secretaries, that it seemed likely that money for the quarter's salaries would not be forthcoming. Six careful letters were written

to six influential ladies and gentlemen with an earnest request that the Bishop might be spared all financial worry at that time of great sorrow. The prompt replies to these letters contained £5, £30, £50, £250, £500, £1000! The financial crisis was over before it was known."

While considering the vastness of the Bishop's undertaking as suffragan for East London, it must not be forgotten that he was also Rector of St. Andrew's Undershaft. It would have been impossible for him to have carried on the double duty of rector and bishop had it not been for the able assistance of the Rev. W. Frazer Nash, assistant curate of the parish. Inhabitants of St. Mary Axe will be the first to acknowledge that Bishop Walsham How never allowed his wider duties to swamp those which he owed to his parish. Twice in each month he preached at St. Andrew's, besides taking the whole duty during Mr. Nash's holidays. He also gave addresses to city men at mid-day on the Wednesdays in Lent. He took the greatest possible interest in the splendid choir, and from time to time entertained the members of it at Stainforth House. He visited the schools as often as possible, and his diaries give evidence of his attendance at their treats. Once a month, or oftener, he used to accompany Mr. Nash in a round of parochial visits, chatting with some, praying with others. His visits were much appreciated, for his bright smile and genial cheery ways brought a bit of sunshine into the homes of the caretakers, who formed the main portion of his parishioners, and who, though inhabitants of the busiest city of the world, lived isolated lives. Mr. Nash writes that he remembers well one Christmas Eve, when the Bishop came down from Clapton to visit and pray with a poor housekeeper who was dying.

This brings to mind Bishop Walsham How's invariable custom, wherever he lived, of spending much of Christmas-tide, and especially of Christmas Day, in trying to bring a bit of happiness to the sick. Many a lonely invalid has had a cheerless Christmas brightened by the Bishop's sitting awhile by the bedside and talking about the joy that comes to all Christian people on that day.

A society in which Bishop Walsham How took immense interest, although unconnected with his special East London work, was that called "Watchers and Workers." Of this association he was one of the founders, though the idea originated in the minds of a few friends in the diocese of Winchester. The object was to form a guild of invalids who should write to one another, intercede for one another, form correspondence classes for the study of Holy Scripture, natural science, art, &c., and, in fact, try to break down in any way the barriers formed by long seclusion, and give the members the wholesome stimulus of a feeling of responsibility and of "being wanted." In addition to this, it was proposed that chaplains should be attached to the society to whom members might have access in time of need.

It was first intended that the league should be confined to the diocese of Winchester, and Bishop Harold Browne gave his warm approval to its objects, but suggested that the question of chaplains should be submitted to some clergy of approved judgment before being finally adopted. It was then that Canon Walsham How (as he then was) first heard of the proposed society. A paper was sent him setting out the whole scheme. "His reply," says Miss Eidth Jacob [sister of the Bishop of Newcastle], who has kindly supplied most of the history of his connection with Watchers and Workers, "was

characteristic and immediate. 'If anything comes of that guild,' he wrote, 'I hope I may be admitted as a priest-associate.'"

Shortly after this he became Bishop of Bedford, and presided at the new society's first annual meeting, at which he explained that he welcomed the guild with special satisfaction, because, when it was first brought to his notice, his approaching consecration as bishop suffragan for East London seemed about to put an end to further visitation of the sick, a branch of pastoral work which he had always loved. He expressed his hope that through this society he should find, as indeed he had already done, some to whom he might minister as of old.

He made an appointment with the writer of the paper which had originally been sent him, in order to consult as to the working of the guild. Less familiar with London then than he became afterwards, he missed his way, and arrived late, "but," says Miss Jacob:

"Nothing could be more encouraging than his cheery 'Here I am at last, but I have been two hours getting to you, and you must be quick in telling me how I can help you. What can I do for you?'

"The need of the moment was to make the society known in the right quarters. His name would give confidence. Would he write to the *Guardian* for us? Yes, he would do that and more, for he was convinced of the need and value of such a guild, though he must honestly add that his wife did not share his opinion. (Mrs. Walsham How afterwards entirely changed her view on the matter, and the Home for Fallen Girls at Walthamstow, founded by her, has been helped by the Society of Watchers and Workers ever since her death.)

"Asked if he thought that the 'chaplain' part of the scheme would give offence to the parochial clergy, he answered with an amused smile: 'Nine out of every dozen will be thankful, the

other three will be vexed—and' (with a merry twinkle in his eyes) '*do them good.*'"

For seven years Bishop Walsham How celebrated at every anniversary of this society, and presided at every meeting. Once only, after becoming Bishop of Wakefield, was he able to do so again. On this occasion it was characteristic of him that, hearing of a very poor member in South London who had been unable to obtain a private celebration for nine months, he should offer at once to go to her himself, although he had only two days in London. "And so," says a report of the society, "he left us, and we saw him again no more."

"The last note I had from him," says Miss Jacob, "was a burst of joy and thankfulness at my brother's appointment to Newcastle."

CHAPTER XIII

EAST LONDON—CONTINUED

It was the Bishop of Bedford's first aim to know and be known by the clergy of East London, in order that he might understand their difficulties, appreciate their work and cheer their sorrows. He set about this in two ways. First of all he encouraged them to feel that his house and garden in Upper Clapton were ever open to them. He was ready every morning to receive calls from those who came to him for help or counsel, and it was noticeable on these occasions that not only was spiritual advice and help ever at the disposal of his visitors, but that, owing to his orderly and methodical habits, business matters also were most promptly attended to. He knew exactly where to lay his hand on a required paper: he never seemed in any confusion or haste. His interviews were frequent, and his correspondence immense, but he was never impatient of interruptions, or anxious to be rid of his visitor.

"On Thursdays," writes Prebendary Shelford, "he was accustomed to entertain his clergy and their wives at luncheon, and this exercise of a simple but bountiful hospitality did much to inspirit the toil-worn and weary, and to endear their Bishop to them."

Naturally, those who came to him during the mornings did not always come to discuss pleasant subjects, for, besides the despondent, there came also those whom he had been obliged to summon to him for admonition or rebuke. His sympathies were ever on the alert to soothe the suffering and cheer the downcast, but he could be stern when occasion required, and severe in condemnation of what he thought wrong. It was the cause of real suffering to himself that there should for a single day cease to be kindly relations between him and any one of his clergy. On one occasion, after administering a rebuke to an East London clergyman, he wrote the same night the following letter:

"*Feb.* 16, 11.30 P.M.

"MY DEAR ——

"I wrote in a great hurry, on coming in from one confirmation and starting for another to-day; but, before I go to bed, I want to say just this—come and let us join together in the Holy Sacrament on Monday at —— Church at 8.30 A.M. That is the best re-knitting of the broken thread.

"Yours sincerely in our dear Lord,

"W. W. B."

Rebukes from such a man must have gone home, because it pained him so much to give them, and that pain roused all his great tenderness.

Occasionally a letter or request from one of his clergy would draw a playful reply, especially when it found him in one of his happiest moods. An instance of this was his answer to a request made by an East London incumbent that the Bishop would permit a slight irregularity—trivial in itself, but illegal. The applicant was probably astonished to receive the following answer:

"May I? May I?" shyly blushing,
Love-sick Damon sighs:
"No, Sir! No, sir!" brightly flushing,
Phyllis quick replies.

Silly Damon! Had you *done it*,
Saying not a word,
You had ne'er, depend upon it,
That refusal heard!

Prebendary Kitto, in writing about the Bishop's dealings with the clergy, says:

"He made it evident from the very first that he intended to be a help, as far as he could, to all who were working for the Lord. It was impossible to discover the slightest difference in his dealing with men of various opinions and various practices under his guidance and direction. Himself a thoroughly loyal Churchman, he was, from first to last, ready to sympathise with all, of whose loyalty he felt assured. But he was impatient of those who seemed to him to have passed beyond the fair boundaries of the Church of England, and although he was ready to be of help to these, he let them understand that he could not approve of their services or their teaching."

The second way in which the Bishop tried to get to know his clergy was by visiting them frequently in their own homes.

"There was probably no part of his work," continues Mr. Kitto, "in which his influence was so much felt as in his personal intercourse with the clergy. In every kind of domestic or parochial anxiety the Bishop was always amongst the first to sympathise, if he could not help; and he seemed to know, as if by instinct, what other persons would most wish to have or to do in exceptional circumstances. If there was illness, he was always amongst the earliest visitors. He would carry off the children to his own home, lest they should be a trouble in the sick house; he would arrange to have services and meetings taken, and would lay himself out to do whatever could be done to help."

His rule was to spend a Sunday with one or other of his clergy in turn, and see all the details of his parish work, to preach in the church, address the Sunday School teachers, and talk to the children. Besides these visits, he gave many week-day afternoons and evenings to parochial gatherings and meetings, thus gaining yet further acquaintance with his fellow labourers in the East-end.

But this was not enough for him. The main purpose of his life was distinctly spiritual, and he never allowed it to be forgotten. Prebendary Shelford tells of this in the following words:

"He loved to spend a quiet day at the Ember seasons with his clergy, to gather them round him and speak of the deep things of God. We remember still how in loving zeal he urged us to self scrutiny as to our own spiritual conditions, and how he held up Christ Jesus before our eyes as claiming our devotion and our service. I have still some pregnant sentences in my Prayer-book as I took them down from his lips at some of these clerical gatherings. He bade us beware of 'a full hand and an empty heart, a busy life and an idle soul,' or reminded us that 'the spiritual life is not an elaborate system, but a divine life—not a book of Leviticus but a gospel of St. John.' 'A man who makes religion a gloomy thing is guilty of treason against religion.' 'We are not to live among the tombs, but we are even now to be caught up to meet the Lord in the air.' His spirit even more than his words impressed itself upon his hearers. His intense reality, his humility, his simple-hearted devotion to all that was good, his love for God, were felt in all he said. One could not be in his company without realising that he was a man of God. This was manifest in his sermons and confirmation addresses as well as in his intercourse with his clergy. 'I have attended a good many of these mission services, but of all the preachers I have heard, the root of that man's tongue seems most closely connected with his heart,' was the criticism of an American who heard the Bishop give an address at Hackney during the London Mission of 1884.

"Another instance of the effect of his preaching is given in the story of how during a confirmation, which he was holding in an East-end church, a poor hawker of infidel literature strolled into the church, and listening to the Bishop's address was struck by his assertion of the fatherhood of God. At the close of the service the man asked a churchworker at the door, with much earnestness, 'Is what the Bishop says true? Is God indeed the Father of men?' 'Of course it is true,' said the lady. 'Then,' said he, 'my occupation is gone; I have been teaching the reverse of this for years, but I can do so no more.'

"The effect of such a personality in East London was striking. He attracted all spiritually minded men round him, so that they forgot their differences, and worked together in unity for the promotion of what he and they had at heart. Party spirit was to a great extent slain, and, though all remained faithful to their own convictions of the truth, they learned to look with more charitable eyes on such as differed from them.

* * * * *

"In the exercise of the patronage which the Bishop of the diocese placed in his hands, he was always anxious in the first instance to appoint an incumbent best suited to the special requirements of the district, but in all cases he sought for such among those who were working under him already before he promoted others from outside. Hence both the elder and younger clergy felt that he was their father in God, and that he made their interests his own. He was the *pastor pastorum.* No wonder that strong men loved him, and that sad faces smiled in his presence.

"As an example of his extreme thoughtfulness in small details I may say that, when staying with me this last summer, he noticed the difficulty I had in growing flowers or plants beneath the trees of my garden, and recommended some particular kinds which he thought would be successful. After his death I received a parcel of these plants from his gardener, who stated that he had been instructed by the Bishop to forward them to me on his return."

Thus in every possible way Bishop Walsham How sought to win the love and confidence of the clergy in East London. But there remained the masses. "A sort

of ecclesiastical Botany Bay," was the somewhat exaggerated description of the sphere of work to which he had been called. Although this phrase was perhaps too strong, yet the fact remained that the hundreds of thousands of inhabitants of his district were for the most part untouched by the Church's work, and were, to a sadly large degree, living without any visible religion.

It must have appalled the Bishop at first. In his old Shropshire parish he had had Dissenters, he had possibly from time to time met with a stray unbeliever, he had parishioners of various ranks. But, after all, they were either squires, or farmers, or artisans, or labourers, and he knew them all, and, what was more, they all knew and trusted him. But here, in London, he was face to face with a great multitude who knew him not, and cared nothing for him or his office. He had to do with a population who, while for the most part belonging to the poorer classes, differed vastly amongst themselves. Shrewd artisans, hard-headed and sceptical; factory girls, hard-worked, gregarious, pleasure-loving; men and women out of work, honest, starving, despairing; a criminal population, suspicious, drunken, dangerous; a dockyard and seafaring contingent, reckless and ever-changing—these were some of the many varieties of the sheep over which he had come to be the shepherd. Of their religious opinions (those who had any) the number was beyond reckoning; probably few denominations were unrepresented. What wonder, then, that to the question "How are these masses to be won to Christ?" he replied "Anyhow!" And by this he did not mean to encourage reckless or spasmodic efforts, nor any that militated against the Church to which he belonged, but

it was a cry for freedom which rang through all he said, and planned, and taught, and did, in East London. To illustrate this, it may be sufficient to quote a sentence from the literature of that fund which was his right hand throughout this portion of his ministry:

"The object of the Church in East London is to secure the welfare of the spirit, the soul, and the body of every man, woman and child of the East London district in this world and in the next.

"The methods of Church work in East London, as we now understand them, may be thus described: We will always maintain, in the first place, and upon a divine level of their own, the Gospel and the Sacraments of Jesus Christ, beginning, continuing, and ending all work in Him. As loyal and practical members of a Church which must preach a present salvation, we will reject no opportunity of developing social, educational, and recreational agencies for the good of the people; we will fear no experiment which is justified by Church order and common sense; and we will always work, not on the chance that 'something may be saved,' but on the principle that 'nothing be lost.'"

The versatile and sympathetic mind of the Bishop caused him to enter heartily into any scheme which seemed to further his one great end, and no doubt this fact helped greatly to break down barriers and to promote cordial relations between him and his people, though there were some who, with minds cased in a buckram ecclesiasticism, thought it was inconsistent with his office that he should engage in any so-called "secular" work.

It was a totally new experience that a bishop should be seen continually in the streets of East London. Hurrying along, bag in hand, with his quick springy step, he was to be met with continually. The occupants of tramcar and omnibus found something new to stare at in a

bishop seated opposite in shovel hat, apron, and gaiters. At first his episcopal dress caused much amusement and many queries as to who he might be, but after a time he was pleased to hear it said, "That's a bishop." Then there came the time when he was still better pleased to hear, "That's *the* Bishop," and he would often tell of his delight when at last the familiar phrase became, "That's *our* Bishop."

Prebendary Shelford tells a story of how one poor fellow, who had wrecked his life by evil habits, and became a degraded outcast, told him with unfeigned pleasure that he counted it the highest honour to have been permitted to carry the Bishop's bag and walk by his side through the streets of an East-end parish.

Many stories might be told of how he attracted members of the less educated classes by his genial presence, and also no doubt (though they might not be conscious of it) by the power of unaffected holiness. He was present on one occasion at the opening of a home in London Street, Ratcliff, under the auspices of the Women's Help Association, and a number of the roughest of East London girls were there. A lady seated near some of these girls overheard one of them say, "Ain't he a nice old gentleman?" and, as a proof of the way he won them, several of their number came forward afterwards, and actually wished to be confirmed! No one, who does not understand what this means to a low class girl in that district, can properly appreciate the effect which the Bishop's words and presence must have had upon his hearers that day.

The men, too, were struck by his downright simplicity in speaking to them. When addressing a working men's meeting at Carlisle he told this story:

"A great compliment was paid me the other day in East London. I had been preaching to about eight hundred men in a church in Bethnal Green, and after the service a son of mine walked by the side of two men as they left the church, and he heard one say to the other, 'That seems a straight chap.' Now, I hope he didn't mean stiff and starched. If you can give two meanings to a word, always choose the best. So I took it as a compliment. I hope he meant 'straightforward, no humbug.' I like a man who says what he means, and means what he says, and so I try to do the same."

Bishop Walsham How was probably the only bishop who ever preached to the Salvation Army. Dr. Belcher, who was, in 1882, Vicar of St. Faith's, Stoke Newington, tells the following story of the way in which this came about:

"It was," he says, "in the time when sermons of that sort were being given in various churches, before the 'Army' had developed into an organised sect. When in Rome in the spring of 1882, I got an anonymous letter, asking me, for the glory of God and for the salvation of souls, to give a sermon in my church to the local corps of the Salvation Army. I replied to the chief official of the Salvation Army in London, asking if that application had his sanction, and, on being informed that it was so, on my return to England, I repaired to the Bishop at Stainforth House, and had a long consultation with him as to whether the sermon ought to be given or not. In the end the Bishop said, 'I think, Doctor, that it ought to be done.' 'Well, then, my Lord,' I rejoined, 'will you come and do it?' He turned round in his chair, had a good look at me, and said, 'You have me now—I will.' And so he did. We soon arranged the details, and the service and sermon came off as fully reported in the *Guardian*, the *Church Times*, and the *War Cry*, which had a large engraving of the church with the Bishop in the pulpit."

The Bishop preached from the words, "Unto a perfect man," and his sermon was printed with a preface by Dr. Belcher. Three hundred copies were sent to the local Salvation Army corps, but it was said that an order came from head-quarters prohibiting its distribution!

Bishop Walsham How had a happy knack of gaining the confidence of his hearers by his first few words. He had more than once the trying ordeal of addressing gatherings of men who were met together for matters which might have been supposed to be out of sympathy with his aims. For instance he was several times allowed to speak to men's associations in the East-end, and he himself bore witness that he had a hearty welcome even in a democratic club. It was on an occasion of this kind that, on rising to speak and finding a small table in front of him, he had the happy thought of pushing it to one side, saying, "No! we won't even have a table between us!"

Amongst the many and various meetings addressed by the Bishop was one of an unusual character. "Mothers' meetings" are common enough, but a "Fathers' meeting" has not often been tried. Mr. Jay, of Christ Church, Watney Street, however, uses these among his many other methods of reaching his people, and, in February 1888, he invited Bishop Walsham How to come and speak to a gathering of this description. Needless to say the invitation was readily accepted, and some short time afterwards the Bishop was much touched by receiving a pair of red leather slippers accompanied by the following letter:

"DEAR FELLOW FARTHER,

"We are members of one farthers meeting held at Christ Church, Watney Street, and we long to see you with us again. I do not forget your address when last you came. We were all

very much disopointed on Boxing Night. We did expect you, do come as soon as you can. Will you axcept of this little present from me as a fellow farther, belonging to the sam meeting as yourself, and I am glad to be able to say belonging to the sam Saviour and looking forward to the sam rest at last.

"Yours truly,

"J.. G.."

Could anything bear stronger witness than this letter of the Bishop's power of making the working men to whom he spoke feel the genial warmth of his sympathy and the common bond of manly Christianity which united him to them?

One more story to evidence the affection he won in East London. His work there was finished; it was his last day; just once more he took his place in the familiar white tram-car; to his surprise the conductor asked him for his ticket, which is usually thrown away by the passenger. "What do you want it for?" said the Bishop. "P'raps you won't be coming with me again," said the man, "and I should like to keep it for a remembrance." The Bishop told him he should have something more than that, and afterwards gave him his photograph.

But to return to the details of the Bishop's East London work. Two of his primary objects were, as has been shown, to know and be known by (1) the East London clergy; (2) the East London people. But, in addition to this, there was a mass of work which called him hither and thither, and filled up every moment of his time. His correspondence was very heavy: he received about 15,000 letters, post-cards, &c., annually, and many of these had to be answered by his own hand, besides those to which he was able to dictate or suggest answers to be written by his secretary. Perhaps the simplest way of giving an idea

of the variety of his work is to take a day at random, and to see what engagements his diary shows. Here is one: Thursday, April 7, 1881.

Address to men only; St. Laurence Jewry, 1.15 P.M.
S.P.G. 2.30 P.M.
Diocesan Home Mission, 121 Pall Mall, 4 P.M.
Deaconesses' Institution, 4.30 P.M.
Call upon Mr. G., 7 P.M.
Confirmation, St. Peter's, London Docks, 8 P.M.

These appointments would, of course, succeed a morning given up to interviews and correspondence.

It has been stated that before the Bishop's arrival in London many of the clergy there feared that he would break down quickly under the strain of the work. As they watched him, these fears were soon dispelled; but those friends and relations at a distance, who could not see his bright face and undaunted look, but who heard and read accounts of all that he was doing, began, not unnaturally, to take alarm. We find the following reassuring letter from him, written after his first few months' of his new life, in reply to an anxious inquiry from his brother:

"STAINFORTH HOUSE, *Dec.* 13, 1879.

"Indeed I am not over-doing myself. I never was better, and I have not had at all a heavy week this week. Indeed I had a very jolly little holiday at the beginning of it, for I went to the Archbishop's at Addington from the Monday evening to the Wednesday morning. . . . On Tuesday morning I had a long and very nice walk with the youngest Miss Tait, and after luncheon an afternoon's

skating. So you see it is not 'all work and no play.' I enjoyed my day most thoroughly. It was a sight to behold the episcopal gaiters cutting the outside backwards, and the shovel hat twirling about as friskily as a young wideawake!"

Three years afterwards he was at Addington again; but this time it was to attend the funeral of the Archbishop (Tait).

"STAINFORTH HOUSE, *Dec.* 9, 1882.

"MY DEAR MAYNARD,

"I cannot tell you what an interesting and helpful day yesterday was. Not only was everything connected with the funeral very beautiful and well-ordered, but I had much very nice talk with your bishop (Lichfield), the Bishop of Newcastle (Wilberforce), and various others. There were about twenty bishops present. The flowers —all white—were most lovely. . . . I joined Lord Alwyne Compton and Canon Wilkinson and his daughter in a fly from Croydon to Addington and back (it is three and a half miles—very hilly), and the return drive was one of the most delightful and helpful half-hours I ever spent. The Dean of Worcester talked very little, and Miss Wilkinson not at all. I fear I did some talking, but Canon Wilkinson was simply delightful. . . . We began by discussing 'Lead, kindly Light,' which was one of the hymns sung at the funeral, and its confession, 'I was not ~~always so~~,' &c., and from this we got upon the question of the general use of hymns descriptive of special and occasional moods; and then from that to the deep language of penitence in the Confession in the Communion Service, and so to the exalted language in the

Psalms, as, 'My soul is athirst for God,' &c.; and then we naturally got upon the subjects of repentance, and love to God, and private devotions in the Holy Communion; and I came away feeling as if I had spent half an hour in some purer and brighter atmosphere. . . . I thought how you would have enjoyed it, for I do not forget how, in the Engadine, you used to crave for more open talk on holy things; and I am often so vexed with my own shyness and reserve."

Meanwhile the home life at Stainforth House went quietly on. It was always a happiness to the Bishop that both in East London, and in his subsequent work at Wakefield, the area over which he had supervision was sufficiently small to enable him to sleep at home as a general rule. By this means he kept pace with his correspondence, which had his first attention after breakfast, and he dreaded the loss of a morning's work at his writing-table, which was entailed by absence from home for a night.

The difficulty he had felt, to which he gave expression in a letter previously quoted, as to attending the services at St. Thomas's, Upper Clapton, the church of the parish in which he lived, was put aside, and he seldom missed daily Morning Prayer there. He was also in the habit of communicating at this church every Wednesday and Friday morning, and the vicar and his family became great friends with the inmates of Stainforth House. Once the vicar, the Rev. F. W. Kingsford, called upon him to ask him (not as bishop but as a resident parishioner) whether the introduction of vestments at St. Thomas's would deter him from coming to the church as usual. The Bishop replied that it would do so—more for the

sake of others than for his own—and Mr. Kingsford postponed their introduction until the interval between the Bishop's translation to Wakefield and the appointment of his successor. This act of consideration the Bishop in after years mentioned with much gratitude. For the whole of his nine years in East London he attended this church frequently, and when he was leaving the following letter appeared in the *Parish Magazine:*

"MY DEAR FRIENDS,

"Your good vicar has kindly allowed me to occupy a little space in your *Parish Magazine* that I may say a few parting words to those with whom I have been a fellow parishioner for eight years and a half. This sojourn in your parish has given me many kind and dear friends from whom I shall part with great sorrow. My life and my work in East London have been very happy, and to you and your constant kindness I owe much of the happiness I have enjoyed. Nor can I ever forget how much the dear partner of my life and of my work, whom God has been pleased to call to her rest, valued your friendship and your ever ready interest in the work she from time to time brought before you. From the great press of business, which is now occupying my time, I fear I shall not be able to say good-bye to many of you individually. I must ask you, therefore, to let me say it by this letter collectively. I shall ever take a deep interest in the welfare of St. Thomas's parish, and shall ever carry with me a grateful remembrance of many peaceful hours in St. Thomas's Church. I trust, if I live, I may sometimes find my way to Upper Clapton, and to see some of my dear friends again.

"Meanwhile, I commend you to the grace of God, and

pray that every blessing which is good for you may be yours for this world and the next.

"Your faithful and affectionate friend,

"WM. WALSHAM BEDFORD
"(*Bishop Designate of Wakefield*)."

Ten years did not suffice to obliterate his memory in the parish, for in April 1898, a memorial window was dedicated by the Bishop of Stepney in St. Thomas's Church, with the following inscription:

"In majorem Dei gloriam et in piam memoriam viri admodum Reverendi Gul: Walsham How S.T.P. Episcopi Suffraganei in Diocesi Londinensi, titulo Bedfordiæ; deinde ad sedem Wakefieldensem translati: hæc fenestra, in ecclesiâ quâ per novem annos, dum in hoc pago commorabatur, divinis officiis interesse consuescebat, ab amicis mœrentibus dedicata est.

"Obdormivit in Jesu. "A. S. MDCCCXCVII. Ætatis suæ LXXXIV."

CHAPTER XIV

EAST LONDON—CONTINUED

FROM time to time during the Bishop's sojourn in East London, incidents occurred which are interesting in themselves, but have no special place in the account of his work. Some few of these may therefore form a chapter to themselves.

In 1882 he was one of a Commission appointed to select a new bishop for the See of Adelaide. Writing about this, he says:

"I am asked, together with the Archbishop [Tait], and the Bishops of Winchester [Harold Browne], Durham [Lightfoot], and Truro [Benson], to elect the successor to Bishop Short of Adelaide. It is a responsible office. One knows of very good men, but then they won't go. Two men, perfect strangers to me, have already written to ask me to propose them!"

The choice ultimately fell on Dr. Kennion, the present Bishop of Bath and Wells.

In this same year the Bishop spent his holiday abroad with his brother and other members of his family. During this expedition he consecrated a new church and churchyard at Pontresina on August 19, and preached the sermon on the occasion, Prince and Princess

Christian being among those present. Writing on this day to the Rev. W. Frazer Nash, assistant curate of St. Andrew's Undershaft, he gives a description of an adventure which he had experienced on the previous day :

"PONTRESINA, *Aug.* 19, 1882.

"It has not been a good week, and on Thursday we had much snow and rain, and it was like mid-winter. Yesterday, however, was very fine, and we went a glacier expedition. We had a guide, but no rope, as it was thought pretty safe, but the newly fallen snow was treacherous, and one of our party, an elderly gentleman, fell into a deep crevasse, twenty or thirty feet down, and quite out of sight. It was very anxious work, as we had to send a long way for a rope, and there he had to stay. We could shout down to him, and he up to us, and, most mercifully, he was not seriously hurt, only jambed in the ice. When the guide brought the rope and some other men he had some difficulty in getting it round his chest, but did at last manage it, and then some seven or eight good hauls by four strong men brought him up. Some of us could not help bursting into tears when he was saved, and the Bishop of Gloucester, who was with us, and who is an experienced Alpine climber, gathered us all together on the ice (we were a party of about twelve), and offered up a thanksgiving, and then we all sang the Doxology together. It was very affecting. I had only just crossed the dangerous spot, and, on hearing the shout of an accident, turned round to go and see, and slipped and twisted my left knee. A shade more and I could not have got away, and, as it was, I had to walk two hours more over the ice, often very dangerous, limping in

great pain. I can only just hobble with a stick to-day. We all feel we had a lesson in caution in glacier work."

The "twist" turned out to be the breakage of a small bone, and on his return to England the Bishop was confined to his bed for some days, and afterwards got about with difficulty upon crutches.

Bishop Walsham How's work in Convocation has been spoken of before, and it must have seemed strange to him to have no longer any part in the deliberations of that body. But he had not a seat in the Upper House, being a suffragan bishop, neither was he elected as a representative of the clergy to the Lower House, though in 1882 an attempt was made to return him as proctor for the archdeaconry of London. The following requisition was received by him in February of that year :

"*To the Right Reverend the Bishop of Bedford, Bishop Suffragan for East London, and Rector of St. Andrew's Undershaft.*

"We, the undersigned clergy of the archdeaconry of London, respectfully request that you will allow yourself to be put in nomination for the office of Proctor in Convocation, in place of our much respected representative, the late Prebendary Gibbs."

This requisition was signed by over one hundred of the clergy, including the rectors of Hackney, Stepney, Spitalfields, Whitechapel, &c., and the vicars of Islington, Bromley, St. Peter's London Docks, &c.

There can be little doubt that to return to Convocation would have been a great pleasure to him, but at the last moment he withdrew his name, the reason being explained in the subjoined letters :

[*To his daughter.*]

"STAINFORTH HOUSE, *Feb.* 17, 1882.

"The election for Convocation is on Monday, and I am sorry to say a number of men (almost all of the Broad school) strongly object to me as a nominee of the Bishop, and so practically strengthening the official element in Convocation. They have put up Mr. Harry Jones, and written various not very pleasant letters in the *Times*, the *East London Observer*, &c. The requisition to me, signed by so many of the incumbents in the archdeaconry, and men of all schools, means a very decided majority in a poll, but i do not mean to be dragged through a contest with one of my own clergy, and his supporters all saying that he is handicapped by my official position and influence, and so it cannot be a fair election. I have therefore determined to withdraw. It is causing some little excitement, but I do not greatly mind, for, however enjoyable it may be to meet my friends in Convocation, I daresay I am better employed elsewhere."

The Bishop consequently put out the following circular letter :

"STAINFORTH HOUSE, UPPER CLAPTON, E.,
"*Feb.* 18, 1882.

"DEAR SIR,

"I have received with sincere pleasure a very numerously signed requisition, asking me to allow myself to be proposed as Proctor in Convocation in place of the late Prebendary Gibbs. When this proposal was first brought before me, I felt it would be a great honour if the clergy of this archdeaconry should invite me to return to Convocation as their representative. I also felt that

my doing so might help in some little degree to remove the erroneous impression that bishops and presbyters must necessarily have opposing aims and interests, and I should have rejoiced in any way to forward the interests of the parochial clergy, with whom it is my earnest desire to be in closest sympathy. I should have supported (as I always did support) every proposal for the enlargement of the representation of the parochial clergy, and for the admission of non-beneficed clergy to vote.

"But having learnt that there is a strong wish on the part of some to be represented by a brother presbyter, and that at least one respected incumbent will be proposed with that view, I have consulted some of the chief promoters of the requisition to myself, and with their concurrence, in order that there may be no contest, I have requested that my name may not be proposed.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Yours very truly,

"WM. WALSHAM BEDFORD.

"(*Bishop Suffragan for East London, and Rector of St. Andrew's Undershaft*)."

This circular he sent to his son (Rev. H. W. How) with the following letter:

"*Feb.* 20, 1882.

"DEAREST HARRY,

"This will show you the result of the Convocation difficulty. It is not very satisfactory, for the Broad men (a small minority) get their man in without a contest to-day, because I resign at the last. I cannot be dragged through a contest with one of my own clergy, but, if I had declined at first, no doubt another man would have been put up. To-day's *Times* has a leader about me, and three letters which you should read. No doubt you can

see it. Mr. Walrond delicately calls Mr. Brook, Mr. Billing, Mr. Kitto, and Mr. Abbott, 'busybody satellites,' which will be soothing to their feelings. I could not withdraw earlier, for I did not receive the requisition till Thursday evening, and had, of course, to consult my chief promoters.

"Your loving father,

"W. W. B."

The leading article in the *Times*, referred to above, contained the following criticisms on the controversy :

"The number of officials who have seats in the Lower House of Convocation is, Mr. Main Walrond [of St. Laurence Jewry] pointed out in a letter we printed last Tuesday, so large as to make the House no proper representative of the parochial clergy. . . . In view of these facts Mr. Main Walrond and some others of the London clergy look with grave disapproval on a proposal which has been made to elect the Bishop Suffragan of Bedford to a place in the Lower House. . . . Mr. Kempe, Rector of St. James's, Westminster, in a letter we printed last Thursday, takes the opposite side. If the Bishop of Bedford, Mr. Kempe argues, be elected by the London clergy, he will be representative of the London clergy. Mr. Kempe strengthens his case by suggesting some doubts as to the full episcopal rank of the Bishop of Bedford. He is no more a bishop than Lord Hartington is a peer. If a marquis, by courtesy, can sit in the House of Commons, a bishop, by courtesy, may sit in the Lower House of Convocation, and bring just as little of aristocratic taint with him. The various disadvantages of Dr. How's present position are duly set out in Mr. Kempe's letter. He is a suffragan only, with no prospect of succession to the Episcopal Bench, or to a seat of his own in Parliament or Convocation. It is for the London clergy, therefore, to supply some part of his defects. They can treat him as one of themselves, which, by-the-bye, he has not yet ceased to be, since he is the occupant of a London living, and they may thus, and thus only, obtain a renewal of the services he rendered for ten whole years before he became a bishop of any sort. It is a

hard case we must admit. . . . There is good sense in some of Mr. Walrond's objections to his proposed candidature, contained in a second letter which we give to-day. As a bishop, which, *pace* Mr. Kempe, Dr. How unquestionably is, he will be placed in the improper position of seeking votes from men who owe a certain measure of canonical obedience to him, and some of whom are dependent on his favour for promotion. If Dr. How's election is opposed, if Mr. Harry Jones, or any other London clergyman is put forward against him, the struggle with be a somewhat unseemly one. . . . Mr. Harry Jones is to be put in nomination if his friends can ensure him a fair measure of support, but not otherwise. If a sufficient amount of promises is not obtained for him, there will be no contest, and officialism, in the very moderate form in which it is represented by Dr. How, will prevail. This, we are inclined to think, would be the best solution of the whole difficulty."

The Bishop's refusal to enter on a contest with one of his clergy had, however, already been issued, and the matter ended in a different manner from that recommended by the *Times*.

In 1884 he was elected a member of "Nobody's Club," and on May 29 in that year was present at his first dinner, and had to make the usual speech to explain his right to be present. His explanation was couched in the following remarks:

"How to justify my appearance among Nobody's Friends I know not, unless the absurdity of being Bishop of Bedford, while having no connection with that ancient and respectable borough, be admitted as a plea, a plea perhaps the stronger inasmuch as the title I unhappily possess very naturally leads the more thoughtful of the people in my sub-diocese to imagine that I am a bishop who has been tried at Bedford and has failed, and is having a new chance given him in East London.

"But it is difficult to talk about oneself, self-knowledge being a gift of singular rarity, so that it will be better to glean a few of the expressed opinions of others, and, if possible, to extract from their combined or contrasted force some ground of confidence in presenting myself before this honourable assemblage. I presume that a certain amount of haziness of outline and indefiniteness of conception might stand me in good stead in the present ordeal, so I beg to plead that, while on the one hand the less cultured and refined of the East-end continually exclaim as I pass by 'What's that?' on the other hand an intelligent, but curious, person one day asked my good friend the Rector of Stepney, 'Who is this Bishop of Suffragan, who is coming to preach here?' Again, it was only the night before last that a small boy in Poplar shouted to another as I passed, 'Here's a Scotchman; look at his legs!' while Mr. Punch has played me a sorry trick, for since that odious picture by Du Maurier of a bishop in the East End, I have had that detestable Americanism 'Masher' shouted after me in Spitalfields.

"As with my person, especially my poor legs, which are the subject of many more or less graceful and complimentary criticisms, so with my sphere of work. I am filled with admiration at the playful vivacity of the descriptive genius, which has revealed to a confiding public the nature of my surroundings, a daily paper not long ago (and we know that daily papers seldom make mistakes) having spoken of the 'purely agricultural diocese of the Bishop of Bedford.'

"Such, sir, is the anomalous and paradoxical individual who has ventured to intrude into your presence, trusting for his welcome to the generosity of the friends of Nobody."

In after years Bishop Walsham How attended the dinners of this club when possible, but his many engagements caused him to put in a somewhat infrequent appearance.

In 1884–5, the Bishop was much occupied with the Royal Commision on the housing of the poor, to which he had been appointed.

The Commission was moved for by Lord Salisbury in the House of Lords on February 23, 1884, when notable speeches in its support were made by the Prince of Wales and the late Lord Shaftesbury. The Commissioners originally appointed were Sir Charles Dilke, M.P. (chairman); H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, the Bishop of Bedford, Mr. H. Broadhurst, M.P., The Earl Brownlow, Lord Carrington, Mr. Jesse Collings, M.P., Sir R. A. Cross, G.C.B., M.P., Mr. George Godwin, F.R.S., Cardinal Manning, Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., the Marquis of Salisbury, K.G., the Hon. Lyulph Stanley, M.P., Mr. W. M'C. Torrens, M.P., and Mr. J. C. Bodley (Secretary).

It was, naturally, a subject of deep interest to one so closely connected with a crowded area such as East London, and the Bishop seldom missed one of the meetings. The following letters refer to this subject:

[*To his brother.*]

"STAINFORTH HOUSE, *Dec.* 2, 1884.

"I had a chat with the Prince over the fire to-day, when we rose. He told me that old Canon Girdlestone, who preached [at Sandringham] in my place, caught a fearful cold there, and had been laid up ever since. I also had a little chat with Mr. Goschen, who said he thought the Seats Bill as revolutionary a change as the abolition of the House of Lords would have been. . . . However, no

doubt the immense number of one-horse-chaise constituencies will give greater variety, and in a measure secure the representation of all interests."

[*To* Rev. H. W. How.]

"VICEREGAL LODGE, DUBLIN, *May* 27, 1885.

"DEAREST HARRY,

"You will like to hear about our visit here. Most of the Commission came last Friday, but Lord Brownlow and I came over on Monday. We had a beautiful day, and a fine passage, but I am sorry to see it was a wet Bank-holiday in England. We had a tremendously swell dinner-party here, the Lord Chancellor and wife, Lord Chief Justice and wife, Marquis and Marchioness of Drogheda, &c. They keep up Court state. Lord and Lady Spencer do not enter till all the guests are assembled, and then go round and formally salute each, and the same on leaving at night. . . . The crimson footmen are magnificent . . . and the aides-de-camp and suite scarcely less splendid! There are carriages to take you everywhere, and in fact we are royally entertained. This is a large place in a park, being part of the Phœnix Park, and is guarded in all directions by soldiers and police. The site of the murders is just outside the garden, and two crosses are cut in the ground where the two bodies lay.

"Last night we of the Commission all dined with Mr. Dwyer Gray, our Irish member, and that was a very swell affair. About thirty-two sat down, all men, but Mrs. Gray had a reception afterwards, to which about 400 came. It was a great crush, but amusing enough. A ball followed, but we all came back here. I had some nice talk with the Lord Chancellor, who is a very nice, clever,

unassuming man. Also with the now notorious Dr. Walsh, who may at any moment be proclaimed Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin. Also with the Solicitor-General—'The McDermott'—who sat on my left, I being next to Mr. Gray, on *his* left. It was a happy family politically, for we had lots of Nationalists, and Lord Brownlow and Sir Richard Cross strong Conservatives. Mr. Gray's is a splendid house. We have finished our work to-day. They sat nine hours on Saturday, and we sat seven hours yesterday, but only two to-day, having finished our witnesses.

"This morning I begged off breakfast, and went to give an Ember address to about forty-eight clergy at an early celebration at St. Patrick's. I afterwards had a sit with old Archbishop Trench, and lunched with the new Archbishop, Lord Plunkett."

"Your loving father,

"W. W. B."

Bishop Walsham How had, on becoming Bishop of Bedford, taken a D.D. degree from the Archbishop of Canterbury. Of his University (Oxford) he still remained simply M.A. In the summer term of 1886 this was rectified, and Oxford gave him an honorary D.D. degree. The ceremony was performed on June 15, a day which he described in a letter as "a perfect day—beautifully bright and clear, and Oxford looking its best."

With the Bishop's literary tastes it is not surprising to find in his diaries mention of his acquaintance with various authors. Thus, on the occasion of his preaching the sermon at the Cuddesdon Festival in May 1877, he noted that he "saw a good deal of Miss Yonge," and in the following February, when at Cannes, there is an entry

of the fact that "Miss Ingelow came to tea. I walked back with her."

"Edna Lyall" was also among the Bishop's friends, and in April 1888, he had the pleasure of entertaining all three of these authoresses together at Stainforth House. Unfortunately it was an exceedingly busy time with the Bishop, and it fell to the lot of Mrs. Kenyon, his daughter, who was staying with him, to do most of the entertaining. In her company they visited the Children's Hospital at Shadwell, and the People's Palace, and generally made such acquaintance with East London as their short visit allowed.

In this connection the following letter written to his niece, Miss M. Douglas, will be interesting:

"*June* 26, 1889.

* * * * *

"I really do not think I have written to you (have I?) since my visit to Cambridge to preach the University sermons on Ascension Day and the Sunday after. I stayed for the former day with the Lytteltons at Selwyn, who are always very delightful, and for the latter with the Master of Trinity, where were also staying the Bishop and Lady Alwyne, and Robert Browning! The latter was very interesting and pleasant, a jolly, chatty, cheery old gentleman, not an ideal poet by any means. I talked to him about his lunar rainbow in 'Christmas Eve,' wondering about his description of the base being duly 'with sevenfold columns chorded,' and the summit passing into a 'triumph of whitest white,' besides the farther second bow above. The only one I ever saw was all white. He told me his was exactly as he describes it. It must have been in stronger moonlight."

Among other matters that were a little apart from his work, the Bishop went, in 1887, to hear a great socialist debate. His interesting description of what he saw and heard is contained in the following letter to Mrs. Kenyon :

"STAINFORTH HOUSE, *Jan.* 26, 1887.

* * *

"I want to tell you about a most interesting evening I had on Monday. I went to Toynbee Hall to hear a discussion between Champion the Socialist and a Mr. Benjamin Jones, a leader of the Co-operatives, on their respective systems, Mr. Leonard Courtney being in the chair. Each set forth his own plan for bettering the condition of the people first, twenty minutes being allowed to each. Then they questioned each other in turn for about thirty minutes. Then the audience were allowed to send up questions in writing to be answered by the debaters for about forty-five minutes. Then Mr. Courtney summed up, and finally, votes of thanks were passed. It was more than interesting, for it was very exciting. Champion was the best a good deal in clearness, definiteness, and compression. He did not say a word too much, nor attempt any speechifying. But he was awfully strong and dangerous. He is a thin, keen man, a gentleman by voice and manner, with a quick, rather small, but very keen eye, and thin, compressed lips. He looked as if he could bite. He advocated, without apology or hesitation, the taking by the State, without compensation, of all land, railways, factories, and means of producing wealth ; the entire abolition of all non-working classes, the supreme power being in the hands of the people, as compensation for all political and commercial power having been so long monopolised by the rich. If only he had ranted

and raved one would have laughed at the absurdity of it all, but his quiet, determined manner, and extremely terse language, gave it the effect of some power and of great danger. Mr. Benjamin Jones was a large, rather jolly-looking man, far more oratorical, not at all perfect in grammar, but quick, well-informed, and tolerably effective. No doubt the worse cause had the best advocate, but the majority present in a frightfully crowded room were with the co-operator. Mr. Courtney summed up very strongly in his favour, and Mr. Barnett, in proposing a vote of thanks to the Chair, ended with some very fine words, which he said he had heard used, and were not his own. He said, even if the Socialist scheme could be carried by the nation, it could never be carried out, or be in any degree workable, without the highest moral qualities, such as unselfishness, honesty, &c. But these, he said, were simply the Christian virtues, and so, he contended, '*Until the people are Christian, Socialism is impossible, and when the people are Christian, it will be unnecessary.*" Champion distinctly said he held that physical force was the only resource for his party, if their just claims were refused, and he considered his cause worth fighting for.

"There were a good many very strong-minded females present, some obviously Socialists, applauding Champion."

"* * *."

In March 1887 the Bishop of Bedford went, for the first time, to stay at Windsor by command of the Queen, and to preach before her Majesty, who graciously invited him on several other occasions to preach at Windsor, the last time of all being May 9, 1897, a few months before his death.

On April 6, 1888, within a few weeks of his leaving

London for Wakefield, he went to Cumberland Lodge to confirm Princess Louise, daughter of Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig Holstein. Writing about this, he said :

"I had a very nice, pleasant day yesterday, when I went to luncheon at Cumberland Lodge. . . . Prince Christian Victor was at home, and the two daughters, the younger of whom I went to confirm in the church in the Park. . . .

"It was rather trying having to address one girl alone in church, and before such an audience. I should have been happier if there had been one hundred !"

CHAPTER XV

THE BISHOP A BRIDGEMAKER

BISHOP WALSHAM HOW was once called "a great bridge-maker." This was true in several ways. In the first place it was true in his treatment of Dissent. He had had great experience of Dissenters in his Shropshire parish. Whittington is one of the places on the borderland of Wales, a fact to which the ruins of its old castle bear witness. This propinquity to the Principality accounted for the strength of the Dissenting community, but Dr. Walsham How, when rector, lived on terms of friendliness with them all, trying his utmost to see the points of agreement rather than those of difference. This was always his line, and he did what he could to promote re-union by trying by every lawful means to bring men to be of one mind. It has been noticed elsewhere that he was a member of Bishop Woodford's Committee of Convocation on the subject.

When in East London the unceasing calls of Church administration left him little time for other considerations, but, when he arrived at his West Riding diocese, he was confronted with a development of political dissent probably unequalled in any other part of the country for violence. With this he had no patience. He was never

tired of insisting upon the distinction to be drawn between *religious* and *political* dissent. He was no bridge-maker between the Church and the latter unscrupulous faction. With the devout Dissenter, who was sincerely religious, he had sympathy and common ground, on which the foundations of a bridge might be laid.

But in another sense he was also a great bridge-maker. When he became suffragan for East London he found that his district consisted of vast areas in which no wealthy people at all were to be found, with a few other parts, such as Clapton, Tottenham, &c., out of which the well-to-do inhabitants were rapidly moving. Large funds were needed to provide men and machinery, and one of the tasks the Bishop set himself to do was to bridge over the gulf of indifference to, and ignorance of, the needs of East London, which existed between it and wealthier localities. To accomplish this, he, with the help of the Secretary of the East London Church Fund and others, arranged many drawing-room meetings in the West End, and obtained the use of the pulpits in St. Peter's, Eaton Square, and other churches, that he might personally plead the cause of his work. A large amount of pecuniary support was thus obtained, but, more important still, a vast interest was stirred up in the condition of the East End, and many went to see for themselves the state of things that existed. It is not claimed that Bishop Walsham How originated the idea of that practice, which has somewhat flippantly been termed "slumming," but it is probable that he gave it a turn which brought it into closer connection with the work of the Church.

This sympathy of the wealthy with their poorer brethren he also succeeded in arousing in such places as Brighton, Tunbridge Wells, Eastbourne, &c., and visited these and

other places in person to tell his story about East London.

He never altogether gave up this work. His love for East London led him to give what time he could, even in the stress of his Wakefield work, to pleading her cause.

[*To* Mrs. R. Ll. Kenyon.]

"Overthorpe, *Nov.* 27, 1889.

"On Saturday morning I went to Brighton, and that afternoon we had a meeting for East London in the Hove Town Hall, Bishop Billing and the eloquent Mr. Hilliard and myself being chief speakers. On Sunday I celebrated at an early Communion, and preached three times for East London.

"On Monday we had a splendidly crowded meeting in the Pavilion for East London, and altogether, with sermons in eight churches and the two meetings, we realised about £350."

Again he built yet another bridge, this time between the Universities and Public Schools on the one hand, and his beloved East London on the other. The Rev. H. L. Paget, Vicar of St. Pancras, who was the first "Christ Church Missioner" in Poplar, has written on this subject as follows:

"It was probably this gift of vigorous and sanguine cheerfulness that enabled Bishop Walsham How to win for East London the support of the Universities and Public Schools. Even before his time, venturous and clear-sighted schoolmasters, like Dr. Thring at Uppingham, had seen the possibility and the gain of associating English public schoolboys with the work of the Church in desolate places; but it is to Bishop How's episcopate that we owe the vigorous movement in this direction, which is still spreading.

The Eton Mission in Hackney Wick, and the Christ Church Mission in Poplar, date alike from the earlier years of his work. Each had the same humble beginning: Eton began in a small shop, Christ Church in a two-roomed cottage; the work of each has attained to splendid dimensions."

To these early beginnings the Bishop paid the greatest attention. A good gardener himself, he knew how tenderly the young plants must be cared for and watered. Mr. Paget further says:

"It goes without saying that he worked extremely hard. Yet he never disappointed either clergy or people by coming to them obviously tired or bored, or disposed to clip arrangements that had been made, or do less than was expected of him. The function at which he had promised to be present was very likely of a humble order. His clergy will probably recall the kind of scene: an iron mission church, a lean-to vestry crammed with a newly-formed choir, eager sidesmen and churchwardens, the whole affair ridiculously small, sadly cheap, and yet, so far as it went, the crown of a good deal of labour, the fruit of a sensible measure of self-denial and prayer. Then it was that the Bishop never seemed to fail or flag. He, as well as they, might have been looking forward to that day for months past; he, too, might have been saving himself up for it for weeks! No touch of weariness or scorn ever made you feel as though he hardly thought it worth while to have come for so little. Yet here his strength and simplicity gave true dignity to what in some might have seemed a little trifling. It was the day of small things in many parts of East London; and no doubt he was often asked to bless comparatively small enterprises, to consecrate very humble gifts. It was clearly difficult to be at once sympathetic and dignified; neither to belittle the gift, nor to belittle the Bishop. He was wonderfully equal to the occasion, and his clergy will gratefully remember the touch of crowning brightness, the touch of dignity, as well as of gladness, that his coming gave to their parish festivals.

"People were never disappointed in him. They knew him quite well, they knew what to expect: and yet he came with a freshness, an eagerness, a readiness to be surprised and pleased,

that were wonderful indeed in one who had to be doing the same thing in the same way almost every day of the year."

And how great has been the result of many of these small beginnings thus fostered by him! St. Mary of Eton is one of the finest churches in London; the Christ Church Mission owns a block of parochial buildings such as few, even of the wealthy West-end parishes, can match, while the Marlborough Mission at Tottenham, under Mr. Noel Smith, and the Shropshire Mission at Wood Green, under the Bishop's old curate, Mr. Dowling, have built fine churches and set on foot a great work in their respective neighbourhoods. The present Bishop of Stepney (Dr. Ingram) bears testimony to this branch of Bishop Walsham How's labours. He writes:

"I am much struck by his statesmanship in dealing with the increase of population in the Enfield Deanery. The Marlborough and the Shropshire Missions are examples of his skill in creating new parishes, choosing the right men, encouraging them to build gradually all needful buildings, and working in outside bodies, such as Marlborough College and Shropshire, to back them up."

A few years later came the movement which started the Oxford House in Bethnal Green.

A committee was formed in Oxford, and half a dozen members of it, with Sir William Anson, Warden of All Souls' College, went up to town on March 22, 1884, to inspect St. Andrew's, Bethnal Green. They were met by the Bishop and by the late Mr. Knight Bruce, vicar of the parish [afterwards Bishop of Bloemfontein]. A great consultation ensued, chiefly on the ways and means of transforming the disused schools and schoolhouse into a grand lay house. The result of it all is well known, as also is the grand work that has been carried on there ever since.

Again to quote the Rev. H. L. Paget:

"It was Bishop How who got all this for East London. Without any touch of sentimental exaggeration, without making out East London either better or worse than it really was, he managed to make men feel the need of work, the happiness of working *there*. He never spoke of his people otherwise than they would have wished him to speak. Those were days in which East London was apt to be described in melodramatic language and painted in lurid tints. The Bishop was too loyal to his people and to his office to wish to win men's ears by extravagance of that sort. When he spoke he told, of course, of the miserably inadequate spiritual provision, the starved condition of many of the parishes; and then you were left to gather, chiefly from the Bishop's tone and manner, the happiness of going where you might be really wanted, of doing even a little to win souls to Christ."

For a description of what Bishop Walsham How appeared to be to those who worked with him in those days the same correspondent must be quoted:

"A bishop who ran to catch trams and omnibuses, who would fly from Tottenham to Wapping, from Bromley to Whitechapel, to preside at a very humble parish festival, was a new figure in the English hierarchy. People liked him for the same reason that Israel and Judah loved David—because he went out and came in before them. Such activity, such movement, may easily become comic. It slips quickly from the winning to the ridiculous. A touch of affectation, a hint of self-consciousness, and its charm is gone. But with Bishop How its attraction was irresistible. The neat well-knit figure, the crisp grey hair, the bright brown eye, and the mouth, so whimsical and sympathetic, with its trick of becoming suddenly very firm and set if he heard or saw what he did not like, this was not the sort of thing to pass unnoticed in the life of the East End. It was the kind of thing that might have been created for the express purpose of brightening the dulness epidemic in those parts. It was a cheering vision when people were worn, or weary, or out of heart. Its instinctive protest did a good deal to mend matters, if any one were thoughtless or wicked."

It would have been impossible for the Bishop to have maintained this brightness and activity had it not been for the help he found in his home life. The work of Mrs. Walsham How is mentioned elsewhere, but that of his daughter was of no less importance, and of perhaps even greater personal assistance to him. Miss How for several years acted as his private secretary, and was completely in his confidence, and all those who have described the Bishop's East London work mention how greatly her unflagging zeal and friendly helpfulness to all aided in promoting that work's success. No doubt the Bishop would have faced the new work in Yorkshire, to which he was afterwards called, with an even greater courage, had he been allowed to have these two dear fellow-workers still by his side.

CHAPTER XVI

LAST YEARS IN EAST LONDON

On the Feast of the Epiphany, January 6, 1885, Dr. Jackson, Bishop of London, died, and Bishop Walsham How's anxiety as to who would be his new chief was naturally great. It did not necessarily follow that the next bishop would be willing to continue him in his office of suffragan, but on Bishop Temple's appointment this doubt was set at rest, and the Bishop of Bedford settled down once more to the work he loved so well. His devotion to East London was put to the test in the following autumn when Lord Salisbury offered him the See of Manchester on the death of Bishop Fraser. At this time there was no idea that the nature of his work in London was likely to be changed, and he sent the following reply to the Prime Minister:

"Stainforth House, Upper Clapton,
"*Dec.* 8, 1885.

"My dear Lord,

"I feel very deeply the confidence reposed in me by her Majesty and by your lordship, and am very grateful for the offer of so honourable a position as that of the Bishopric of Manchester, but it is quite clear to me that my duty is to stay where I am. I have given my

life and my heart to East London, and I could not now leave it. I therefore beg to be permitted to decline the kind offer made to me.

"Believe me, my dear lord,

"Yours very truly,

"WM. WALSHAM BEDFORD.

"*To the* MARQUIS OF SALISBURY."

So strong was his attachment to his sphere of work, and so decided his opinion of his duty, that he seems to have consulted no one on the subject, and indeed not even to have mentioned it to Mrs. How until after his refusal had gone to Lord Salisbury.

Writing to his brother a week afterwards he said:

"It will interest you to know that I refused Manchester some little time ago. I have given my life and my heart to East London, and I *could* not go. I told no one—not even F. [Mrs. How]—till to-day, but it has leaked out somehow. I don't want it put in the papers."

The following day he wrote to one of his sons:

"FULHAM PALACE, S.W., *Dec.* 17, 1885.

"DEAREST HARRY,

"Before I go to bed I will just write you one line to tell you that I refused Manchester last Tuesday week. I have kept it secret till yesterday, not wishing it to get into the papers, but a letter from your dean [Manchester] tells me it has got known, so there is no longer any need of secrecy. The one thing I should have liked in it would have been to have you among my clergy [the Rev. H. W. How was then Vicar of St. Anne's, Haughton,

near Manchester]. But I felt I could not give up East London just when I am getting a grasp upon the work, and I also felt much more fit for the subordinate post I now hold than for the more difficult and responsible one I was asked to accept. I do not think I have the gift of government.

"God bless you, dear boy,

"Your loving father,

"W. W. B."

When it became known to the clergy of East London that he had refused the offer of a See, in order to stay and work among them, the utmost enthusiam was aroused. Numberless letters poured in upon him, all expressing deep thankfulness for his decision. Of these it may suffice to give that received from the late Bishop Billing, his successor, at that time Rector of Spitalfields.

"THE RECTORY, SPITALFIELDS, E.,

"*Christmas Day*, 1885.

"MY DEAR BISHOP,

"If I could tell you all that has been felt and said, and by whom, on hearing of your noble resolve to remain with us, it would do your heart good.

"Independent of the good your abiding with us must, in the future, as in the past, be to the Church in East London, the fact that you have refused such an offer, and declined to leave the work in East London, will have an immense influence for good. I for one feel greatly confirmed in my resolution to remain where I am, in spite of all that is still urged upon me as reasons for retirement; retirement would be desertion, and base desertion now. Your position is greatly strengthened in other quarters than in the East End. I am sure of this, and I rejoice because of it. I confess I trembled when I knew I might any hour hear you were to be taken from us, though I felt that the spiritual power God has given you is greatly needed in Manchester, and to no other sphere could I have more willingly seen you called.

"If I may presume a little more on your kindness in allowing me always to say what I think and feel, I must add that I include the fact that your remaining involves the continuance of Mrs. How's presence and really invaluable services as not the least cause for thankfulness and congratulation. And I am recording not my own sentiments alone. The clergy of the East End, and the laity too, must feel more than ever bound to do all in their power to assist your efforts and to ease your labours, and to show themselves somewhat worthy of such a bishop as the Great Head of the Church has given them. We at this rectory have had a happy Christmas Day, and have felt how different would have been our feelings had we been under the shadow of a terrible bereavement; it would have been a dark shadow indeed. Thank God it was not so to be.

"I am respectfully and most affectionately yours,

"R. C. BILLING."

Surely a more charming and cheering letter could not have been penned, and the Bishop was much moved by it and others of a like nature. All the same his modesty would not allow his decision to be called "a noble resolve."

Writing to the Rev. H. W. How, he says:

"*I* don't think it at all a 'noble' resolve, for it would have been a great act of self-denial to me to go to Manchester. I *should* like to have you among my clergy, but perhaps that may be effected in another way some day." [This wish was fulfilled three years afterwards by his son's appointment to the Vicarage of Mirfield in the diocese of Wakefield.]

But the East London clergy were not content with letters. They presented their Bishop with an illuminated address framed in massive oak, round which ivy leaves were carved, emblematic of the affection with which they clung to him. The address read as follows:

"*To the Right Reverend Father in God, William Walsham, Bishop of Bedford, Bishop Suffragan for the Diocese of London.*

"We, the undersigned clergy of the rural deaneries of Hackney, Spitalfields, and Stepney, having learnt that you have declined the Bishopric of Manchester, from a desire to carry on your work in the East of London, wish to express our deep thankfulness to God for the manifest blessing which has rested on your labours during the past seven years under the late Bishop of London and his present successor in the See. We are anxious to assure you of our warm affection and of our hearty gratitude for the spiritual strength and comfort which God has bestowed on ourselves and on our parishes through your sympathy, teaching and example. We are convinced that if at any time you should feel bound to obey a call to leave this diocese and labour for Christ and His Church elsewhere, we shall not lose your loving interest in our welfare, and shall ever be remembered by you in your prayers.

"*Easter* 1886."

It will thus be seen that Bishop Walsham How's fixed intention was to end his days as bishop suffragan for East London. But this was not to be.

A most unfortunate crisis arose in February 1886, owing to the circumstance that the new Bishop of London never understood the position held by the Bishop of Bedford, while the latter had taken it too much for granted that, as no change had been proposed, that position was to remain unaltered.

As has been already explained, his work, under Bishop Jackson, had been limited to the East End, so that he had been able to arrange and organise schemes for carrying on his "Crusade" with reference solely to his own district. Doubtless it would have been wiser to have fully explained this to Bishop Temple at an earlier date, but he probably thought that it was well-known, and left

it to his chief to propose any change. Had the explanation been made six months earlier, there is little doubt that it would so far have altered the course of Bishop Walsham How's subsequent life that he would have died Bishop of Manchester, and not of Wakefield.

The blow fell in the latter part of February. The Bishop of London wrote desiring him to take confirmations, &c., in various parts of the diocese during the year. By this time all the East London confirmations and other engagements had been arranged, and the Bishop of Bedford's time was fully pledged. He wrote to Dr. Temple as follows:

"STAINFORTH HOUSE, UPPER CLAPTON, E.,
"*March* 1, 1886.

"MY DEAR BISHOP OF LONDON,

"I have done my best as to the confirmations for this season, but I cannot quite manage all. I enclose a list of those I cannot take.

"I am very glad to do all I can to help this year, as you have not yet made any arrangement for further episcopal help, but it is best to say plainly that I cannot do so again. The strength and happiness of my position has been its concentration upon a manageable area, in which I could know thoroughly all the parishes and all the men. To do what I am doing this time involves giving up a great many things, and some of the weeks are so full of engagements that my heart sinks at the thought of the impossibility at such times of keeping on a level with my correspondence. This is always difficult. Moreover I have a parish, and I cannot quite neglect the poor souls in it, especially when my good fellow workman [Rev. W. Frazer Nash, curate of St. Andrew's Undershaft] is away for his holiday.

"The late bishop never asked me to take a confirmation out of my own district, and indeed did not allow any of the clergy in other parts of the diocese to ask me, which I thought unnecessarily considerate. He always had the help of a third bishop, generally Bishop Tozer after Bishop Piers Claughton's illness and death. Bishop Bromby is now available, and is generally to be found at his son's, St. John's Vicarage, Bethnal Green. I do not know what pecuniary arrangements were made, but such an arrangement was being made with Bishop Bromby at the time of the late bishop's death. You are able to do far more than he could, and all the clergy welcome you most heartily, and there is no idea of any separation of East London, nor would we ignore the unity of the diocese. And more than thankfully will I take as many confirmations in other parts as you are kindly willing to take in East London. But beyond this I really cannot go. Do forgive me for saying this. You see I am inclined to be a little rebellious.

"And now I have said what I wanted to say, and can only throw myself on your forgiveness and generosity,

"Yours sincerely,

"WM. WALSHAM BEDFORD."

He had not long to wait for a reply. The Bishop of London wrote:

"FULHAM PALACE, S.W., *March* 2, 1886.

"MY DEAR BISHOP OF BEDFORD,

"I am exceedingly sorry; but I cannot work on the lines that you lay down. Nor, if you had told me that these were the conditions on which you proposed to hold the office of suffragan bishop, would I have consented last year to continue relations with you on that footing.

"I do not think it right that I should hand over any part of the

diocese absolutely to another. I may delegate work, but responsibility I cannot delegate. Nor, again, is it right that one part of the diocese, very much less than half, should have the whole of one bishop and part of another, and all the rest (three times if not four times as much) should be left entirely to the latter.

"The main business of a suffragan is, and must be, to aid the principal bishop. It is no doubt far pleasanter to have a work all to oneself; but it is not consistent with the due working of the whole.

"The position you wish to assume is not tenable. A man must either be responsible and rule, or be irresponsible and obey. He must either take the lead or follow. You wish to be free from the responsibility of being chief, and yet to be as independent as if you were chief. That cannot be. I am of course meeting plainness with plainness: this I am sure you will not resent, for indeed you have left me no choice.

"God knows I value your work, and I reverence your character. But I am bishop of the diocese, and cannot divest myself of what belongs to my office.

"Yours very truly,

"F. LONDIN."

The crisis that called for the above letter must have been severe, but it was short-lived, and it is a matter of thankfulness and congratulation that the friendly relations between the two bishops were not permanently disturbed. Bishop Walsham How's anxiety was for East London—his beloved East London—not for himself, and, although some things in Bishop Temple's letter pained him, he saw that the bishop might very probably be right, and he had then, as always, an unbounded admiration for Dr. Temple's single-heartedness and judgment. It was to Dr. Temple that he referred the subsequent offers he received of the bishoprics of Wakefield and Durham, and on each occasion was governed by his advice.

But to return to the story. It is usually better to talk than to write when disagreements arise, and in pursuance

of this maxim, Bishop Walsham How went, on March 6, to discuss the matter personally with the Bishop of London. Of this interview he has left a written account, foreseeing, perhaps, the interest that would be felt in the future in a circumstantial record of what passed between them. It is headed:

"*Notes of Interview with the Bishop of London, March* 6, 1886.

"I began by saying his letter (that of March 2) was very plain, and I could only read it in one sense, which was that he wished to withdraw from me, or withdraw me from, the position I had held as exercising a delegated episcopal superintendence over a definite limited portion of the diocese. He said, 'I did not mean quite that,' and then went on to state the impossibility of his doing the confirmation and other work in the rest of the diocese, while I confined myself to so small a part. He asserted again and again that he had never known or thought that I limited myself as regards work to East London, and said, had he known of this, he would never have consented to my remaining suffragan on such terms. I said, 'Then you do wish to withdraw me from the position I have held?' To this he again replied, 'No, not altogether,' explaining that a suffragan was to help the bishop in any way required, and that my position in East London was in its nature temporary, East London having no doubt required at the time I came the concentrated efforts of one bishop, but that need not be always so. I argued that it was surely a great boon to relieve the bishop of such a district as East London, and that other bishops were available for part of the confirmations. He expressed great dislike to employing chance bishops in this way, and then said he thought the diocese ought to have three

suffragans, and, if he could succeed in making this arrangement, he should assign a district to each, and would like to meet all three monthly, or at stated times, to talk over the districts and take common counsel, he himself giving an equal amount of supervision to each. He assured me he should work for this, and was anxious to procure another suffragan as soon as possible, but explained the various difficulties. I asked him then if I might look upon his request for so many confirmations all over the diocese as a temporary matter, which would be remedied when he could carry out his plans, and he said, 'Yes.' He also said the work he asked from me was almost solely confirming, and would affect only that part of the year in which confirmations were regularly held, namely February to July. For the other half-year I might consider myself wholly at the disposal of East London. He said he did not wish me to alter my description of myself as 'suffragan for East London.' He was also quite willing to leave in my hands the patronage as before, not feeling the exercise of patronage to be so essentially an episcopal responsibility as many other things. I then said that after his explanation I would withdraw what I had said in my letter as to not again taking the confirmations throughout the diocese. I said, 'Supposing you send me a list of what you want, and I find, as I have found in some cases this time, that I cannot manage all, what must be done then?' He said, 'When the Queen commands me to preach at Windsor, I am obliged to say to any one to whom I may be engaged that I have the Queen's commands to go to Windsor, and so cannot fulfil my engagement.' He wished me not to multiply confirmations in East London, thinking the clergy inconsiderate in wanting so many. I told him one

thing in his letter had hit me hardest, and that was his speaking of the position I 'wished to assume,' as though I had not held it all along. This he explained away, saying he only meant the position I wished theoretically to assume as the one to be maintained, not at all as denying that I had practically held it.

"As I left he said, 'Well, are you happier?' and I said 'Yes.'"

"W. W. B."

This account is a valuable comment on the desirability of a talk, man to man, where any difficulty has arisen. Many letters might have passed without nearly so good an understanding being arrived at, and much time might have elapsed before the Bishop of Bedford could have returned to his work with the clear comprehension of his chief's intentions which he took away with him from Fulham. He was happier, but it had been a shock to him. He could not bear the thought of any kind of separation from East London. Writing to a niece on March 8, 1886, he says:

"I have had rather a hard trial this last week. The Bishop of London, to my dismay, has told me that he cannot retain me as suffragan if I limit myself to East London, and that he expects me to work all over the diocese. He has cut out a great deal of work for me in a vast number of confirmations all over the diocese. . . . It is very hard to bear patiently, but I must try to do so. It is especially hard just after telling Lord Salisbury that I had given my heart and life to East London, and could not now leave it."

No one who knew Bishop Walsham How could fail to understand that a misunderstanding of this kind was

intensely painful to him, but those who knew his gentle unassuming spirit, and his simple desire to do God's will in everything, would be sure that his work would lose nothing of its earnestness, nothing of its persistence, in consequence. He seems to have quickly reconciled himself to his new circumstances, and when in the following year he was offered the Bishopric of Wakefield, he spoke of his London work as one in which he was "so happy." It is just possible that he would, after all, have lived out his life in East London but for two other circumstances, —viz., the death of Mrs. How in August 1887, and the strong opinion of the Bishop of London that he ought to accept the See of Wakefield.

Before alluding to the circumstances that attended the death of the Bishop's wife and fellow labourer (for such she had ever been), it will be well to notice how large a share Mrs. How had in promoting the work of the Church in East London, and in furthering to the best of her ability all that seemed to her to tend towards the uplifting and regenerating of the most helpless and hopeless in that crowded area.

For some years before leaving Whittington, Mrs. How's health had been very bad. Bronchitis and asthma had greatly reduced her strength, and she had dreaded the move to East London. The result, however, was far better than could have been expected. The climate of London appeared to suit her better than that of Shropshire. She left behind her a great many friends and interests, which had brightened her days of illness, but it was not long before new friends gathered round her in East London, and the fresh sphere of work enabled her to exercise in an extended degree the thoughtfulness for

others and devotion to good works which had already marked her earlier life.

Although never strong in health, she was able to show a cheerful and encouraging mien to the over-worked and often desponding East London clergy and their wives. Her influence with them was that of sympathy and strong common sense, rather than of any special intellectual power. She shared in the Bishop's desire to know personally the special circumstances of all her fellow labourers in the district, and the Thursday luncheon parties and "At Homes" at Stainforth House helped her greatly to this end, besides being the means of drawing all churchworkers more closely together. She also attended, as far as possible, all parochial gatherings where an opportunity might be afforded her of making the acquaintance of some of the women of East London. She addressed mothers' meetings and drawing-room meetings, and advocated the claims of many good works, the Girls' Friendly Society being especially dear to her heart, as a sort of Church "purity" society. In the years when the distress in East London was greatest, Mrs. How worked hard at collecting clothes, which she sent out to the different parishes to be sold at a cheap rate to the respectable poor. This was usually done by ticket, the money thus obtained forming in each parish a fund from which assistance could be given in time of sickness. Writing to her daughter, Mrs. R. Ll. Kenyon, who had been married in the previous summer, Mrs. How says:

"*Dec.* 23, 1886.

"I do so miss you; I cannot help crying sometimes, when the work is more really than I can do. . . .

* * * * *

All the clothes that have come in have taken up such a great

deal of time. I have had a ton, I should think, mostly in small packages, all of which have had to be thanked for. Morgan [her maid] has worked like a brick every morning for ten days, and we have sent out fifty great bales. I have also had over £80 in money. People write so gratefully, and it is nice to know that the poor have been able to buy clothes at a very low price.

* * * * *

"We have the first children's party on the 29th, and the choirmen [St. Andrew's Undershaft] on the 4th. I a little wish it was all over."

The letter from which these extracts are taken was written only six months before Mrs. How's death, and there is evidence of a feeling of weariness, a readiness for that rest which was so soon to come.

But the chief work undertaken by Mrs. How was the rescue of fallen girls. In the London Mission of 1884 she left her home and lived in a house, obtained for the purpose, in a populous part of East London, and there, with the help of other ladies, got hold of a number of these poor girls, who were by this means induced to enter Homes.

The "Walsham How Memorial Home" at Walthamstow was practically founded by Mrs. How for the rescue, protection and tuition of young London girls of thirteen to twenty years of age, who have fallen. To the welfare of this Home she gave endless time, and much devoted personal work. Few days passed without either a visit to or some communication with the Home. And not only did Mrs. How busy herself thus deeply in the work, but she was most successful in interesting many influential persons, who helped her in the undertaking. Chief amongst these was H.R.H. Princess Christian, who had for some years given much attention, and much support, to East London work, and who was

ever a most kind friend both to the Bishop and to Mrs. How. The last meeting at which Mrs. How advocated the claims of the Home was held at Stainforth House in the presence of Princess Christian. This was a month before Mrs. How's death. After this sad event her Royal Highness, in conjunction with Mrs. Benson, Mrs. Temple, Mrs. Church, Mrs. Benyon, Lady Helen Stewart, and the Hon. Mrs. James Stuart-Wortley, with other well known ladies, raised a fund in memory of Mrs. How, and presented to the Bishop a sum of £700, "which they had collected as a mark of respect and affection for her, to be used for whatever portion of his wife's work he might think most useful." It was added by him to the trust fund of the Walthamstow Home.

The Bishop used to tell how on one occasion he had the honour of taking Princess Christian over the Home, and, at her desire, had not divulged to the inmates who their visitor was. However, the temptation was too great, and the Princess yielded to his desire to be allowed to give the girls the great pleasure of realising the honour done to them. So great was their astonishment and delight when they grasped the fact that it was really one of their Queen's daughters who had been to see them, that it well repaid the Bishop for his temerity in making the request.

During all the spring of 1887 Mrs. How's health was so bad as to prevent her taking her usual share in all the work going on. On Easter Eve the Bishop wrote to Mrs. Douglas (his sister):

"DEAREST MINNY,

"This carries with it our truest wishes for a very, very happy Easter for you all. You will be a large and

happy family party, while we have only A. [his third son], He and I hope to go together to the early Communion at St. Thomas's; Fanny wants much to go with us, but, though her bronchitis is much better, I fear it would be very rash in this very cold wind, as she has been keeping to her little sitting-room and bedroom these last ten days. She is going to ask the doctor, but I fear he will say 'No.' We have just been rather amused to hear that a large guild of very rough girls at St. John's, Stamford Hill, where I preach to-morrow evening, are in the habit of hiring large ostrich-feathers for their hats for each Sunday, and generally affect scarlet, blue, or mauve. However, they think the Bishop would probably prefer white (which shows great insight into character), and so they are all going to hire white feathers for to-morrow, and, as they are to sit all together, I am anticipating a rather startling effect.

"The Bishop of Southwell was going to some house where there was a little girl of three or four, who very much wished to see a bishop. So she was sent for, and came into the room, but would not go and speak to him. So the Bishop said, 'I thought you wanted very much to see a bishop,' whereupon she turned to her mother, and with the utmost scorn said, 'Why, it's only a man.'"

In June, however, Mrs. How was stronger again, and able to accompany the Bishop to the Jubilee service in Westminster Abbey, of which he gives some account in the following letter to his daughter, Mrs. Kenyon:

"STAINFORTH HOUSE, *June* 28, 1887.

"* * * *

"The *Standard* had capital accounts of the Jubilee. We were in the lower sacrarium gallery, but at the very

back, so, though our view was a very good one, facing the Queen, it was rather a distant one. We started at 7.30 and got all right to about the middle of Regent Street, when the block began, and we did not reach the Abbey till 10.5

"The streets were a grand sight, especially Piccadilly seen from the Circus, the lower part of Regent Street and Waterloo Place. It was like fairy-land. Our tickets being numbered, we thought it would not matter so long as we got to the Abbey at all, but we found the seats were not numbered, and our gallery was quite full, so that we were rather in dismay. However, Archdeacon and Mrs. Norris caught sight of mother and found a place for her by them at the back, and I sat on a step in the gangway. We were among lots of friends, the Bishops of Exeter, Salisbury and Colchester, Canon Paget, Liddon, Dr. Ince, Dr. Gott, &c. &c. It was a superb spectacle.

"I have spent a good part of the last week at the People's Palace, where the Drapers' Co. entertained 10,000 girls on Thursday, 10,000 boys on Friday, and 3500 workmen and their wives on Saturday evening. I went each day. All was done with great munificence and was admirably organised. Plenty of food and all manner of amusements going on both inside the big hall and outside all the time—conjurers, performing dogs, vanishing lady, sailors singing and dancing, performing goats, Punch and Judy, Corney Grain, &c. &c. I stood by the side of the vanishing lady and saw her plop down through a trap door. . . . I also went on Saturday morning to the laying of the first stone of the Library at the People's Palace by the King of the Belgians."

It was arranged that the annual August holiday should be spent at Barmouth, and for this purpose the Bishop

took a house in Porkington Terrace immediately overlooking the glorious estuary of the Mawddach. On July 21 Mrs. How left London on her way to Barmouth, breaking the journey for a few days in Shropshire at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Kenyon. The Bishop's diary for this day notes: "F. went to Pradoe, bearing journey fairly well."

There was no idea in any one's mind that on that day she was leaving Stainforth House, and all her London work and London friends, for good.

On the following Monday the Bishop, travelling from town, joined her at Gobowen Station, and they completed the journey together; the diary for this day recording, "F. very poorly with asthma."

As was usual in these summer holidays, they gathered round them as many of their children as possible, and during the next few weeks all the family, with one exception, were with them, some at one time and some at another.

Mrs. How did not get as much benefit from the change as was hoped, and seldom was able to do more than move into the room adjoining her bedroom.

Once or twice there is an entry in the Bishop's diary: "F. rather better," but each such occasion is followed by a worse account on the following day.

At last, on August 24 and 25, there seemed to be some little improvement, and on Friday 26th, Mr. and Mrs. Kenyon left, and on the following day the Bishop went to spend a Sunday at Whittington, his old home.

It had been arranged that Mrs. How was to accompany him, but she had been so poorly that the idea was given up, and a further stay at Barmouth was substituted. Two of her sons (her eldest and youngest) and her eldest son's

wife remained with her, and it was settled that the whole party should move on the Monday into another house in a different part of Barmouth.

On the Saturday Mrs. How was well enough to sit at the drawing-room window on the first floor, and wave to her husband as he passed in the train across the bridge. Towards evening the asthma became more severe, and the doctor had to be called in again—he had been frequently to see her during the previous weeks. Her daughter-in-law sat up with her that night, and became alarmed towards midnight to find it impossible to rouse her. A messenger was sent for the doctor, who for some time tried many means of restoring consciousness, but in vain, and at 4.30 A.M. she died in her son's arms. As early as possible on the Sunday morning a telegram was sent to the Rev. Hugh Holbech, then Rector of Whittington, with whom the Bishop was staying, asking him to break the news. The diary for that day has the simple entry: "After early Celebration, at breakfast Holbech received telegram telling of my beloved wife's death at 4.30 A.M."

There was no possibility of getting a train the whole way through to Barmouth on a Sunday, so the Bishop had to drive all the way from Corwen to Dolgelly, at which place he found a train that took him to Barmouth Junction. There he was met by those from whom he had parted so cheerily the day before. They had almost feared to meet him; they dreaded the effect of the blow. But all such fears were dissipated at once: of the little party that walked back across the bridge he was by far the most composed, by far the most cheerful. Linking his arm into that of his son, he just said: "Come along, dear old fellow, and tell me every-

thing." His thought was for others; his effort was to lighten their sorrow, not to add to it.

Thus Barmouth became consecrated to them all once more. Two of the Bishop's family—his first-born who lay in "the little grave beside the sea," and now his wife—had died there, where Nature is so beautiful that it might almost seem a little stage on the way from the turmoil of a busy world to the rest of Paradise.

On Wednesday morning, August 31, they took Mrs. How to Whittington and laid her to rest among many whose illnesses she had relieved, whose dying hours she had cheered.

The following day Bishop Walsham How spent quietly at Pradoe, his daughter's home, but on the Friday he returned to Whittington and took the Confirmation there, which had been necessarily put off from the Monday before.

He felt that it was best for himself to take his work up again at once. The sorrow would have broken him down had he not had the powerful support of duty to be fulfilled, and so, while yet the first tears of his grief were wet upon his cheeks, he was at his post of duty on Sunday, September 4, four days after the funeral at Whittington, preaching a memorable sermon in Manchester Cathedral to the British Association.

As may be supposed, the Bishop received numbers of letters of condolence on the loss he had sustained, and, amongst others, came gracious and sympathetic messages from the Queen, who expressed her warm approval of his resolve to go straight on with his work. Most welcome too was the following affectionate and sympathetic letter from the Bishop of London (Dr. Temple):

"CROSTHWAITE VICARAGE, KESWICK,
"*August* 31, 1887.

"MY DEAR BISHOP OF BEDFORD,

"This is indeed a terrible blow, a loss that nothing can repair, a loss not only to you but to all of us. Few women could do more valuable work for the diocese and for East London than your wife; perhaps not any. And certainly if any could, none ever did.

"She was one of those who could be entirely relied on. Her clear head, her unvarying kindness, her quiet perseverance, made her service to the Church and to her fellow creatures such as cannot be replaced. She was all that to us. I cannot speak of what I know she was to you. . . . Our hearts are with you, and our warmest, most earnest, most sympathetic prayers.

"Your most affectionate brother,

"F. LONDIN."

But few of the Bishop's letters as to his bereavement are preserved. On the day of Mrs. How's death he sent a line to his brother:

"IN THE TRAIN, *Sunday*, *Aug.* 28, 1887.

"MY ONE DEAR BROTHER,

"My precious wife is at rest. A telegram came at breakfast, and I have caught a train to Corwen, and must post on from there. It was quite sudden, early this morning. Holbech was so kind. We think it must be at Whittington on Thursday—you will come, will you not? Pray for us all.

"Your loving brother,

"W. W. B."

In reply to a letter of sympathy from Canon Burrows he wrote:

"PRADOE, *Sept.* 2, 1887.

"MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,

"I cannot do much more than say that my heart is very full of gratitude for all the love and sympathy shown me. Yes, Barmouth often brings you all back to my thoughts. It has become a second time a sacred

place to me, and its wonderful beauty will always be joined in my remembrance with thoughts of the fairer things beyond the veil. As she and I have gazed out of our window on the glorious lights and colours of Cader Idris this last month, St. Augustine's exquisite description of himself and Monica at the window at Ostia has often been coming back to me. God purge our eyes that they may be fit to see. Pray for me that God will give me grace to work better, and to be more undividedly His. Much love to dear Mrs. Burrows, and all your dear children, and a special portion to M. and E., whom she knew so well and loved so much.

"Affectionately yours,

"WM. WALSHAM BEDFORD."

The Bishop did not revisit Barmouth for a time, but early in 1889 he wrote to his daughter:

"I should like to go to Barmouth again, though I know it will be very hard. . . . I think it is good for one to let one's sorrow have its outflow now and then, as the rush and hurry of one's daily life seem to choke up the spring, and make one sadly dry and hard."

In the following May he went there again, and thus describes his feelings:

"Yesterday I got, what I had longed for, a little quiet time to myself, and went and sat for an hour or so where I held those children's services under the old terrace [where Mrs. How died]. I think it is good for one to get among the old thoughts and feelings and associations. One's Wakefield life is all so new, and there is nothing to recall the past, but there, at Barmouth, it all comes back so vividly, and all is so full of sweet sad memories."

CHAPTER XVII

ACCEPTANCE OF WAKEFIELD—FAREWELL TO EAST LONDON

AFTER the death of Mrs. How the Bishop's eldest surviving son and his wife came to live at Stainforth House. One morning early in February 1888, Mrs. F. D. How was sitting opposite to the Bishop at his writing table answering some letters for him, while he was busy opening others. A sudden exclamation startled her, and looking up she saw him apparently greatly troubled, so much so indeed that she feared from his white and anxious face that some great blow had befallen him.

And such indeed at first sight he fancied the letter he had received from Lord Salisbury to be. It was the offer of the newly created See of Wakefield, and the Bishop knew that he must go. The prospect was for one constituted as he was, and of his age, appalling. There was the thought of making a home for his declining years in a region of smoke, and coal pits, and mill-chimneys. There was the not unnatural shrinking of a man of his age and disposition from having to grapple with a population who had the reputation of being rough and vigorous. There was also the knowledge that the post offered was not likely to be a bed of roses. But these things were nothing compared with the know-

ledge of the effort it would be to him, tired with nine years' labour in East London, and suffering from the greatest bereavement that could have befallen him, to take up at the age of sixty-four the work of organising a new and difficult diocese. They were as nothing, too, compared with the pain which it would be to him to sever the many threads which bound him to East London.

Lord Salisbury in his letter described the position he offered as one of great importance to the Church on account of its dense population; but he stated that, owing to its small geographical area and the existing network of railroads, the labour of travelling would be reduced to a minimum.

The Bishop of London was the only person whose advice Dr. Walsham How sought, but meanwhile he wrote privately to several members of his family on the subject.

[*To* Mrs. R. Ll. KENYON.]

"STAINFORTH HOUSE, *Feb.* 9, 1888.

"I must write and tell you of the great perplexity I am in. Please observe it is, and must be for the next few days—*i.e.*, till the matter is settled, quite secret. I have to-day been startled, and made very unhappy, by a letter from Lord Salisbury asking me to go to Wakefield. I simply hate the very thought of it, but I do not see how it is possible to refuse. I have asked for a few days to consider it in, and have asked the Bishop of London for an interview to-morrow. Do pray that all may be for the best. But, oh! it will be dreadful. I have so learnt to love my work here. Tell me just what you think. I have told Lord Salisbury that one obvious objection is that I am too old to start and form a new

diocese. But a second offer like this is a very serious thing, and I feel it will result in my going."

[*To* Rev. H. W. How.]

"STAINFORTH HOUSE, *Feb.* 10, 1888, 11 P.M.

"*Very private.*

"MY DEAREST BOY,

"They *won't* leave me alone when I am so happy and contented. I have got to leave East London after all. Lord Salisbury yesterday asked me to go to Wakefield, and I have had an interview with the Bishop of London this evening, and he says it is my duty to go. So I have said 'Yes.' It is dreadful—about the most unattractive post on the bench, but one must not choose for oneself, and I dare not again refuse what others think I ought to do. The Bishop was most kind and warm, and said he gave his counsel with a groan. It is to be kept quite secret till Lord Salisbury gives me leave to make it known.

* * * * *

"God bless you, dear boy,

"Your loving old father,

"W. W. B."

From these two letters it is clear that Bishop Walsham How had settled down again into his London work, and the little cloud that had come between him and Dr. Temple had completely passed away.

In reply to Lord Salisbury he wrote:

"STAINFORTH HOUSE, UPPER CLAPTON,

"*Feb.* 10, 1888.

"MY DEAR LORD,

"I have had an interview with the Bishop of London this evening, and he is so clearly of opinion that

I ought not to decline Wakefield that I do not think it needful to consult any one else, especially as the earnest thought I have given to the matter since I received your Lordship's letter has led me to the same conclusion. I write therefore to say that I am ready to go to Wakefield, and will, God helping me, do my best there. Perhaps I may venture, for the credit of my consistency, to state that, shortly after I had asked to be allowed to decline Manchester, the Bishop of London greatly surprised me by saying that he could not accept the view of my position taken by his predecessor, and must ask me to work all over the diocese, allowing me, however, to consider that my principal work was to be in the East End. And, now that he has been granted another suffragan, he has told me that, while he will not ask me to go into the western part of the diocese, he must divide the diocese into two halves, assigning a suffragan to each, which would involve a very large addition to my sphere of work. I think he is quite right, and he has been most kind to me, but either of these two changes in my work and status destroys the main part of the ground on which I desired to remain where I was. I shall feel very keenly the parting from the clergy and the people of East London, and also from the Bishop of London. I must, however, turn to the future, and, so long as God gives me health and strength, strive very earnestly to prove myself not unworthy of the trust so graciously reposed in me. I shall of course consider this correspondence as confidential until permitted to mention it."

In the new diocese there had been, of course, much speculation as to who would be their bishop. No one seems at first to have thought of the Bishop of Bedford.

It was understood that he had, but a little before, refused to go to Manchester, and on this account, if his name ever crossed people's minds, it was at once put away.

However, in February 1888, a rumour, of which it is impossible to trace the source, arose that there was a probability that the diocese would be offered to him. Canon (now Archdeacon) Ingham Brooke, one of the leading clergy in the diocese, had worked under Bishop Walsham How at Hackney during the London Mission, and determined to write and beg him, if the offer were made, "to think three times and thrice three times" before declining it. The Bishop was away from home for a day or two, so that he actually received this letter at the same time as that from Lord Salisbury offering him the See.

[*To* Canon INGHAM BROOKE.]

"STAINFORTH HOUSE, UPPER CLAPTON,
"LONDON, E., *Feb.* 13, 1888.

"MY DEAR BROOKE,

"Your letter came with Lord Salisbury's, and is my one ray of light and comfort. The Bishop of London was very clear that I ought not to refuse, so, as to-day's papers will tell you, I have said 'Yes.' I shall look to you to be my right hand. To-day I have no time to do more than ask, what I know I have without asking, your prayers. . . .

"Yours affectionately,

"WM. WALSHAM BEDFORD."

As soon as the news of the appointment to Wakefield became public, the Bishop received numberless letters from his many friends. Some few of these must find a place here.

[*From* Bishop HAROLD BROWNE.]

"FOREST HOUSE, BOURNEMOUTH, *Feb.* 13, 1888.

"MY DEAR BISHOP,

"I rejoice for Wakefield that you are to be its first Bishop. No better appointment could be made. Only London will be a great loser, and I wish you were to be in the southern province, as we should gain by your counsels in Convocation. May all blessing be with your work and yourself. Do not answer this. I know the trouble you will have from letters. Only I could not but offer you the affectionate greeting of

"Your brother in Christ,

"E HAROLD WINTON."

[*From* Bishop CLAUGHTON *of St. Albans.*]

"*Feb.* 13, 1883.

"MY VERY DEAR OLD FRIEND,

"I am much more inclined to congratulate Wakefield than *Bedford.* Still, you who have broken up new ground in London with such manifest tokens of God's blessing on your work, and with so great general approval, are the right man to do like work in the provinces. I could not help being delighted when I saw the appointment this morning. It has not been God's will that she who has been the sharer in your labours during past years should be at your side in your new sphere of work! He knows and orders what is best for us all.

"I think, if it is not presumptuous in me to say so much, that you have been wise in both your recent choices: wise in refusing to take up the tangled skein at Manchester—wise in taking up the skein at Wakefield with not a tangle in it! May God bless you abundantly.

"Our prayers will be offered for you.

"I am very much better, but I could not have undertaken the Bishopric of Wakefield! How those honest Yorkshiremen will appreciate your plainness of speech! I have plenty of other things to think of—plenty of tangled skeins to unravel—but your destination occupies my soul to-day.

"Ever yours affectionately,

"T. L. ST. ALBANS."

[*From* Rev. A. BROOK, *Rector of Hackney.*]

"THE RECTORY, HACKNEY, *Feb.* 11, 1888.

"MY OWN DEAR BISHOP,

"May God comfort and strengthen and bless you! I knew it would be so. You could not resist such a call. But what will East London be without you? Where can we get the loving sympathy, fatherly counsel, spiritual teaching, which God has given us in you?

"East London will be stunned when it hears the news.

* * * * *

"We are sure you will never cease to pray for us, and it may be God will give us a man who will be more to us than we dare to hope—but he never can be *you*. My wife is not at home: I wonder if she will have the courage to write and tell you what she feels. You may be sure we are in no hurry to tell Dottie [his daughter], poor dear girl!

"Ever your loving son,

"ARTHUR BROOK."

From the Bishops of the Northern Province he received warm letters of welcome; that from Bishop Harvey Goodwin ran thus:

"HOUSE OF LORDS, *Feb.* 17, 1888.

"MY DEAR BISHOP,

"I send one line to say how much I welcome you into the Northern Province. You will find *most* interesting work to do, and I know you will do it with your might. I heartily wish you God's blessing.

"The least satisfactory thing in the Northern Province is the Convocation. It is (as things now are) partly *bore* and partly *sham*.

"Yours sincerely,

"H. CARLISLE."

Dean Bradley's letter of warm appreciation cannot be omitted. He wrote:

"DEANERY, WESTMINSTER, *Feb.* 13, 1888.

"MY DEAR BISHOP,

"It's quite right! High time that you had your own diocese. But oh! the loss!

"You are not aware, so let an outsider tell you, of the depth of feeling it will call forth. Even *I* could hardly speak to tell it to my son-in-law when I saw it just now. You have gained a hold on people's hearts which will make the wrench and the loss most profoundly felt. I say this before I have seen a soul outside the house; but, if I feel it so deeply as a mere spectator and listener, what will others do! May God bless you, my dear Bishop, in your new sphere. . . .

"Ever most truly yours,

"G. G. BRADLEY."

From his future diocese there came the following among many others:

[*From* Canon INGHAM BROOKE, *now Archdeacon of Halifax.*]

"THORNHILL RECTORY, DEWSBURY, *Feb.* 14.

"MY DEAR LORD BISHOP,

"I cannot tell you how very thankful I am—indeed, we all are. You will be received with a rare welcome. I only write a line to say this much, and to add that we shall always have rooms ready for you whenever you like to come. You could in the course of a few drives from here get an admirable view of the diocese. If it is thought a good plan, we are prepared to turn out and give you the use of this house for a year, until you can decide where to live. We have often talked of this as a reasonable possibility.

"If you wish any detailed information of any kind to be got ready, I could get it for you without difficulty. It will be a great delight to me to be allowed to do anything in my power to make it in any degree easier for you to do the great work which I believe from my very heart God will give you to do in this diocese.

"I have prayed, and will pray, that He will give you all the strength you will need, but at present I can find room for little more than thanksgiving as I think of how our prayers have been heard.

"I am, my dear Lord Bishop,

"Ever yours,

"J. INGHAM BROOKE."

The three months or so that were left to Bishop Walsham How in East London were naturally exceedingly full of engagements. There were all his usual appointments to be kept, and *somehow* a large number of "Farewells" had to be provided for. First of all time had to be found to call at the various offices, &c., in his parish of St. Andrew's Undershaft, and bid farewell to those whose rector he had been for nine years. Then he spent a last evening with the working men of the Oxford House in Bethnal Green, and entertained his city choir for the last time at Stainforth House. He addressed for the last time the East London Deaconesses, and the boys and masters of the Hackney Grammar School, who gave him a farewell present. He attended a conversazione at Sion College, arranged by the President and Fellows to say good-bye to him who was not the least honoured of their body. To quote *Church Bells*, he paid

"a last visit to more than one of those clergy upon whom the shadow of bereavement has fallen, that in each case he might strengthen and comfort, and that, in one case, he might grant the request of lips now silent for ever here, and become the godfather of a first-born motherless child."

His farewell to the clergy of East London was at St. Andrew's Undershaft, where he invited them all to join with him in celebrating the Holy Communion on Wednesday morning, May 3. In his address on this occasion he said:

"It is, my brethren, a great comfort and happiness to me to part from you with this Sacrament of love and unity as our last common act. It seals and consecrates that union of hearts and spirit which has (God be thanked!) been ours for long. . . .

"I desire to thank you for all the kindness and affection

you have shown towards me. You have made my life in East London very happy, nor can I ever forget how true a bond of affectionate regard existed between yourselves and the partner of my life and work, who gave, ungrudgingly, her time and strength, and at last her very life, in labours for the poor and for the fallen.

"I leave a band of brothers, than whom I shall never find any more faithful, more generous, and more devoted. Your labours and self-sacrifice have often made me ashamed that anything should be thought of my lighter labours and easier lot. But your example has been a spur to me, and I pray God I may not be unmindful of the pattern you have shown. . . .

* * * * *

"And now, brethren, I commend you to the grace of God, and to that Divine Spirit which alone can keep you steadfast unto the end. I know you will pray for me, as I shall for you. God be with you. God strengthen and bless you. May we all meet at last at our Master's feet in His eternal kingdom, for His own mercies' sake. Amen."

His farewell to East London generally was spoken at the annual meeting of the East London Church Fund at the Mansion House on April 23, 1888, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor.

The Rev. E. S. Hilliard, the secretary, read the report, which concluded with these touching words:

"Before our next report appears the Bishop of Bedford will have become the first Bishop of Wakefield. We hope, therefore, that we may be forgiven if for once we speak 'apart from the Bishop.' Bishop Walsham How has been, under God, the leader of an East London crusade. He goes: and we, who remain, are challenged to prove our loyalty to him by maintaining and developing the work which he has in so large a degree created,

and has, for nearly nine years, so lovingly cherished. Of our personal loss we do not dare to speak. But we are more than men; we are Churchmen, and, therefore, we can give him up to Wakefield. We can give him up because we, more than any, know the value of our gift. And as the new See leaps into life at the call of that Father in God, whom we have loved to obey, we, neither forgetting nor forgotten, shall remember, with grateful pride, that East London was the school in which the first Bishop of Wakefield learned what it is to be a bishop in the Church of Christ. His benediction will remain with us, and the benediction of East London shall abide upon him."

The Bishop of Bedford moved the adoption of the report, and received a great ovation from the meeting. In the course of his speech he said:

"It is no easy thing to begin to speak, not only after those last words of the report—words for which, you will believe me, I am not responsible—but also so immediately after the more than kind welcome which you have just given to me. Now, I know very well what that kind welcome means. I know that it means that you wish me, what the last words of the report have wished me, every blessing and prosperity in the new work to which I am going; and I take your wishes and your prayers with me as a very precious possession.

"I could expect little else than that from the unvarying kindness and consideration, from the gentleness and forbearance, that I have met with throughout the time that I have been in East London. Now, as I am going to a new part of the great field of work, called, as I hope I may truly believe, by God's good providence to do another work of a rather different character, but nevertheless for which I do hope that my East London work has taught me some few lessons; going, as I am, to that work, there is one comfort in it for which I cannot help

feeling thankful. I believe that the diocese of Wakefield will be more like East London than any other diocese in England, and I have learned to be so fond of East London that that likeness is a comfort to me. I shall have there a compact diocese, one which, I suppose, will be the smallest in area in England, leaving out London. I shall have a somewhat dirty and smoky diocese, a fact which may sometimes remind me of East London; I shall have a population in many ways not very unlike that of East London, about the same in actual numbers, though perhaps rather less. When I first came to East London I was told that East Londoners were very like Yorkshiremen in character, that they were at first a little rough, if not rude, but that when you had gained their confidence they were very true, very hearty, and very generous. I found East Londoners like that; and it is a great comfort and satisfaction to me to hope that I may possibly find Yorkshiremen not unlike East Londoners. There is another physical resemblance between East London and the diocese of Wakefield; for there flows through the latter diocese a river which is even dirtier than the river Lea. I heard, some years ago, Professor Huxley speak of East London. He said that there seemed to be inscribed over it, 'No hope here,' and that he had never met with any savage life which he thought more intolerable, more absolutely miserable than the life of the East Londoner. . . .

"Now I believe that things have improved, and that they are improving. Mind, I do not lay it all down to the action of the Church, but I believe that the Church has acted very considerably in improving things, and that she has brought a great deal of life and light and hope to the people of East London."

Such were the cheering words with which Bishop Walsham How parted from his East London friends.

The Bishop of London (Dr. Temple) then moved a vote of "God speed" to the Bishop designate of Wakefield, and his words must have been singularly grateful and touching to one who had worked under him through times of some little difficulty. Speaking of Bishop Walsham How he said:

"We know him—know him by years of intimate knowledge, know him by his work, know him by his words, know him by his kindness, by his simplicity, by his humility. We know him, for he has lived and worked amongst us; and we do not often come across such a man as we find him to be. You will find men of great devotion. . . . You will find men sweet and gentle in society, whom you cannot help feeling in your inmost heart to be saints of God. . . . You will find men to whose advice you are glad to listen. . . . You will find men so humble that they put themselves absolutely on one side, so simple in their humility that they walk through this world as if they were still children, carrying with them the charm of childhood even in the gravest matters. . . . You will find such men; but you will not often find such men in whom all these things are combined at once. Could we always get such men for Bishops assuredly the Church of Christ would so shine before the world that it would hardly be needful to preach sermons or to teach, for men would learn quickly from what they saw."

The Bishop's last Sunday in East London was spent at St. Andrew's Undershaft, St. Paul's, Haggerston, and the parish church of Whitechapel, in the pulpit of which latter he preached his final sermon.

The next morning, Monday, May 7, he started for a short fishing holiday in North Wales with one of his sons, preparatory to taking up his new work.

The *East London Advertiser* for March 17, contained the following lines of farewell :

THE BISHOP OF BEDFORD.

"He turned from shining hills and azure sky—
The heavenly summons urgent on his soul—
To city gloom, where sulphurous fog-clouds roll
O'er countless hands that toil and hearts that sigh.
And there with grave sweet face and kindly eye
He spurred the loiterers onward to the goal,
And held the lawless spirits in control,
And cheered the faint with helpful sympathy.
For pastoral staff his steadfast look sufficed,
Yet childhood's grief or joy his lips would curve.
Men said behind him : 'Lo, a slave of Christ,
A loving heart that only lives to serve ;
A soul by world-ambition unenticed,
Too strong to falter, and too true to swerve.'

But change and loss o'er brightest hopes still fling
Dark shadows, like gloom-islands on the sea
Dropped by the drifting clouds. No more may we
Claim as our own his kindly shepherding ;
No more with us his keen 'plain words' shall bring
Pastor and flock alike to bended knee.
O Wakefield, dowered with pious gifts, to thee
From poorest hands comes richest offering !
We yield our Bishop—one in heart and mind
Most worthy reverence—can we more than this ?
Altars upraised, souls quickened, lives refined,
God's mercy shown o'erruling all that is—
These were his works, with these he leaves behind
Eyes that still follow, hearts that beat with his.

"X."

CHAPTER XVIII

WAKEFIELD—ORGANISATION, ETC.

In the little interval between leaving East London and arriving at Wakefield Bishop Walsham How took one of his sons with him for a fortnight's rest and fishing at Llangedwin on the river Tanat. They stayed at the charming little "Green Inn," where in old days the pony used to be put up, when the Rector of Whittington drove over for a day's fishing in Sir Watkin Wynn's water. It was lovely spring weather, and nature wore her most attractive garb: the river was in capital order, and the fishing was first-rate: but was it altogether wise to go straight from the beauties of hill and vale, of sparkling stream and banks of bright spring flowers, to the manufacturing districts of the West Riding? Certainly the contrast was emphasised. Taking the L. & N. W. train from Manchester, past many a mill-chimney belching forth black smoke, the Bishop was whirled through the great Marsden tunnel, and, turning to his son, said, "Now I am in my diocese: just look!" Once upon a time nature must there, too, have been beautiful with a rugged beauty, but the hand of man, feeling after money, had besmirched it all. Many a time afterwards the Bishop used to say, "There is not a garden in my diocese where I can pick a flower without blacking my fingers!" To

one with his love of beauty this was a severe trial. There were, it is true, some pretty bits here and there—*e.g.*, Woolley, where on Whit-Monday for several successive years he spent a happy day with the Vicar's children; High Hoyland, with its woods and wide-spread views; and the Hebden Valley, where the river rushes down a leafy gorge from the grouse moors above; but the smoke was everywhere: tree-stems, stones, the very earth itself, were soiled.

Perhaps it was well that a man with a cheery buoyant disposition such as his should be the one who was chosen to give the last years of his life and work to a district with such depressing natural surroundings. But he had been nine years in East London, and a home in a district more after his own heart would doubtless have been preferred for him by his friends. However, he never let his courage be daunted or his spirits flag, and the strong *human* interest of his densely populated diocese was an entire compensation. That he *did* lament his surroundings is seen from the following extracts:

[*To* Miss K. DOUGLAS—*a niece.*]

"*February* 1, 1889.

"F. D. has written to say they have plenty of primroses out in the hedges! Alas! such things are not for us in the West Riding, where smoke and acid fumes, and raw cold, destroy and dirty all vegetation. I could forgive the smoke dirtying my hands and my wristbands, but I can't forgive it for dirtying the flowers. I like the human beings though: they are so full of energy and warmth and heartiness. They do nothing by halves. They are very independent, at times even seemingly rude, but will

do anything for you when once they like you and trust you."

[*To* Miss M. DOUGLAS.]

"*November* 24, 1891.

"I went to dear old Whittington to preach on Friday night, and stayed there till yesterday morning, preaching twice at Oswestry on Sunday, and spending Saturday and Sunday afternoon visiting about in Whittington. . . . Well, I do not know how to describe the charm of those two days. They were absolutely faultless November days, full of soft lights and rich warm tints, and the tender calm of the slanting sunlight in the half-clothed and half-bare trees. Gnats were dancing up and down in the still mellow warmth, and, as I stood by *the* grave [his wife's] alone on Saturday afternoon, the sense of peace, and calm, and loveliness was overpowering. Each evening there was the most exquisite sunset glow, and I stood entranced before the old Castle pool, the surface reflecting the golden light and the ivy-clad trees, so that it *seemed* more beautiful than I ever saw it before. I suppose it wasn't really, but to appreciate lowland beauty one should live a few years away among stone walls and tall chimneys!"

Having said thus much of the sort of country in which his new diocese was situated, it is pleasant to turn and contemplate the warmth with which the news of his appointment was received by many of the inhabitants. His first visits to the Wakefield diocese were paid to Canon Ingham Brooke at Thornhill Rectory, and in the magazine of that parish occur the following comments on their new Bishop:

"Who the Bishop of Bedford is, what posts he has filled, what books he has written, what work he has done: all these are

now known in every house in Yorkshire. The papers have been full of the subject, and they have recognised, with scarcely an exception, the wisdom of the appointment, and the grounds for thankfulness and hope which it gives to all. But with all the kind and generous things which have been so justly said and written about our new Bishop, there is one thing of which no description can give an adequate idea, but which it will soon be our delight to discover for ourselves; we mean the sympathy of his large heart, and the love and single-hearted earnestness which he throws into anything he undertakes. What the influence for good of such a Bishop shall be in the great West Riding it is not for us to predict."

The feelings which inspired such words as these were calculated to ensure Bishop Walsham How a warm welcome, and, although here and there might be found an incumbent who, having of necessity known but little of episcopal supervision when in the vast and unwieldy diocese of Ripon, openly expressed his opinion that to see more of his Bishop than he had been accustomed to was neither necessary nor congenial to him, yet the Churchmen of the diocese who cared in any real degree for the welfare of the Church and of their parishes shared fully in the spirit of the above-quoted language. It would not be right to ignore the fact that some alarm was felt by the ultra Low Churchmen of the diocese when the Bishop's appointment of High Churchmen to important posts, and his evident desire to raise the level of Church life, became known. These things, together with his open disapproval of evening Communions, and his advocacy of daily services, &c., caused a considerable flutter; but his absolutely independent line, free from any kind of bias, commended itself to the plain common sense of the West Riding. It has been said of him that the inclination of his mind, when dealing with any subject,

was always to set out the *pros* and *cons* and to judge for himself, and then to take the common-sense, workable course. This inclination certainly influenced him in his theological position. Without ignoring "authority" he was wont to apply to it the test of common sense and workableness, and to this is probably largely due the universality of his influence among all sorts and conditions of men.

He was, in essentials, a High Churchman of the type of the last generation, and has been likened in many respects to John Keble. At the same time he was deeply impressed with the danger of the extravagances indulged in by the advanced section of Ritualists. A striking instance of this is found in a letter written by him in 1896, in which he says, "I entirely agree in dreading the language used by the 'advanced' party as to Holy Communion. It is not faithful to our Church, nor to the Bible."

None the less was he completely out of sympathy with the modern "Protestant," often expressing his regret at the difficulty in dealing properly with men of this stamp, who closed their churches from week-end to week-end, and provided few and meagre spiritual opportunities for their people.

He took the Book of Common Prayer as his standard in all simplicity, and was ready to approve of whatever could be found within its covers.

The fact that his doctrinal position was of this nature was an undoubted assistance to him in the organisation of a new diocese, and it was but very few of the clergy, and those belonging to one or other of the extreme schools of thought, who did not quickly rally round him when he came among them, whatever perturbation they may have

felt beforehand. Archdeacon Brooke, who was the Bishop's host on his first arrival, says:

"I cannot recall anything about that first visit. It was the first of many that followed both at Thornhill and here [Halifax]. The Bishop always seemed to bring sunshine with him. So bright, so content with anything that was done for him, so loving to the children, with always a kind word for the servants, and many a kind gift too. It was always a delight to have him with us."

One great difficulty occupied much of the time and thought of the new Bishop during his first few weeks. The Trinity Ordination was close at hand, but the Order in Council creating him Bishop of Wakefield had not been passed, and it seemed probable that he would not be able to hold the Ordination in person—a great disappointment to all concerned. He was still Suffragan Bishop of Bedford, and an act of Henry VIII. precludes a suffragan doing any official or authoritative act in any other diocese than that to which he is commissioned.

There were three ways out of this difficulty: first, to defer the Ordination, which would have caused great inconvenience; secondly, to ask Bishop Pulleine of Penrith to take it, "in which case," said the Bishop, "I shall be standing by as dummy!" thirdly, to resign the Suffragan Bishopric. As to this latter course he wrote:

[*To* Canon INGHAM BROOKE.]

"*May* 13, 1888.

"I have written off at once to see if I can resign my post as Suffragan, and so escape the disabilities of the Act of Henry VIII. Many thanks for the suggestion. I did offer the Bishop of London to do so some time ago, but he took no notice of my offer, and then I was told there

were very heavy fees for resigning a see (and Bedford is counted as a see), and so I thought no more about it."

None of these courses ultimately proved necessary. On May 16 he wrote again to Canon Ingham Brooke:

"News! Government have been pressing for a Council in order to pass the Wakefield Order, and it is to be held to-morrow. . . . Mr. Lee says he feels sure he can get the Letters Patent appointing me issued before Trinity Sunday."

This was done, and the Bishop held his first Ordination at Wakefield on May 27, 1888. Great interest was taken in the service, as no Ordination had ever been held there before.

In the evening he preached in the Cathedral to a congregation which filled every corner. Taking as his text Eph. iv. 13: "Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ," he urged the necessity of clear dogmatic teaching. At the same time he pointed out that, whilst no compromise in matters of principle must be made, we must remember in how many things we agree with others who are working for the spread of religion, and that the real fight must be against secularism, infidelity, and materialism.

After the service the open space in front of the Cathedral was filled with a vast crowd (many of whom had been unable to get places inside), who waited to greet the Bishop as he came out.

[*To* Canon INGHAM BROOKE.]

"WAKEFIELD, *May* 28, 1888.

"MY DEAR BROOKE,

"Norris tells me he has written you some account of our proceedings [at the Ordination]. He has been all I could wish, and more—so very nice and helpful. It is really a great blessing to have only six men at once, as one gets to know them so well.

"You will see by the papers that on coming out of church last night I found a dense crowd filling all the space opposite the church, so I told Percival Pott, my chaplain, to run to the vestry and get a chair, and I mounted it at the church-gate, and gave them a little address. It was a happy opportunity. A number of the junior members of the crowd accompanied me back to this house.

"Will you do me a favour, and be-lord me no more, please. I am, or at least want to be, only your dear Bishop.

"With kindest regards,

"Affectionately yours,

"W. W. W."

The words spoken by the Bishop at the church-gates will long be remembered for their earnest and kindly import, conveying, as they did to the crowd, his hope that he might be allowed to be the Bishop of them all.

Not alone on this occasion was he followed by a crowd of lads. For some time afterwards, until, in fact, a bishop was no longer an unfamiliar object in the streets of Wakefield, he very generally had a certain number of

attendants trotting at his heels, who would point him out to passers-by with cries of "t' Beeshop! t' Beeshop!"

In Halifax, Huddersfield, Barnsley, and other centres very hearty receptions were given him, but the crowning point was reached on June 25, when he was enthroned in Wakefield Cathedral by the Archbishop of York (Dr. Thompson).

It was the first real summer's day of the year, and the sun blazed out in a cloudless sky. The city was gay with bunting, and half the diocese seemed to be filling its streets. The proceedings began in the Council Chamber of the Town Hall where addresses were presented to the Bishop by the Mayor (Mr. Henry Lee) from the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of Wakefield; by Colonel Spencer Stanhope, C.B., from the laity of the Rural Deanery of Silkstone, and by Canon Ingham Brooke (as senior rural dean) from the clergy and laity of the diocese at large.

The great feature of the day, never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it, was the procession from the Town Hall to the Cathedral. This covered the entire distance between the two buildings, and passed through two densely packed lines of sightseers, while every window *en route* was occupied, and the roofs of the houses were utilised by more adventurous spectators. The sermon at the service was preached by the Archbishop, who, in commending their new Bishop to his hearers said:

"Now he is called among you. Welcome him. Take him to your hearts. Bishops have gone through various preparations: some have been students; some have spent their time in academic leisure; some have been priests. The training he has gone through has been, if I may reverently say so, nearer to the training

of Christ Himself during His painful ministry than any other could be."

A movement had been early set on foot to present the Bishop with a pastoral staff. Thus, on May 4, 1888, in the course of a letter to Canon Ingham Brooke, he says:

"As to the staff, I think, if given *to the diocese* by *the laity*, it would be very nice."

It was not, however, till the following April that the presentation was actually made. A gathering was held at the Church Institution, Wakefield, presided over by Mr. J. A. Brooke, of Fenay Hall, Huddersfield, and the staff, which was of exquisite design and workmanship, was given to the Bishop for his use and that of his successors. The words with which the Latin inscription on the staff closed, "Pasce verbo, pasce vitâ" (Feed with the word, feed with the life"), were chosen by the Bishop himself, who, in returning thanks to the laity for what he described as "this noble gift to the See," said that this extract from the writings of St. Bernard had long been printed on his memory.

In the original draft of the Bishopric, it was proposed to have only one Archdeaconry. On hearing of this, Canon Ingham Brooke, who knew the impossibility of the whole work being adequately done by one Archdeacon, got a memorial signed by every incumbent in the diocese (except two or three, who were absent) and presented to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. This memorial was actually prepared, signed, and presented in *three days*. The result was the foundation of two Archdeaconries, instead of the one originally proposed.

The following letters refer to this early organisation of the diocese:

[*To* Canon INGHAM BROOKE.]

"THORNHILL, *July* 30, 1888.

"MY DEAR BROOKE,

"I have had the draft scheme for the diocese from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and have returned it. . . .

"The two Archdeaconries are all right, so that we may consider that practically settled.

"I want you, please, to be Archdeacon of Halifax, which will give you the three deaneries of Halifax, Birstall, and Dewsbury. . .

"I have waited as to Rural Deans till this was settled, as I must recommission the old ones, and appoint new ones for Dewsbury and Wakefield.

"I have quite made up my mind not to ask the clergy to elect Rural Deans, as I have seen within the last fortnight a case in London in which that plan produced party spirit and intrigue, and ended in securing the wrong man, and I am told this is not unusual. At any rate, you generally get a discontented minority. . . .

Affectionately yours,

"WM. WALSHAM WAKEFIELD."

[*To the same.*]

"WAKEFIELD, *August* 6, 1888.

"I think a Commission to report on the spiritual needs of the diocese is almost indispensable. It has been most useful in East London.

"I shall not change my mind about the Archdeaconry. . . . It is very good of you to be so willing to give up the post to another, but I cannot do without you. . . . I

think and hope Norris will say 'Yes' to-morrow. It is aggravating to leave before hearing."

This letter makes reference to two most important matters. First of all, to the appointment to the Commission from which sprang the Bishop's Appeal Fund, of which more hereafter, and, secondly, to the coming into the diocese of the Rev. W. F. Norris.

The living of Almondbury, near Huddersfield, fell vacant, and Sir John Ramsden, the patron, kindly consulted the Bishop as to the future Vicar. After the offer had been made to several clergy and refused, Mr. Norris's name was suggested by the Bishop for the post. He was already one of the Examining Chaplains, and, being connected with the Bishop by the marriage of his sister to one of the Bishop's sons, he was quite one of the family, and it is not too much to say that Bishop Walsham How learnt to love him and depend upon him to almost as great an extent as he did upon his own son, the Rev. H. W. How, who was shortly to enter the diocese as Vicar of Mirfield. He (Rev. H. W. How) was presented to this living by Mrs. Ingham, and his residence there was the greatest comfort and support to the Bishop during his last years.

The Commission, to which allusion was made above, was issued on January 25, 1889, in the following form :

"We, William Walsham, by divine permission Bishop of Wakefield, send greeting.

"Whereas it appears to us that for the development and strengthening of the Church in the Diocese of Wakefield, with its vast and increasing population, largely increased efforts are urgently needed ; and whereas we have commended to the Church people of the Diocese

several Diocesan Societies organised for the support of Church Extension, Church Education, and the greater efficiency of the Clerical Staff, and many liberal subscriptions have been promised towards these societies; we are anxious to obtain from those best able to advise us reliable information as to the special needs of the Diocese, in order that the funds contributed may be wisely and beneficially administered.

"We therefore request and direct you, the Clergy and Laity above named, to inquire and examine into the wants and requirements of the Diocese under the several heads specified in an annexed schedule, and to report to us in writing the result of your inquiries and deliberations."

This Commission was issued to the Archdeacons and Rural Deans, together with six representative clergy and sixteen laymen.

In the following year the Commissioners issued their report, which the Bishop in the "Appeal" he put out shortly afterwards said that he had studied almost with dismay.

The following were the chief recommendations:

I. Five entirely new Parishes.

II. Twelve Chapels of Ease, or, in other words, second churches, in twelve parishes.

III. Thirty-four Mission Churches, or Mission Rooms.

IV. Additional Clergy in twenty-seven parishes, and at least Lay Readers in seventeen others.

V. The raising of all benefices to at least £200 a year, a list being given of eleven which were of less than that value.

VI. A Pension Scheme to enable old and infirm clergy to resign.

VII. The making all Church Schools and buildings thoroughly good and efficient.

The report concludes with the recommendation of a large Central Fund to deal with the extraordinary deficiencies which the inquiry had brought to light, which fund the Commissioners trusted would receive willing and generous support throughout the diocese. They were the more confident that this expectation would be realised since they knew how deep and universal was the gratification with which the diocese had heard that the Bishop had considered it to be a duty to decline the great Bishopric of Durham.

It is scarcely surprising that in the face of such a formidable list of recommendations the Bishop should in his Appeal have said:

"And how is all this to be achieved? I do not know. But I pray God to put it into the hearts of His people to do far, far more than they have yet done, or have thought of doing, for the great cause. There must be generosity. Nay, more, there must be sacrifice. I do not think I shall appeal to Yorkshire Churchmen quite in vain.

"May I remind the diocese of one danger? I have no doubt that, as various schemes are taken up, much local interest will be aroused, and much local liberality will be evoked. This is well . . . .

"But there may be selfishness in this, nevertheless, and I hope earnestly that it will not be forgotten that a large central fund will be needed, from which grants may be made to the most necessitous places."

This warning was not superfluous. Great numbers of the towns in the Diocese of Wakefield are of rapid and recent growth, and one of the tendencies of this fact has

been to promote a rivalry essentially selfish. Any one whose business takes him into that part of England will be struck with the fact that almost every one of the smaller, and newer, and more depressing-looking towns possesses a gorgeous town-hall. It is said that the magnificence of these buildings, in most cases out of all proportion to their surroundings, is due to the spirit of rivalry: not that the inhabitants really care to have a splendid building in their town, but that they cannot bear that a neighbouring place should have a better one. It has been rumoured that a feeling of this sort has even been allowed to interfere with the project of enlarging the Cathedral at Wakefield, though it is difficult to conceive such narrow pettiness existing among Church people, or such ignorance of the fact that a cathedral is not a local possession so much as a diocesan, and not even more diocesan than it is national in its character.

But to return to the Appeal Fund by which the Bishop hoped to be able to supply the deficiencies pointed out in the Report. "I feel sure," he said, "that we ought not to aim at a less capital sum than £50,000." This was, considering the wealth of the diocese, a very moderate amount for which to ask. Several exceedingly generous gifts were immediately made, noticeably one of £5000 towards the needs of the Church in Heckmondwike. This was given by the late Mr. Wheatley-Balme, who had no interest in that parish beyond a knowledge of its needs, and thereby set a splendid example of disinterested generosity. This excellent start was most encouraging, but it was not as warmly followed up as the Bishop had hoped, the larger proportion of the gifts coming from the few whose generous support of the Church might be invariably depended upon. He lived, however, to see several of the

new parishes formed, and not a few of the additional churches and mission rooms erected.

One of the earlier acts of the Bishop with a view to organising the work of the diocese was to summon a Synod of the Clergy. This gathering assembled on April 29, 1889, upwards of two hundred and thirty being present. The clergy met in the Church Institution at Wakefield, and proceeded to the Cathedral at 10.30 A.M., where a choral celebration of the Holy Communion was held, the Bishop being celebrant. At the conclusion of this service the choir withdrew, and the Bishop delivered a charge to the clergy on such subjects as the personal holiness and activity of the clergy, the use of daily services, and divisions in the Church. In the course of his remarks he took occasion to condemn the prosecution of Ritualists.

In the afternoon the Synod assembled for conference, and the following subjects were discussed:

I. Diocesan Conference. Rules and standing orders being adopted.

II. Purity.

III. Divorce.

This Synod will be long remembered by all present as one of the most important starting-points of Church work in the diocese.

CHAPTER XIX

WAKEFIELD—THE SEE HOUSE

THE first few years of the period during which Dr. Walsham How held the Bishopric of Wakefield were rendered more uncomfortable than seemed necessary by various vexatious difficulties as to a residence.

This matter is treated here at some length, both because it occupied so much of the Bishop's time, and also because it is of special interest from the fact that Bishopgarth was the first See house actually built from the foundations since the Reformation.

The ladies of the Ripon Diocese (out of which that of Wakefield was carved) had, under the leadership of Mrs. Boyd-Carpenter, wife of the bishop, raised a sum of £10,000 for the purchase of a house. But the question arose whether a house must be provided before the final creation of the See, or whether a body of guarantors might, having first pledged themselves to raise the episcopal income by £500 per annum in five years' time if no house were provided, be released from their guarantee upon their presenting a house approved by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners any time within the five years.

The episcopal income of £3000 per annum had been raised, but before the Ecclesiastical Commissioners would

sign the certificate necessary for the formation of the new diocese the guarantee about the house had to be signed. There had been considerable difficulty in connection with this very subject on the formation of one of the more recently founded bishoprics. Possibly owing to this fact being known, or possibly owing to the natural caution of the dwellers in the West Riding, the four guarantors required were not to be found!

Those readers who are acquainted with the history of the Wakefield Diocese up to the present time will not be surprised to hear that in this emergency Archdeacon Brooke and his brother Mr. John Arthur Brooke came forward and offered themselves as two of the number. A third was found in the person of the late Mr. Wheatley-Balme, of Mirfield. To these three men, together with Mr. Wm. Brooke, brother of the first named, the Diocese of Wakefield owes so much both of moral and financial support that it is no exaggeration to say that they made smooth much of the path of the first Bishop, and that the diocese would be in a very different position to-day had it not been for their loyal assistance.

But a fourth guarantor had yet to be found. Several leading Wakefield gentlemen were asked, but declined—a fact which caused additional soreness when, later on, the very men who refused to incur any responsibility agitated against the decision of the guarantors to purchase the house at Mirfield hereafter referred to. In this difficulty the Bishop, who was most anxious that no unnecessary delay should occur in the settlement of the preliminaries, himself became the fourth guarantor. It was perhaps not much to the credit of Yorkshire Churchmen that he should have been allowed to do so.

The matter being in this way settled, time was given

for a leisurely search for a suitable house, and the Bishop rented temporarily a house of Mr. M. E. Sanderson's in the South Parade, Wakefield.

A little incident connected with the actual arrival of the Bishop to live in Wakefield must be related here.

When in East London, he used generally to have luncheon with Dr. Gordon Browne on those Sundays when he was preaching at St. Andrew's Undershaft. Here he had made friends with a little niece of Dr. Browne's who often stayed at the house. On the Bishop's first coming to the South Parade, Wakefield, feeling a little of the loneliness which always accompanies the first sight of a new home, whom should he see, standing on the steps of the very next house, but his little friend Phyllis, whom he had not connected in any way with Wakefield, and whose glad welcome did much to cheer him! It turned out that she was a daughter of Dr. Lett, afterwards to become the Bishop's valued physician, and the Bishop often told of his delight at finding a child-friend ready to greet him on his arrival.

During the first few months a number of houses and sites were inspected in and immediately round the city, but for various reasons they none of them seemed practicable. It was not until the Bishop had been for some little time at work in the diocese that he began to doubt whether Wakefield was really the best place for a see-house. The diocese is shaped somewhat like a fan, Wakefield being at the end of the handle. The two large centres of population are the towns of Halifax and Huddersfield with their surrounding parishes, and to these places there were scarcely any trains from Wakefield by which it was not necessary to change. Mirfield Junction, gloomiest and draughtiest of stations, saw the

Bishop day after day, and night after night, waiting about on its platforms, and it soon became apparent to him that, were it possible to find a house near to that place, it would save him much time and much exposure, besides being far more central for the clergy from all parts of the diocese to visit him.

Before long such a house was discovered, admirably suited in every way, and at a price within the sum which the guarantors had at their disposal. An additional advantage was the offer made by a neighbouring solicitor to give £500 for the building of a chapel should this house be purchased. A very large portion of the diocese could have been reached by driving from this centre, and at the Bishop's time of life it would have been an inestimable boon could he have thus been relieved of some of the wear and tear necessitated by living at Wakefield.

However, this was not to be. The Wakefield people, thinking more, perhaps, of their wish to have their Bishop living among them than of the general advancement of the work of the diocese or of the convenience of the Bishop, determined to oppose the purchase of this house in every possible way. They held a great meeting, of which the Bishop wrote:

"The meeting yesterday was very warm, I am told, and I am to be memorialised as well as the Ecclesiastical Commissioners."

A strong deputation waited upon this latter body, with the result that, when the question was argued before them, the Commissioners decided that the house must be either in or near Wakefield.

It would, of course, have been an added pleasure to the Bishop had he been able to live at Mirfield, to have

been not more than a mile or two from his son, who was Vicar there, though anything more absurd or insulting than the opinion freely printed in the Wakefield papers, that the Bishop only wanted to go and live near his son, can hardly be imagined, and certainly proved that the Wakefield people had not begun to understand their Bishop yet!

Immediately after the Ecclesiastical Commissioners' meeting, which he attended, Dr. Walsham How went to the Great Northern Hotel, and, while waiting for his train, wrote to tell the news to his son.

[*To* Rev. H. W. How.]

"*July* 18, 1889.

"DEAREST HARRY,

"I want a good down-right cry, and feel as if I must have one, if I find myself alone in the train just now. Hall Croft [the Mirfield house] is over! I am forbidden to make known the resolution, as it is only provisional, and must be confirmed next week, but I may tell you that all the Ecclesiastical Commissioners were against us. I must try and bear it as cheerfully as I can, but it is a heavy blow. I am to be tied to Wakefield or its neighbourhood.

"Your loving Father,

"W. W. W."

Meantime, the Bishop had left the house in South Parade, Wakefield, for Overthorpe, in the Parish of Thornhill, about six miles from the city, and here he spent three and a half years until the house, which was ultimately built at Wakefield, was ready.

He had not been here more than a couple of months

when, in November 1889, the Mayor of Wakefield (Alderman Benjamin Watson) most generously offered a site for a See house on some property he possessed at a considerable distance from Wakefield in the direction of Horbury. There were those who thought that this offer ought to be accepted, arguing that a bishop ought not to be too accessible, and that the days might return when a Bishop of Wakefield would prefer to lead a quieter and more studious life, further from railways and their hurry and bustle, than was the fashion of the present times. But this did not at all suit the ideas of Bishop Walsham How, and, when a deputation of Wakefield gentlemen waited upon him on the subject, he told them that, while he was most grateful for the offer, the long distance from a station, entailing for himself a considerable drive, and for clergy who wished to see him a large expense in cab hire, was fatal to the proposed site. He was able to add that he had already informed the mayor of this; and that he (the mayor) had most generously promised to help to provide a residence in any other place, provided it were in or near Wakefield.

It was generally felt that, as the Wakefield people had practically prevented the Bishop from acquiring the house he desired near Mirfield, it devolved upon them to secure a site in their own city, and for this object a committee was formed, the ultimate result of whose labours was the acquisition of the site in St. John's parish where the Bishop's house now stands, and the presentation of it to the See.

Unfortunately, a considerable piece of ground—two and a half acres—adjoining the site had not been acquired at the same time, and it soon became obvious that, if this were built upon, it would greatly destroy the

eligibility of the whole position. Mr. Foster, then Vicar of St. John's, took the matter up, and mainly owing to his exertions the extra £988 was raised, and the two and a half acres were added to the grounds.

Writing on this subject the Bishop said :

"OVERTHORPE, THORNHILL, *November* 4, 1891.

"MY DEAR MR. FOSTER,

"It is indeed good of you to think of trying to help in securing what it is plain would be a boon to the See for ever . . . . I hate the thought of anybody doing anything more for the bishopric when so much has been done. The only people I should not be sorry to tax are those who prevented the Ecclesiastical Commissioners from accepting Hall Croft, and forced us to build at Wakefield . . . . I value much your kind interest in the house we hope, God willing, to inhabit ere long.

"Sincerely yours,

"WM. WALSHAM WAKEFIELD."

The amount was quickly raised, as the following letters relate :

"OVERTHORPE, THORNHILL, *November* 9, 1891.

"DEAR MR. FOSTER,

"The exceedingly kind interest you and Mrs. Foster have taken in the matter of the extra land at the new house at Wakefield makes me want to open my heart to you about it. I cannot tell you how much I dislike seeming to wish to make the place larger or more pretentious in any way. I hate the name 'palace,' and for myself I should not the least mind the ground being smaller, and other houses being built on the extra part

now in question. But I know I could get hardly any one to feel with me, and perhaps it is right to accept the general verdict, especially as I am planning for the future, and cannot myself expect to occupy the house for long. . . . One generous layman, not connected with Wakefield, has said he will give £200 rather than that the land should be lost, and I will give £100. . . . My prayer is simply that what is best for the good of the diocese may be done.

"Gratefully yours,

"WM. WALSHAM WAKEFIELD."

"OVERTHORPE, THORNHILL, *November* 10, 1891.

"MY DEAR MR. FOSTER,

"I only wish I deserved such kindness. The matter is all but practically settled! Another £100 is all that is really needed now. I do not know how to thank *you* enough. But one lifts one's thanks higher still.

"Gratefully yours,

"WM. WALSHAM WAKEFIELD."

On the site thus generously provided and augmented, a house began to rise designed by Mr. William White, F.S.A., of Wimpole Street. The Bishop had roughly sketched out his requirements, which were, as may be imagined, of a thoroughly practical kind, his desire being for a house which should be sufficiently comfortable as a residence, but which should be in the first place adapted for the accommodation of candidates and for the general business of a bishop's life. To this end a good library with a chaplain's study immediately adjoining was an essential, as were also a large room for examinations, and a number of tiny bedrooms for the occupation of

candidates for Orders. In these last an ingenious device of the Bishop's own was placed in order to save labour. The little bath in each room was constructed in such a manner that it could be tilted up against the wall, the water being at the same time emptied into the rainwater pipes outside. The Bishop would frequently take visitors into these rooms to show them this little invention, which answered its purpose perfectly.

The chapel, opening out of the hall, was unfortunately in some degree spoiled by the discovery that, if it were built on the lines originally laid down, the east wall would be far too near the edge of the pillar of coal on which the house stood. The length of the chapel had therefore to be reduced by some ten feet. In spite of this it was large enough for the purposes for which it was required, and was beautifully furnished, partly with the £500 which his East London friends had given to the Bishop for the purpose, and partly by private gifts.

The foundation stone of the chapel was laid on October 24, 1891, by Mrs. Boyd-Carpenter, and a memorial stone on the north wall bears the following inscription :

Ad majorem Dei gloriam, sumptus harum ædium
conferendos, necnon Lapidem quem videtis
ponendum curavit
boni cujuslibet operis adjutrix indefessa
A. M. Boyd Carpenter,
Episc. Riponensis uxor.
Die xxiv. Oct. MDCCCXCI.

Towards the close of 1892 the house drew near to completion, and for some months the Bishop had to endure a persecution which would have made a less humble and patient man do what the Bishop was forced

to say he might be driven to do—viz., to leave the new house standing empty and seek a residence in some other part of the diocese.

There had been sundry extortionate demands made already from time to time—demands which would never have been ventured upon had it not been known that Bishop Walsham How would rather pay anything, and suffer anything, than resort to a law suit. But the people of Wakefield, with the exception, of course, of the better disposed, were bitterly disappointed with the result of their successful endeavour to force the Bishop to live at Wakefield. They knew nothing about the requirements of a See house. But they had evidently expected a magnificent "palace," and one expression used in a local paper will give an idea of the terrible downfall of their hopes. It was actually suggested that a high mound ought to have been raised, and an edifice after the style of Haddon Hall erected upon it! How little the people understood the ideal of a humble life, serving the Church of God, which their Bishop had set before him! But the torrent of abuse of his new house was not hard to bear, considering whence it came. The climax was arrived at, when the City Council, relying on some obsolete by-laws, for some weeks put the Bishop to enormous inconvenience by refusing to allow him to occupy the house, as it did not conform to their rules. In due course it was discovered that the by-laws had long ago been overridden by Act of Parliament, and after a couple of slight alterations had been made the Bishop was permitted to take possession. It will scarcely be credited that Bishop Walsham How, whose memory is, there can be little doubt, revered to-day by the greater number of the inhabitants of Wakefield, should have been, as one paper

put it, "so unfairly and discourteously treated" on his arrival to occupy the house which Wakefield had forced him to build. The probability is that the cause of this display of feeling was twofold: in the first place the disappointment caused by the sort of house erected, and in the second place a feeling of resentment at the employment of an architect from a distance.

One word is necessary as to the name chosen for the house. The Bishop was anxious to have a name that would be suitable to the locality, and many were suggested, such as "Bishoproyd," "Bishopcroft," &c. &c. Finally, Dr. Skeat of Cambridge was consulted, and by his advice "Bishopgarth" was selected, "garth" being the Norse and Anglican form of the word which is usually spelt "yard." Dr. Skeat explained that "Bishoproyd" would be an eminently unsuitable name, for a "royd" is a "clearing": thus, "Ackroyd" is a "clearing among oaks"; "Bishoproyd" would therefore mean that bishops had been cleared away to make room for the house!

An event had taken place early in the previous year (1892) which added greatly to the pleasure with which the Bishop looked forward to occupying his new home. On a vacancy occurring in the Vicarage of Wakefield the Crown, the patrons on that occasion, had appointed an old friend of his, the Rev. William Donne, Vicar of Great Yarmouth, to the living, and also to the Archdeaconry of Huddersfield. Mr. Donne's father had been an old neighbour of Dr. Walsham How in Shropshire, and Mr. Donne had thus been known to him from boyhood, and had at a later date, when Vicar of Limehouse, worked under him in East London. To have Archdeacon and Mrs. Donne for close neighbours and fellow workers, to say nothing of the valuable staff of clergy which were

always maintained at the Cathedral Clergy House, proved a great comfort and support to the Bishop during his four years' residence at Bishopgarth. The following letter exhibits the feelings with which he welcomed them:

"*Private.*

"OVERTHORPE, THORNHILL, *January* 11, 1892.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,

"I have this morning had a strictly private communication from Mr. Balfour, the purport of which you will already know. I cannot resist writing one line by the earliest post to say how very earnestly I hope you may be able to think favourably of the offer. Unhappily it is a poor thing in a pecuniary point of view, but it is a post of much influence and importance, and also at the present time one requiring no little of that tact and wisdom which you have shown at Limehouse and at Yarmouth. We are said to be cold up here, but certainly the winters, since I came, have been colder in the south than here, and we find the climate extremely healthy. I think Mrs. Donne would not find it so trying as the cold East Coast.

"God guide you aright.

"Your affectionate old friend,

"WM. WALSHAM WAKEFIELD."

Soon after Easter in 1893 the Bishop settled in, but it was not until the following July that the house-warming proper took place. A great bazaar had been organised for the Church of England Society for providing Homes for Waifs and Strays, of which Society the Bishop was Chairman, and a Home for Waif Boys had been established

very near to Bishopgarth. Under these circumstances Bishop Walsham How ventured to invite Princess Christian to come and stay with him to open the bazaar, to inaugurate the Bede Home (as the Home for Waif Boys was called), and to give a royal house-warming to his new home. His invitation was graciously accepted, and Wakefield gave a hearty welcome to the Princess. Whether it was the effect of this visit, or whether it was that Wakefield people began to know their Bishop better, from this time forward he was allowed to live in peace. It must not be for a moment supposed that the better disposed and more cultivated people in Wakefield were amongst those who made the Bishop's coming to live in the city an unpleasant episode. There were very many who regretted deeply the language used and the trouble caused to him; and a large number of Wakefield people were from the first among his most faithful supporters and friends.

Neither must it be supposed that he allowed the disagreeables he experienced to influence him, when once they had passed by. One of his strongest characteristics was the power of throwing off unpleasant or hurtful thoughts, and entering heart and soul into the life going on around him. So it was at Wakefield; wounded though he was at the time, yet he resolutely put all the unpleasantness behind him, and certainly never let Wakefield people see that he had felt his treatment at all. It did not take long for a good feeling to spring up on all sides, and, what with those faithful friends who had known and understood him all along, and those who, now that he lived among them, began to know him better, and to have some regard for the old white-headed gentleman so often to be seen about their streets, the four years spent at

Bishopgarth were a happy time. The house and garden became familiar to many of the residents, for, besides other lesser festivities, a large garden party of some five hundred guests was held there each summer, and the cathedral officials, choir, &c., were all entertained in their turn.

One of the lesser gatherings held at Bishopgarth, and one in which the Bishop was greatly interested, was an "at home" held fortnightly (or as nearly so as possible), to which the young ladies employed in the leading shops were invited. These evenings proved a great success. Several friends came in to help Mrs. How (the Bishop's daughter-in-law) to amuse her guests, and the two hours from eight to ten passed quickly enough with Shakespeare readings, music, games, &c., and now and then a lecture given by some friend, the Bishop himself delivering several. At ten o'clock service in the chapel brought the proceedings to a close.

The largest assemblage ever seen at Bishopgarth was on the occasion of the Diocesan G.F.S. Festival being held there. No fewer than eighteen hundred girls were present, and passed through the hall, library, and chapel, on their way into the garden.

On one occasion the new house had a narrow escape during one of the heavy thunderstorms that are somewhat frequent in Wakefield during the summer months. To this incident the following letter refers:

[*To* Mrs. R. Ll. Kenyon.]

"Bishopgarth, *June* 27, 1895.

"When I reached home last night I found that this house had been struck with lightning (though we have two lightning-conductors), and my library was in a

terrible mess. The lightning struck the library chimney, and damaged the roof, and seems to have come down the chimney and covered the floor with soot, water, and rubbish. Had I been at home I should undoubtedly have been sitting in my usual place quite close to the fireplace. Archdeacon Donne met me at the station to offer to take me in at the Vicarage, but I am camping in the drawing-room, and no other room but the library is damaged.

"B. will be interested to hear that I sat all day yesterday from 10.30 to 4.0 as assessor in the first appeal case under the Clergy Discipline Act. The case was one of deprivation for drunkenness, and we allowed the appeal, the evidence being wholly insufficient. Two things struck me much: (1) the way in which the judges, especially the Lord Chancellor, badgered the counsel for the prosecution, never allowing them to finish a sentence; and (2) the way in which the judges openly took their side from the beginning, the Lord Chancellor, for instance, in the very middle saying, "There isn't a magistrate on the bench who would fine a man five shillings on such evidence."

The Bishop took great interest in everything that concerned Wakefield, and was often able to show that interest by being present at various municipal and other functions. There is, moreover, a photograph in existence of two cricket elevens in the match played annually on Whit Monday by Wakefield against the Yorkshire Gentlemen, and in the group assembled to be photographed with the teams may be seen the Bishop, who was an interested spectator of the game.

But it was not only in the pleasures of the people of Wakefield that their Bishop sympathised. There are some who will remember that he was among their earliest visitors in the day of trouble or bereavement. There are invalids who could tell of hours snatched from his busy life that he might comfort and pray with them. The last visit he paid in Wakefield (with the exception of Sunday, August 1, 1897, when he went to tea with his close neighbour and friend, Lady Blomefield) was to a little cripple-boy, since dead, in a court off a side-street near Kirkgate Station.

It may be allowed here for a moment to lift the veil of the Bishop's more private and domestic life. His sorrows were many: but his courage was immense: no trouble, no disappointment, ever prevailed to diminish his keenness and interest in his work. He came to Wakefield just after the one great bereavement of his life: he never let his sorrow sadden the lives of others; he never let those of his children who lived with him see how irreparable his loss had been. He was ever thinking of the happiness of those around him, and ever sacrificing himself for them. His delight was to have his children with him from time to time, especially his daughter, Mrs. Kenyon, who came for a protracted visit every spring during the absence of the Bishop's son and daughter-in-law. To Mrs. F. D. How, on whom devolved the responsible duties, domestic and diocesan, which fall to the lot of the lady at the head of a Bishop's house, he showed the greatest consideration and a wealth of affection. When she was away from him it was not uncommon for her to get a letter from him nearly every day. Writing to his son in 1896, the Bishop said:

"(Wednesday morning.) This is your wedding-day, dear old fellow. What a blessed day for you! Your dearest wife is far, far more dear to us all than we ever dreamt of once, and makes us love her more and more all the time. God spare you both to each other for many happy years. What I mean by, 'than we ever dreamt of once,' is that, when the mother was called away from us, we could not have guessed how large a part of the gap dearest E. would fill in the future. I must always thank God, and you, for giving me such a daughter."

Needless to say he was the life and soul of the house. In the evenings—all too few—that he spent at home, he would go back to his library after dinner to write more letters, but at nine o'clock he was pretty sure to put in an appearance in the drawing-room for a cup of tea and a few minutes' chat or a little music. On the evenings that he was out at work in the diocese he would usually return about ten o'clock, or often later, as fresh and cheery as if the day were young and he were a boy just home from school. There would first be a rapid but interesting account of what he had done and whom he had seen, with a humorous touch here and there in the story, and then, "Now I want to know what *you* have been doing," and he would throw himself with the keenest interest into other people's affairs. The first up in the morning, he would be the last to bed at night, and, when others were wearied out and sleepy, he would be the brightest, and youngest, and cheeriest in all the house.

The Rev. W. Foxley Norris, Vicar of Almondbury, and one of the Bishop's Examining Chaplains, says of him:

"He could throw himself into the affairs of the moment with more complete whole-heartedness than any one else I ever knew. This must have been on the one hand the result of long and stern self-discipline, and on the other hand the cause of much of that freshness and buoyancy which carried him through many heavy times and gave the casual observer the impression that his was 'a singularly cloudless life' [as some of the newspapers said in their obituary notices of him].

"Two scenes, which exemplify this, I shall never forget. The first was when, during one of those children's parties at Bishopgarth—which he loved, and we all loved—he called me into the study. He had received some terrible news; he passed me the letter, and put his head on his hands, and quietly cried like a child, while I read it. What followed is too sacred to make use of here, but presently he simply said, 'Now we must go back,' and back he went, though his heart was heavy as lead, and clouded with a darkness in which it was difficult to descry the dawn of any light, and in a moment he was romping and laughing with the little babies in the hall as if there could be no such thing as trouble in the world.

"The other scene I have in my mind is a happier one. He had arranged with me to go down to Llanbedr with him for a few days' fishing one May. He had to preach in Chester on the Sunday, and I in my own church at Almondbury, but he wanted to start early on the Monday, so I went by night and met him at Chester, and we went on together; both of us in our Sunday garb—not at all in holiday clothes. We got to Pensarn Station at about one o'clock, but the cart for the luggage had not come to meet us. The Bishop would not wait, and proposed to me to walk on, which we did. When we got to the inn at Llanbedr, the cart was only just starting for the station, so there was no chance of our getting our luggage and being able to change our attire for some time. It was a glorious day, and the Bishop insisted on starting off, just as we were, for an afternoon on the hills. When we got about four miles up, scrambling and climbing, regardless of silk hats and long coats, he clambered to the top of the wall, and literally shouted for joy at the sunshine and the glory of the view. I shall never forget him standing on that wall in gaiters and apron and shovel hat, shouting with

delight. It was like a schoolboy after long hours at the desk, and I think that is just what he felt. He had had a long hard winter, and this was his first breath of spring holiday."

While speaking of the Bishop's social life it would not be just to omit a matter which has been frequently criticised. He seemed sometimes to lose the proper proportion of things when scheming out his time. There were many wealthy laity in his diocese who would have enjoyed (as some did from time to time) showing him hospitality. The Bishop felt that staying away from home for a night lost him much valuable time the next morning, and for this reason declined most invitations to do so. It is probable that the increased knowledge of the laity of the district, and the opportunities of putting before them the needs of the Church, which he would have gained by more frequent visits to their homes, would have proved of more value than appeared to him at the time. His influence would probably have been even greater than it was, and his Appeal Fund would probably have received even greater support.

But there must always be special difficulty in dealing fairly and impartially with the social as well as the private or home life of any one on the part of those closely related to him. A most valuable paper has been supplied by the Rev. W. J. W. Marrow, for four years Domestic Chaplain to the Bishop, and this sketch of Dr. Walsham How as he appeared to one who, without being bound to him by ties of relationship, had such ample opportunities of observing him, will greatly assist in obtaining a true picture of the subject of this biography. Where Mr. Marrow has too closely covered ground already occupied, passages have been omitted; otherwise his paper is given *verbatim*.

RECOLLECTIONS OF BISHOP WALSHAM HOW OF WAKEFIELD.

"From November 1890 to the end of 1894 I knew the Bishop intimately; but long before this period he had seemed a familiar personality. In the years 1880–1881 I heard much of his work and character; at Wells Theological College he was constantly referred to as having been the model parish priest of Whittington in Shropshire, and as being the perfection of a hard-working devoted Bishop in East London.

"I remember so well the enthusiasm he caused at Wells on the occasion of a Triennial Festival, when he came from London to preach the sermon, and was one of the speakers at the dinner afterwards. The Wells men were carried away by his sermon, his speech, and by the wonderful attraction of his personality; other speakers at that gathering seemed to feel and realise the attractiveness I speak of, and one of them, I think it was the then Vicar of St. Mary's, Redcliffe, tried to counteract the effect of the Bishop's appeal for workers, by reminding Wells men that there were other places needing their help besides East London, and by urging the claims of such places as Bristol on their youthful energies; in spite of this, I think East London had it.

"My more intimate knowledge of the Bishop began in November 1890, when he was living at Overthorpe, near Dewsbury, while the See house was being planned and built at Wakefield. The Bishop was alone on the day of my arrival, and the impression he made on me the first evening of my residence with him as Chaplain never wore away. His genuine and hearty welcome made one at home directly; there was a feeling of friendliness and confidence established at once, and one was impressed by the complete absence of affectation, or anything approaching 'official side'; it was evident one had to deal with a man who was absolutely straight and real; one who would trust you completely, and expected to be trusted. I used to think sometimes that the Bishop had this characteristic of freedom from formality in excess, and I fancied it did not answer with every one. Some natures, prone to conceit and self-approval, would take advantage of the Bishop's simplicity, and err on the side of familiarity in their

dealings with him, and take liberties both in behaviour and conversation which were most unwarranted. But this characteristic no doubt arose from what was the foundation of the Bishop's nature—absolute self-forgetfulness and unselfishness. In his dealings with his Chaplain day after day this became not less, but more and more, apparent. Although the Bishop wrote by far the larger number of his letters himself, he was always anxious not to overburden his secretary, and, if there were a few more letters than usual, he would always express his regret, and almost apologise for giving him so much to do; while all the time he was himself undertaking an extra share of the writing in order to save his secretary as far as possible.

"His method of working was most regular and thoroughly organised: after an eight-o'clock breakfast and morning prayers, he went into his own room, and began the work of looking through his letters—always a heavy task. All that required any care, or raised any difficult point, he answered with his own hand, and the most important were copied by his Chaplain; about ten o'clock the Bishop had sufficiently sorted his correspondence, and then called his Chaplain into his room, and half a dozen letters were lying ready with a brief note of the answer required written across the top corner: 'Yes,' 'No,' 'With pleasure,' &c., or the date and time of arrival for keeping some appointment. On going into his room the Bishop generally said, 'There are some letters to write—tell me about them as they come in their order;' a few words from each would remind him of their contents, and he would rapidly dictate a reply, going on immediately with his own writing, and resuming the dictation when one was ready. This faculty of keeping practically two letters going at once was certainly a special and remarkable gift. I think that he almost enjoyed letter-writing, because by his long practice and very ready command of expression he did it so easily and so well. Day after day he would write for hours, and always apparently with the same ready flow of words from his pen, writing as a rule clearly, and with a firm, well-defined hand, always, too, sitting in a very characteristic way—the picture of painstaking energy. He never lounged on the table, but sat upright, just resting his hands on the paper, using what would be to most people a most tiring position. The Bishop's character of keen, restless energy came out very strongly

in this question of position; he never seemed to tire of standing or walking, and, when he sat down, he avoided easy chairs, and never lounged. I could not imagine him lying on a sofa for a few moments' repose, for even when he was tired out, and dropped asleep in the evening, it was generally sitting on a straight-backed chair, and never for very long together.

"As might be expected, his own life was arranged and planned in an orderly way. His punctuality and love of being in good time for things enabled him to get through an immense amount of work with little friction. By not putting off, and by arranging everything beforehand, his engagements fitted in together, and much time was economised.

"One felt as one listened to his sermons, and perhaps especially to his addresses to clergy and candidates for Ordination, that what he tried to impress upon them by his words he did even more thoroughly by his life. This truth, of course, gave a living force to his words which nothing else could do. It was, I think, this reality which made him so attractive to young men: they seemed to love him at once, and he could inspire them with a love of his own high ideals in a way few men can; one felt when in his presence, and under his influence, how mean and despicable were all things low and bad; how noble and attractive all things high and good.

"In the midst of all his busy day I know the Bishop found, or rather made, quiet hours for private devotional reading and prayer. These he never allowed to be altered. He liked to walk down to church or cathedral for an early Communion quite alone, in order that his thoughts might not be disturbed or distracted by the necessity of ordinary conversation. He would devote a fixed time in the middle of the day to prayer and reading, and the strength and refreshment of all this was very apparent in his life. One could not live with him very long without feeling inspired by his wonderful unselfishness and humility, the strength and power he gathered for himself spreading round and infecting others.

"I think this impetuous energy made the Bishop impatient of delay; it urged him to get things done and finished with, and perhaps led him to decide things too hastily; but it also enabled him to throw off worries and disappointments—he did not look back, but was always looking forward—and, by not dwelling on

past anxieties he was better able to face coming ones, and to deal with them 'strongly.'

"To have lived with such a man has been a great privilege and a great happiness, and in a hundred ways, direct and indirect, a training and an education.

"The Bishop, like other great and good men, had no doubt many sides to his character, but the ones that most attracted one's attention were his keen energy, his complete absence of anything approaching conceit, and, above all, perhaps, his unselfish affectionateness and love."

CHAPTER XX

WAKEFIELD—HIS RELATIONS WITH THE CLERGY, ETC.

MUCH was said in a previous chapter about Bishop Walsham How's anxiety to know and be known by the clergy of East London. It is not, therefore, surprising to find that on taking possession of a diocese of his own, he set this same object—making personal friends of his fellow workers—in the forefront of his desires.

Just as he always felt the vast importance of getting to know the children in his old Shropshire parish, so that they might learn to know, and, it might be, love him from their earliest days, so he was anxious, when he came to Wakefield, to do what he could to draw the younger men to him, especially those who came up for Ordination. In reference to this, it is interesting to note that he made a practice of going once a week to read Greek Testament with the junior clergy at the Cathedral Clergy House.

When the diocese was in its infancy he determined to set out all the Ordination arrangements on the best possible lines. He felt how much depended upon it, and he looked back, as did many men of his generation, to the lack of any kind of spiritual help during the Ember days at the time of his own Ordination, when the examination was held on the days immediately before. He arranged to hold four Ordinations in the year, so as to avoid large

numbers, which interfere with the individual dealing with the candidates, and so as to prevent inconvenience to incumbents. The examination in each case was to take place six weeks before the Ordination, so that the candidates might be free from all anxiety on that score in good time and might have a quiet interval for devotional and spiritual preparation. He printed a letter of advice on the best manner of spending this time.

Some details of the routine of the days preceding the actual Ordination, when the candidates were always resident at Bishopgarth, may be worth quoting, inasmuch as the Wakefield Ember days have been taken as a model in other dioceses more than once since the Bishop arranged them.

He had four examining Chaplains, Canon Whitaker (afterwards replaced by Rev. A. J. Robinson), Archdeacon Brooke, Rev. W. O. Burrows, and Rev. W. F. Norris, one being "on duty" at each Ember season, and at the *same* Ember season in each year, so that usually an examining Chaplain would have to do with the same men as deacons one year and priests the next.

The days were mapped out thus:

Wednesday.—The men arrived, and the Bishop addressed them at Compline.

Thursday.—Papers on doctrinal and practical subjects. Address given by the Chaplain in the morning and the Bishop in the evening.

Friday.—Latterly, this day was observed as a "Quiet Day"—the addresses being generally given by the preacher of the Ordination sermon.

Saturday.—Interviews with candidates. Legal business, &c. Addresses as on Thursday.

Holy Communion was celebrated each morning.

The Rev. W. F. Norris writing about these seasons says:

"Two things stand out as one looks back on these Ember days and all the Ordination work at Bishopgarth during the last ten years. First, the method and orderliness of all the arrangements, and this was for the most part due to the Bishop's scrupulous punctuality and regularity. [In these arrangements he was greatly assisted by his domestic Chaplain, who was responsible for the candidates knowing exactly what they were expected to do.]

"Secondly, the extreme simplicity of the Bishop's addresses and charges to the Ordination candidates. I have before me now my own notes of his addresses at his first Ember week in the diocese (May 23–27, 1888). The subjects are 'Holy Communion,' 'Devotional Reading,' 'Conduct of Services,' and I remember well how, when speaking of devotional reading, he told us how difficult he himself found it to practise 'meditation.' He put himself always on a level with those he was addressing, and laid bare his own difficulties so humbly and so honestly that every one who listened felt 'Here is one who can sympathise with me.' In his personal dealing with the men it was the same; it was, I think, natural to him, and no effort at all (as it is to most people), to put himself in the position of the person he was talking to. Many a man who was ordained by him has said during the last few months, 'When the old Bishop died I lost my best friend.' That feeling of friendship was firmly planted during the Ember days, and every man who passed through the Bishop's hands at these times went out with the feeling that his Bishop was indeed a Father in God to him.

"It seems almost profane, and certainly presumptuous, to put it into words, but we sometimes felt that he allowed his honesty to carry his humility too far, for there really was a danger of men feeling, 'Well, if even the Bishop fails in this or that, I need not be too much concerned at my own failures.' I know that this sometimes *was* the effect on the minds of men who were inclined to be easy with themselves.

"He never gave a regular 'charge' of the old-fashioned kind on the eve of Ordination. His addresses at such times were always on some such subjects as I have mentioned, or on the

'Spiritual Life,' or 'Hindrances,' or on some particular grace, as 'Love,' 'Faith,' &c. In fact, his addresses, elementary as they sounded, were generally on foundation principles rather than on any details of the clerical life. In his Ember addresses he only brought in details by way of illustration.

"Then, again, one cannot help recalling his inclination to think *the best* of men. I remember in one or two cases of unsatisfactory candidates how he would leave no stone unturned to show that they were really less unsatisfactory than appeared at first sight. He would send his Chaplain not merely for the testimonials and official papers, but for every letter that had reference to the case, and would set himself to establish the man's excellence, if it could by any means be done. He disliked refusing any man who seemed good and in earnest; and when the examiners' marks were brought to him, he would often discover most ingenious reasons why such a man—who had failed perhaps in one or two papers—should be treated as an exception, and let through.

"His capacity for work was always enormous, and this came out forcibly in Ember weeks. He would generally go back into his study when the rest of us went to bed, and look over a pile of papers, making his comments upon them, and setting them in order for his interviews next day. He always expected other people to work as he did, and I remember well my consternation one night when, just before twelve o'clock, as I was gathering my papers together thinking I had finished for the night, he put his head in at my door and threw me a bundle of deacons' examination papers, asking me to look them over before I turned in and have them ready for him in the morning. He did not know what it was to be tired, and once, when towards the end of a particularly hard day, one of his Chaplains said, 'My Lord, here is a big armchair doing nothing,' in the hope that he would rest, he turned sharply round and said, 'Why don't you sit in it, then!'

"But perhaps the most delightful recollection I have of the Ember days is the memory of those little excursions round the garden in the odd few minutes before luncheon or chapel, or between interviews. The Bishop could not bear any waste of time, and, if there were an unexpected few minutes between engagements, he positively fidgeted with anxiety to fill them up. And so it happened that he would many a time take one of us by

the arm and say, 'Come out into the garden: we've got a few minutes, and I want to show you a little plant I got from —— the other day.' Then out he would go telling us little things of botanical interest, little peculiarities of this flower or that, where he got it from, or where he meant to put it next year, and so on; and gradually he would gravitate towards the greenhouse, which always drew him like a magnet.

"The fascination of these little interludes lay, I think, to a large extent in the fact that they occupied him for the moment so *entirely*. No matter how deep the work which he had just left, no matter how important, or how troublesome, the work he was going back to, he threw his whole soul into the garden and the flowers, and the thoughts they suggested at the moment."

During the Ember days, while the candidates were preparing at Bishopgarth for Ordination, his examining Chaplains had on several occasions to consult him on the subject of Confession and Absolution, which would be treated in various ways in the examination papers. On this point he was always perfectly clear. He maintained the authority committed to the priest, and used the old illustration of the Queen's messenger conveying the royal pardon to a criminal recommended to mercy. He believed in private confession in exceptional cases, and probably heard many such confessions himself when conducting missions. In the case of Ordination candidates he never discouraged it, and on the other hand never pressed it upon them.

Some notes of his are in existence on the subject of Absolution, and in them he sets forth that absolution by a priest is founded on the words, "whose sins ye remit," &c., and goes on to show that it primarily existed as a part of Church discipline, and secondly was used to convey the formal assurance of God's pardon. He then points out the dangers (1) of asserting that God's actual forgiveness

waits upon, or is withheld until, the priestly declaration, (2) of teaching that sin is not (ordinarily) pardoned without priestly absolution. He concludes by pointing out that the analogy of the exhortation in the Communion service would teach that its special blessing is for those who cannot otherwise grasp God's pardon through Christ, it thus being for "comfort and assurance."

In the course of the examination of candidates the Bishop from time to time met with answers which greatly amused him. Some of these he has left on record, and as (unlike many such stories) their truth is thus vouched for by him, it may be interesting to insert two or three here.

In one examination a number of words were given to be explained, and among them was "Cherub." One man wrote, "A cherub is an infant angel, who died before baptism, and will undoubtedly be saved."

Another candidate in writing out the Nicene Creed said, "I believe in all things, visible and invisible," which the Bishop described as showing "a magnificent grasp of faith."

In a paper on practical subjects set in the September examination, 1894, one of the questions asked was, "What rules for almsgiving would you recommend?" One of the candidates advised a plan he had seen of having about six boxes in the house, and sending them round at meals for various societies according to the viands on the table. Thus, during the fish course, the box for the Deep Sea Fisheries would be sent round, and when pineapples were being eaten that for the S.P.G. It can easily be imagined how these, and such-like answers, were enjoyed by one endowed with such a keen sense of humour as was Bishop Walsham How.

In the early days of the diocese many men were attracted by the wish to work under him, just as had been the case in East London. The difficulty was to find places for them, and in some cases this proved insuperable, and good men had to be refused. The Bishop felt strongly as to the importance of the choice of an incumbent under whom a young man was to work. He considered it a bad start, and an unfair thing, to send a man to a parish where there was not daily service and at least a weekly celebration. It is important to notice this, because, a bishop being equally anxious to help and befriend those incumbents in his diocese who do not come up to this standard, and besides, finding it far more difficult to deal with sins of omission than those of commission, people in general may hardly be aware of the importance attached to such matters. Bishop Walsham How, at all events, felt most strongly about them. Such things are not properly "party questions," but simply relate to the proper supply of services.

Besides the weekly celebrations and daily services he was also careful to inculcate the necessity of proper services on the great festivals and fasts. It was a grief to him that during the first few years of his work in the Wakefield Diocese there was an insufficient (as he considered) supply of services in the Cathedral on Good Friday, and this though he offered to conduct additional ones himself.

The Rev. W. F. Norris tells a little story about a Good Friday which the Bishop spent at Almondbury. It seems that he had promised to take a midday service at Huddersfield Parish Church on that day, but for some reason the idea was given up, and he wrote to Mr. Norris and said he would go to Almondbury and sit in

the congregation during the Three-hours service, which was to be conducted by one of the parochial clergy. On hearing this Mr. Norris wrote and pressed the Bishop to take the service. This he at first absolutely declined to do. On further pressure, and on its being represented to him how greatly it might help the congregation, he consented, but said, "To tell the truth I have never given the Three-hours addresses in my life, and I shrink from doing it a good deal." It was a striking example of his humility to shrink thus from a task which many a young clergyman undertakes without a misgiving. "Needless to add," says Mr. Norris, "that day stands out amongst all our Good Fridays, as one looks back over the past years."

It has been already clearly shown that the Bishop never attached himself to any party, but he was ever urgent in insisting upon frequent and reverent services. On this subject the Rev. W. F. Norris writes:

"He never cared about much ritual; it did not appeal to him. The 'Points' to him were mere externals of secondary importance, and I do not think that to the last he attached much importance even to the eastward position (though he always took it latterly). But at the same time he would always rather send a deacon to a parish where these things were attended to than to one where daily service was neglected. I remember once going with him to a certain institution where full ritual was practised. In the vestry of the chapel the Chaplain brought out a chasuble, &c., of gorgeous embroidery. The Bishop was busy putting on his robes. The Chaplain diffidently suggested, 'The vestment, my lord?' 'Oh! thank you,' said the Bishop; 'I'd much rather not!' and went on with his robing in a desperate hurry, as if he wanted to prevent any possibility of having to reconsider!

"On the other hand, he was *most* particular about the altar linen. To celebrate at a church where the vessels were put on the altar with no proper linen always tried him greatly. I have

heard him say very sharp things about carelessness in this matter. He considered it irreverent, and in many cases he himself made a present of a set of linen where a church was inadequately supplied. Where he had done so, he would generally make inquiries afterwards to know if it were used, and properly kept.

"In all these things he had the mind, exactly, of the English Church: great reverence, a strong feeling that all should be dignified and in order, a horror of slovenliness, but a shyness about much ceremony, or excessive ritual, or anything which could develop into fussiness."

Speaking of his dealings with his clergy in these matters brings to mind his action with regard to the Lincoln judgment.

He had great hopes (alas! unfounded) that this judgment would be accepted on all sides, and be the beginning of a closer agreement upon questions of ritual. With this in his mind he wrote to each Rural Dean a letter, desiring him to let every clergyman in his deanery have a copy. This letter, it will be seen, was written before the terms of the judgment were known.

"OVERTHORPE, THORNHILL, DEWSBURY, *May* 14, 1890.

"MY DEAR ——,

"I am anxious to write to you as Rural Dean with regard to the impending judgment of the Archbishop of Canterbury and his assessors in the case of the Bishop of Lincoln. It is possible that some of the clergy in your rural deanery may wish to know their Bishop's opinion with regard to the duty of compliance with the judgment in the case referred to, when that judgment is pronounced. I desire therefore to record my opinion, and to state quite plainly, that I think it is the duty of the clergy to comply with the terms of the forthcoming judgment. Of course I am not asserting that such judgment will possess legal

force in the Province of York. But I think it ought to carry the greatest moral weight, especially with those who have felt such strong objections to the courts which have hitherto dealt with ritual cases, and have expressed so strong a wish for a purely spiritual court. I would earnestly entreat any clergy who may find their own practice condemned by the judgment which may be shortly expected to sacrifice their own wishes in such matters, and to yield a willing obedience to what may be declared to be the law by the spiritual court called upon to decide the matters brought before it. I am quite sure that the example of simple obedience, involving, as it may, some little sacrifice of personal feeling, will be far more valuable than the retention of any practice, however in itself harmless or edifying, in matters which are acknowledged to be non-essential.

"Believe me to be,

"Yours very sincerely,

"WM. WALSHAM WAKEFIELD."

By this letter the Bishop meant to express his own personal feeling, and not to give an episcopal order. Some seem to have taken it in this latter sense, and he is said to have explained that when he described compliance with the judgment as "the duty of the clergy," he did not thereby lay upon them his absolute commands.

When asked to do so, he was ready to give plain directions as to what he thought right: thus the Rev. W. F. Norris says:

"After the Lincoln judgment he directed me to place water *in the chalice* before the service, and to pour in wine only during the service; thus preserving the 'mixed chalice,' without the ceremonial mixing. I know that on this point he had consulted

Archbishop Benson before the judgment, and had found that that was the course which he approved."

The Bishop was on one occasion made unhappy by a charge being brought against him by some of the more "advanced" among his clergy of attacking them! In his visitation charge of April 1894 he had chosen the subject of "The Spiritual and Devotional Aspects of Holy Communion," he having from time to time been conscious of an apparent lack of reverence and devotion in churches which he had visited. After speaking of the dangers of a lack of devoutness, he went on strongly to deprecate the habit of non-communicating attendance, pointing out how completely the Bible and the Prayer-book link the blessing with the actual reception. He further urged the spirituality of the Real Presence in the Sacrament, and expressed his dislike of expressions which defined and localised the same. To this charge some of his closest personal friends in the diocese took exception, and wrote several letters to him which caused him much pain.

[*To* Rev. H. W. How.]

"*May* 2, 1894.

"DEAREST HARRY,

"I am rather miserable to-day, having this morning received a long and very severe letter from dear —— condemning my charge. It is hard to answer briefly, and I must take a day or two to think it over, but I am sure he, and those he speaks of as joining with himself, have taken a very wrong view of my meaning. They think I am attacking them! And, even if not, they say I am so understood. I do trust I have not said things which could be justly so construed.

"Your loving Father,

"W. W. W."

It seems extraordinary that *any* of his clergy, and especially some who knew him well, should have imagined that he meant any personal attack. The fact was that in the Diocese of Wakefield the most urgent work had to be directed towards improving and correcting the slovenliness and neglect which had prevailed in so many parishes. Seeing the Bishop's zeal in this direction some of the more ritualistic among his clergy failed, perhaps, to understand his position as a Churchman, and fancied that, because he honoured and helped their work, he also approved their views. It may, therefore, have been more or less of a shock to them to hear a careful statement of his opinions—opinions which he consistently held all through his life. Among his papers have been found several letters—from the Bishop of Southwell (Dr. Ridding) and others—thanking him warmly for this very charge.

As might have been expected, Bishop Walsham How pursued much the same course in his endeavours to know his clergy personally as he had followed in East London. Not content with entertaining them at his house so far as was possible, he visited them continually in their parishes. As a rule he went by train, partly because he found it easier to read in the train than in his carriage—and it was on his journeys that he found time for most of his lighter literature—*e.g.*, the *Spectator*, of which he was particularly fond—and partly because he shrank from putting his clergy to the expense of entertaining his coachman as well as himself. He had a great dislike, too, to the "pomp" of a pair of horses, &c., and only on very dark nights, or under pressure of those who thought some long drive safer with two men-servants, would he consent to take a footman also. On one

occasion his modesty in this matter was the cause of great disappointment. He was going to preach to the inmates of a large workhouse in his diocese, and, as it was not more than two or three miles away, he was to drive. He expressed great sympathy with the poor folk he was to visit, and declared that he had not the heart to drive up in his carriage and pair. He consequently borrowed his daughter-in-law's pony-cart, and drove himself up to the workhouse. On his arrival he found every window filled with expectant faces; one of the great events of the day was to see the Bishop arrive, and great was the disappointment when all that was to be witnessed was an old gentleman driving up in a pony-cart!

One of his friends, writing about his intercourse with the clergy, says:

"His general dealings with his clergy may be summed up in a very few words. He was a personal friend and a *close* personal friend of every one of them.

"I go about a good deal, and of course men speak much to me about the Bishop. It is most striking and most touching to hear one after another say the same thing, 'Well, I have lost my best friend.' His clergy loved him and trusted him.

"They could always go to him, and he would see them at any time on the most trivial matter. This had its disadvantages: it is possible for a Bishop to be too accessible, and the result sometimes was that the purely personal view of a difficult question became so prominent that impartial judgment, or at least impartial action, became more difficult than it need have been.

"He was always thinking about his clergy, always scheming for them, always trying to help them. He discouraged any talk about any of them that was uncharitable, or in any way detrimental. He would sharply snub an ill-natured story, or at once make an excuse for a man if any weak action were criticised. He tried, in fact, always to see what was good, and to shut his eyes to what was bad.

"He would always go to his clergy; he was constantly in and out, up and down his diocese; until 'The Bishop is coming to preach' became a periodical matter of course, instead of an isolated event as in days of yore."

Besides doing this himself, he was always sending his domestic Chaplain to help any clergy who were ill or needed a rest. He disliked taking a Chaplain about with him, partly on the score of adding to the amount of entertaining which it would necessitate on the part of the clergy, but largely because it worried him to know that any one in the church had heard the sermon or address he was delivering before. Every Sunday, and often in the week, his Chaplain for the time being was busy about the diocese, and many a hard-worked clergyman will remember with gratitude the help he received from Mr. Pott, Mr. Marrow, or Mr. Cholmeley. This practice was, of course, also of considerable use in helping to keep the Bishop in touch with the work going on in the various parishes. Among the clergy of the diocese, in whom and in whose work he felt special interest, mention must be made of the aged Canon John Sharp, Vicar of Horbury. The Bishop was always anxious to do anything that lay in his power to show his sympathy with the Horbury House of Mercy, and the Sisters of that establishment presented him with a portion of the work for his private chapel. To the poor girls, inmates of this Home, he was well known. After his death one of them, in speaking of him, said: "Nobody but him ever called us his dear children." One special bond of sympathy between Canon Sharp and his Bishop was the fondness of each of them for sonnet-writing, and from time to time—on their respective birthdays and such-like opportunities—greetings in this form were very generally exchanged.

But it was not by any means with the clergy alone that Bishop Walsham How made friends. Much has been said in another chapter about his delight in gathering children round him, and he made friends with all those whom he saw in the houses where he visited. He cared greatly for the lambs of his flock. Naturally enough he was specially anxious about those brought to him for Confirmation. More than one child in his old diocese mourns his loss in a special degree, inasmuch as he or she had looked forward to being confirmed by him. He was exceedingly particular as to everything being carried out on these occasions in the most orderly way, and greatly annoyed when his instructions as to the manner in which the candidates were to be presented to him were misunderstood or ignored. In 1888 he put out a letter to be read by the clergy in giving notice of a Confirmation. In this letter the following passage occurred:

"We must not think of Confirmation as no more than the renewal of our baptismal vows and the dedication of ourselves to God's service. It is this; but it is more than this."

A few years later he withdrew this and issued another, explaining to one of his Chaplains that he did so on the ground that he did not consider that it was quite strictly true to say "it is this." He insisted strongly in his Confirmation charges on the gift of the Holy Spirit bestowed in the rite, and seems to have considered that the renewal of the baptismal vow was preliminary to and not an essential part of the ceremony.

He had a strong body of Lay Readers in the diocese, whom he always admitted to the office himself. These

good laymen were under the charge of the Diocesan Chaplain—a clergyman whose duties were distinct from those of the domestic Chaplain, and who gave addresses, &c., and worked generally about the diocese, under the direct orders of the Bishop.

Wherever he went he tried to see what he could of the people. One of his clergy writes:

"He would sometimes offer to go and see any specially anxious case of sickness in one's parish, and I have several times been with him on such visits here. It did great good to us all. I have known a sick man long afterwards, when he was getting very feeble and in great pain, comfort himself with the memory of such a visit.

"The Bishop on such occasions invariably did, what so few of us have the courage to do, and said audibly, 'Peace be to this house and to all that dwell in it,' as he crossed the threshold. [This was simply carrying on his old habit when Rector of Whittington.] The people loved to see him going up and down amongst them; and many a time have I heard an enthusiastic 'E-e-e-eh! he is a grand old gentleman, is our Beeshop!'"

The officials and porters on the railway grew very familiar with the sight of him, and many a chat he had with one and another of them as he waited at the stations. One of these men, after the Bishop's death, made a request for some little book of his to be kept in remembrance of him.

He delighted in the Yorkshiremen's readiness to talk, and, what some people might have taken for impertinence, he accepted as friendliness, if somewhat roughly expressed. For instance, on his return home one night, after preaching in an out-of-the-way part of the diocese, he told with great delight how a working man put his head in at the railway-carriage window and said: "We like you very well: you can coom again!" No doubt his strong sense

of humour added piquancy to his appreciation of the people among whom his last years was spent. It was in the vestry of Almondbury Church that the verger came up to him on one of his first visits, and said, "A've put a platform in t'pulpit for yow; yow'll excuse me, but a little man looks as if he was in a toob!"

His store of Yorkshire stories grew rapidly, few weeks passing without some amusing experience or some tale told him on his journeys.

On one occasion he had held a Confirmation at West Vale, near Halifax, and among the candidates was an old woman. The ordeal was almost too much for the poor old body, for after the service she said to the clergyman's wife, "A turned sick three times, but a banged through!"

The strangely casual arrangements as to services, &c., in some of the parishes in the diocese were such as often to sadden the Bishop, but his eye would twinkle with amusement as he told how a lady went to a neighbouring church one Sunday for Holy Communion, but was disappointed at finding none. Coming away she told the verger that she thought it was the right Sunday for it. "Oh! yes, ma'am," said the verger, "it is the Sunday for it, but we had the 'Dead March' instead." It turned out that an important parishioner had lately died.

Another story, told him by a clergyman in the Wakefield Diocese, showed how much need there was of some change from the old and more slovenly methods. This clergyman introduced an early celebration of the Holy Communion, which had hitherto been unknown. An old clerk collected the alms, and, when he brought it up to the clergyman, said, "There's eight on 'em, but two 'asn't paid."

A story, to which there was no amusing side, and which

it is difficult to believe in these days, is that of Bishop Walsham How and his family on the first Christmas Day they spent in Wakefield being obliged to walk out to one of the district churches, there being no early service in the Cathedral.

In the course of the burden of his correspondence there often came letters which called up a smile and lightened the load. There were the usual number from insane persons, which are received by all public men, but which were more numerous in the Bishop of Wakefield's case by reason of his habit of corresponding with many of these afflicted people. Being expostulated with on increasing his work by doing so, he replied, "Well, I don't fancy many people write to them, poor things, and perhaps it gives them a little pleasure." It was very like him to do this kindness towards those whom many people would have considered unable to appreciate it. It was like him, too, to enjoy to the full the unconscious fun of many of the letters he thus received.

Of absolutely sane letters the following is a wonderful example of real sense hidden in a mass of verbiage. The letter is perfectly logical and correct, but requires some attention in reading in order to gather its meaning:

[*Letter received by the Bishop of Wakefield, Feb.* 10, 1890.]

"MAY it please your Lordship,

"To inform me, my Lord, wether I have a Legal Right to a Grave, or not, supposing my Granfather of my Mother's side, my Lordship, and the said Granfather had no son, and my mother was the eldest daughter, and I am my mother's Oldest Child and only Son, my Lordship, who would, become in possession of the said Grave, my Lordship, supposing my Father, loeses my Mother, my Lordship, has he a Legal Right to bury my Mother, in the said Grave if it is not left, in the aforesaid,—Granfather's Will, my Lordship, hasn't the aforesaid Granfather's Granson

the Legal Right of the said Grave, my Lordship, has a Son-in-law, a Legal Right, before a Granson, to the said Grave, my Lordship, has my sister a Legal Right, to have my Father buryed in the said Grave, my Lordship, without the concent of her Brother, my Lordship, is that Grave invested with Vicar's Right's, so that no one can interfear with the said Grave, my Lordship, the said Grave has a Head Stone on it and there was a certain amount of Fee's to be paid, before, the said Vicar allows the said stone to be put over the Grave, my Lordship, would not that Grave devolve and become Freehold Property, my Lordship, may it please your Grace to send me a reply

"from yours truly

■ ——"

The Bishop's secretary interpreted the letter, and the anxious inquirer got his reply.

Among the many means used by the first Bishop of Wakefield to spread a knowledge of himself and of his work among the inhabitants of the diocese at large were (1) the holding of Ordinations from time to time in some of the larger churches, and (2) the public institution of incumbents to their parishes.

Of this latter practice be made a great point, invariably being present himself and preaching the sermon on the occasion. He considered this of use in two ways. In the first place, where the induction (as distinguished from the institution) is the sole public function witnessed by the parishioners, it follows that they attach chief importance to the fact that the new incumbent has taken possession of the temporalities connected with the living. The really greatest matter—viz., the giving over by the Bishop of the spiritual charge of the parish—is not likely to impress the parishioners when it takes place in the privacy of the Bishop's study. Bishop Walsham How was anxious to show clearly that the institution was more

important than the induction, and therefore he invariably instituted publicly in the parish church.

In the second place, where a new vicar is appointed, it is frequently necessary that certain changes in the services, &c., should be made. It was found a great help to have these things suggested by the Bishop in the course of his sermon at the institution, and more than once, when some alteration has been afterwards made, a parishioner, who might have otherwise been unduly critical, has said, "Oh! it's all right; the Bishop said so."

Writing about one of these services he says:

"The form of institution and induction which I always use is published at one penny by Messrs. Wells, Gardner and Co. The service should undoubtedly be in the evening, when most people can attend. As to hymns, any Ember hymns would be appropriate."

As an example of the kind of sermon Bishop Walsham How was in the habit of preaching at an institution the following will serve admirably.

He began by speaking to the assembled parishioners, introducing to them their new pastor, impressing upon them the strange importance of such a day, and urging them to consider how much would depend upon themselves as to whether that day should eventuate in blessing or in loss to the parish. After explaining the position of the society of Christ's Church on earth, he turned to the new vicar, and proceeded: "And now, my son, I must speak to you who are coming here to superintend the work of the kingdom of God in this part of His inheritance. I must speak to you a few words of loving fatherly counsel before your people, because I want to enlist their

interest in you; I want to plead with them to hold up your hands by their prayers and by their sympathy. . . . Here is a new sphere of work opened out before you, and I know you enter upon it with a longing desire to do God's will. . . . Speak in Christ's name, set Christ before your people, as their Saviour, their Redeemer, as the Great Eternal Sacrifice, who died for them, as their Example, leading them to follow His steps. And, oh! my son, if you would lead this flock you must go first. The good shepherd goeth before the flock.

* * * * *

"And let me now say something about the worship in this House of God. I long that this place should be a place of prayer for all the people; I long that His strength shall permit the services in this church to be multiplied. I cannot be content to see any church shut up on the week-days. I know that you are a busy people —to turn to you once more. I know that few can gather together on a week-day to worship God. Yet, is it not a blessed thing to know that the church door is open, and that offerings of prayer are evermore going up from the sanctuary in the midst of the people? I trust it may be so here. . . .

"And, above all, O my son, I hope that God may strengthen you to lead many souls to Christ through that blessed Sacrament of His dying love. . . .

"Here you will worship, here you will speak for God. Outside you will have your parish visits, your sick to attend to, the many instrumentalities of the parish to care for, the schools especially to tend and watch over. Who is sufficient for these things? Yes, unless God strengthen you, you will fail. But God will strengthen you, my brother, and give you that grace and power which you need."

It will be seen from this extract what sort of line the Bishop took in these institution sermons. Probably few things that he did in the diocese were more profitable. By himself publicly instituting an incumbent he taught the people what was expected of them, what they might expect from their pastor, what improvements might be made in their services, and, lastly, by publicly giving over the spiritual charge of the parish to the new incumbent, he taught them at least something of the office and duties of a Bishop.

If proof were needed of the hold he obtained on the affections of clergy and laity alike, it was supplied by the numbers of letters received by his friends after his death. The simple, unaffected grief contained in these letters was most touching. A vicar writing to Archdeacon Brooke said, "It is a bitter trouble here: we loved him so. I am broken-hearted about it. He was so good to us. But what a welcome there must have been above!"

One of the laity of the diocese expressed a very general feeling in the words:

"I cannot tell you the depth of my sorrow. . . . . Therein lies that subtle charm which real goodness of character inspires: I mean the *personal* loss which a removal such as his conveys to hundreds of hearts. 'His little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love' (as Wordsworth writes), sown broadcast during a long and active life, despite the world's hardness, bring a harvest of tender, grateful thoughts far and wide: fit tribute to our dear friend's memory.

"Did you know that he had remembered ——'s [the writer's little daughter] birthday, and sent her a book with his love inscribed?"

Neither of the writers of the above extracts were in any uncommon way intimate with the Bishop, though both

knew him well. They are chosen as typical exponents of the place he obtained in the hearts of the people of the Wakefield Diocese. Some of the methods he used to build up a real friendship between himself and them have been described. These were the stones of the building: they were cemented by the tenderness, the cheeriness, the never-failing sympathy of his bright and loving nature.

CHAPTER XXI

COLLIERY STRIKE, ETC.

AFTER having been Bishop of Wakefield for about eighteen months Dr. Walsham How went to live at Overthorpe in the parish of Thornhill. This house was on the top of a very steep hill, which had to be ascended to reach the house from the station. This might have hampered a less energetic man, but proved no obstacle to the Bishop's daily journeying about his diocese. In spite of his frequent visits to other parishes he made Overthorpe his home in a very real sense. He enjoyed the more or less countrified surroundings, and the capital gardens in which he delighted to walk and chat with one of his clergy who might have come to see him, or with some member of his family. Canon Grenside, Rector of Thornhill, who with his wife and children did much to make the Bishop's sojourn in his parish happy, records how on Sunday mornings, unless he was celebrating the Holy Communion elsewhere, the Bishop walked down at half-past seven to the parish church, and how at the Thursday morning celebrations he was still more regular, his engagements on that day being less frequent; and this he did although the half-mile walk back up a steepish hill would have tried many men of almost threescore years and ten at that early hour.

"He became," says Canon Grenside, "a familiar figure in the parish in which he was living. Although his interests in the diocese were so varied, and his engagements so numerous, he found time to make himself acquainted with many people in Thornhill, visiting especially the cottages that lay near to his house. This might have been expected of one who set so high a value on quiet, regular pastoral ministrations, but many men would have been quite content to discharge such laborious episcopal work as he set before himself without adding anything to it. But in his pleasures and recreations he found opportunities for little pastoral duties of this sort, and, if he indulged himself in a walk, he made friends by the way. Thus, always genial and accessible, he made many friends.

"To one who loved children as the Bishop did, the schools were naturally an object of interest, and he often looked in and spoke a few words to teachers and children. When possible, he was present at parochial entertainments, identifying himself in this way with the social life of the parish; and one Christmas he gave a supper and entertainment to a large number of the church-workers of Thornhill. By the clergy of the parish his kindness will ever be remembered."

By far the greater number of men living in Thornhill are colliers working in the two large pits situated in the village. After living between three and four years on such friendly terms with the inhabitants, it will be realised how severe a shock the Bishop received when he heard of the great colliery explosion in one of these pits, which occurred on July 4, 1893, less than three months after he had removed to his new house in Wakefield.

[*To his brother.*]

"BISHOPGARTH, WAKEFIELD, *July* 7, 1893.

"We can think of little but this terrible catastrophe at Thornhill. I was there most of Wednesday, the day after it happened. . . . The sight of thousands of men, women, and children, sitting in rows along the hill-side over-

looking the pit, and all in dead silence, waiting for news, which all believed could only be the worst, was one of the most affecting things you can imagine. In the evening, before I left, two men were brought up alive, and it was reported that others were seen breathing, so, although they had then counted sixty dead bodies, we began to have hopes that more might later on be found alive. But, as you would see from the papers, only nine were brought up alive of the 146, and one of these has since died. I visited some of the houses with Mr. Grenside (the Rector), and it was most piteous. The burying is to go on all day to-morrow, and I am going to be there to take my part in the sad work. Another of those brought up alive has died. So, of the 146 who went down the pit on Tuesday 139 are dead!"

[*To* Mrs. R. Ll. Kenyon.]

"*July* 16, 1893.

"On the Saturday, yesterday week, I was all afternoon helping in the sad task of burying the dead.

"There were ninety-two funerals in Thornhill Church alone that day, eighteen having been taken there the day before (110 in all, 29 being buried in neighbouring parishes). We had the funerals in batches of from three to five, I taking the Psalm and Lesson all the time in church, while four or five clergy were ready to go with the funerals from the church to the graves. The number of mourners was astonishing, three or four funerals quite filling the church. All was most quiet and orderly. The funerals were going on, in the way I have described, from one o'clock till half-past eight, but I did not stay to the end, having to go to an evening Confirmation. I shall never forget the solemnity of the day."

[*To his brother.*]

"BISHOPGARTH, WAKEFIELD, *July* 19, 1893.

"Is it not a happy thing to know that two young fellows aged seventeen and sixteen who were among the 139 who died in the colliery accident were 'waifs' [*i.e.*, had been provided for by the Church of England Society for providing Homes for Waifs and Strays, of which the Bishop was chairman], who have been living with a good woman, who for some years has been a regular mother to them? They had both been to their Communion the Sunday before, and one of them was found kneeling beside his truck of coal, and had written on the truck in chalk, 'Good-bye, mother dear.'"

During this year occurred the great colliery strike in the West Riding, and the Bishop's interest in the men was no doubt largely increased by the more intimate knowledge of them which he acquired by his residence at Thornhill. Before this arose there had already, in the spring of the year, been considerable trouble in another industry of the neighbourhood—viz., that of the glass-blowers. The Bishop did all that he possibly could to help to terminate this strike: he wrote to the Secretary of the Masters' Association as follows:

"BISHOPGARTH, WAKEFIELD, *March* 18, 1893.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I venture to write to you as Secretary to the Masters' Association in the Glass Bottle Industry, to express to you the pain with which I regard the prolonged struggle between the employers and the employed in their business. Since so much of the trade is carried on in my diocese, I hope I shall not be thought presumptuous in

addressing you, and expressing my earnest desire that some method should be found of terminating the disastrous dispute.

"I have no right and no qualifications to form an opinion upon the merits of the dispute, but I am sure that a prolongation of the strife must lead, not only to great suffering, but also to great bitterness and exasperation. It seems to me that arbitration is the natural and sensible way of terminating such disputes, and I venture to suggest to you, as I am also venturing to suggest to the Workmen's Association, that it would be a great blessing to the neighbourhood if the two Associations could agree upon some Board of Arbitration to settle their differences. It ought not to be difficult to agree upon some board which would possess the confidence of both parties, and ensure impartial treatment. I hope you will accept this appeal as the outcome of a sincere desire to see peace and goodwill restored between those whose interests must be to so large an extent identical.

"Believe me, my dear sir,

"Yours very faithfully,

"WM. WALSHAM WAKEFIELD."

In reply to this letter came the discouraging news that the men declined arbitration altogether. The Secretary of the Workmen's Association stated that the Bishop's suggestion had been brought before the whole body of the men, but that only twelve out of 1800 voted in favour of his proposal, their chief reason being that in their opinion no person apart from the trade could sufficiently understand its peculiarities, so as to be able to arrive at a conclusion which would give satisfaction to both parties.

This was no doubt a disappointment, but a greater one

awaited him in his effort to make peace in the great coal war which broke out immediately afterwards. The example of the Bishop of Durham (Dr. Westcott) had, no doubt, inspired him with the wish to be able to help in the matter. In a letter dated June 3, 1892, Bishop Walsham How refers to the addresses at the Devotional Day for Bishops being given by the Bishop of St. Albans, and says, "The Bishop of Durham was to have done it, but he had to throw it up, and was engaged in settling the strike. He has for some time been having the chief leaders of the men at Bishop Auckland, conferring with them, and told me he admired them greatly, finding them, even when mistaken, high principled, teachable, and unselfish."

The strike in the Wakefield neighbourhood assumed very serious dimensions, and rioting occurred at various points. A body of cavalry (Inniskilling Dragoons), under Colonel Pennefather, was stationed in Wakefield, as well as a portion of the Staffordshire Regiment, which latter was on one occasion obliged to fire on a dangerous mob at Featherstone, a circumstance which gave rise to the inquiry conducted at Wakefield by the late Lord Justice Bowen, Sir A. K. Rollit, M.P., and Mr. Haldane, Q.C., M.P., as commissioners.

The distress among the families of the miners became acute, and a Distress Committee was formed to administer relief. In order that this might work efficaciously, it was desirable that private individuals should not give food or money independently. The Bishop, however, could not resist the appeals of women, and more especially of little children, and for some time a quantity of food was distributed daily at Bishopgarth, in spite of the protest of the Chief Constable. One day, however, an end had to be put to this: the Bishop was away at the Birmingham

Church Congress, but his family were assembled at afternoon tea in the hall in the centre of the house. Suddenly a swing door leading to the back of the house was opened and a sound was heard like the rushing of the sea. One of the Bishop's sons, fearing what it might mean, ran quickly to the back door, and was just in time with the aid of the men servants to bar it against a threatening mob, which completely filled the yard, and was every minute increasing in numbers and in loud demands for food. A messenger was sent for police assistance, and, after every bit of food in the house had been distributed, the mob were gradually persuaded to disperse, the process taking the best part of an hour. It must be mentioned that the *bonâ-fide* miners who were present were well-behaved, the chief offenders being worthless idlers from the slums of Wakefield, who took advantage of the strike to pose as colliers out of work.

On hearing of what had occurred the Bishop wrote at once (though with some reluctance) to say that nothing more was to be given away at the house.

He had already written a letter of appeal to the miners, which appeared in several papers, but without effect. This was the letter :

"SIR,

"I am bold enough to want to say a word to the miners in the Wakefield Diocese, and to ask to say it through you. I daresay many of them will care very little what a Bishop says or thinks about them. Well, I will take my chance of that. I should be very silly if I were to give an opinion on the merits of the dispute with the coalowners, for I have no means of judging. All I can say is, that I think miners deserve the best wages that

can be given, and I never hear anybody say otherwise. What wages *can* be given I do not know. But one would like to sympathise with the men.

"In the great dockers' strike the riverside clergy in East London, and I with them, went heartily with the dockers, and did what we could for them. But what can we do now? I have constantly spoken in other parts of England in warm terms of the Yorkshire miners, but what can one say for those who wantonly destroy property, who terrorise a neighbourhood, and, above all, who would endanger innocent lives by setting trucks off on a line of railway? I know perfectly well that the best men are heartily ashamed of these things. Their best leaders have condemned such acts of violence. I want to honour and respect our miners. But how is it possible to do so till they have some respect for the rights of others, some power of self-command, and some idea of the great Christian rule—to do to others as they would others should do to them? Surely it is time to submit the dispute, before the bitterness is past healing, to arbitration. It is the natural and reasonable way of settling such matters. We are trying in international disputes to substitute arbitration for war. Do our miners really believe that war is better than arbitration?

"WM. WALSHAM WAKEFIELD."

This letter the Bishop followed up by three others, written respectively to Mr. Chambers, of the Coal Owners' Federation; to Mr. B. Pickard, M.P.; and to the Mayor of Sheffield, who, with other mayors, was trying to mediate. The purport of all three of these letters was to suggest that work should be resumed at the previous wages, with an agreement that, as prices fell, there should

be an equivalent reduction. The letter to Mr. Chambers concluded thus: "I do with all the earnestness of which I am capable beg the coalowners to make some offer which the miners can accept"; while in that to Mr. Pickard he begged him (Mr. Pickard) "not to counsel the miners to refuse some such method of ending the present heart-rending state of things."

To the *Review of the Churches* for December 1893 Bishop Walsham How contributed a paper on the coal war, which, in spite of his and many other people's endeavours, continued to rage fiercely. In the course of this contribution he justified the Church's concern in a conflict which, of necessity, involved all sorts of moral questions, but not her interference in the details of the dispute, although an individual might be allowed to suggest a way out of the difficulty, and especially to press Christian motives upon the combatants. "This," said the Bishop, "the Bishop of Durham did in a happy moment a little while ago with the best effect. This I have myself tried to do in the recent 'coal war,' but, alas! without effect. My proposal, made just before the meeting of the mayors at Sheffield, was the resumption of work by the miners on the full wages, but with an understanding, to be arranged in a conference of coalowners and miners, that upon prices lowering to a certain point the men should submit to some proportionate reduction in wages. The mayors made a somewhat similar suggestion, and it was a great grief to me and to many that the coalowners declined to accept the suggestion. . . . The Church must act like her Master. He refused to settle the dispute between two brothers as to a division of property. Yes; but He did not say it was no concern of His. On the contrary, He at once uttered His solemn

warning against the sin of covetousness. So with the Church. Surely she has her method to both employers and employed. I venture to repeat what I have said publicly in my own diocese as to the Church's duty. She cannot say to the employers, 'You can well afford to pay such and such wages'; but she *can* say, 'Give to your workmen that which is just and equal.' . . . Again, the Church cannot say to the miners, 'You ought to be content with such and such wages'; but she *can* say, 'You have no right to impute evil motives, and to say bitter, unchristian, uncharitable things. You, too, are bound to consider other interests—the interests of other trades, aye, even your employers' interests—and not merely to act on purely selfish motives.'

"Oh, how one longs to say to both masters and men, 'Sirs, ye are brethren.'"

This extract will serve to show the spirit in which the Bishop of Wakefield ventured to interpose in the great strife. His interposition was a failure, and was adversely criticised by many, but it was made in a manner and in a spirit in which he was surely justified in making it.

It will be seen from all this that he was keenly alive to the social as well as the ecclesiastical welfare of the inhabitants of his diocese, and was often prominent as a speaker or preacher on other than strictly religious subjects. Amongst other things he undertook to preach to the Co-operative Congress when it met at Dewsbury. His sermon came in the afternoon, those in the morning and evening being preached in Dissenting chapels. "I console myself," said the Bishop, "with the thought that the middle is the most nutritious part of a sandwich."

CHAPTER XXII

REFUSAL OF THE SEE OF DURHAM

On February 5th, 1890, when Dr. Walsham How had been less than two years Bishop of Wakefield, he received from Lord Salisbury the offer of the Bishopric of Durham, the last of the many offers of preferment made to him.

The following was the Bishop's reply :

"Overthorpe, Thornhill, Dewsbury, *Feb.* 5, 1890.

"My dear Lord,

"I am deeply grateful, though somewhat dismayed, by the offer conveyed in your Lordship's letter of yesterday's date. At first sight there seems to me no argument in favour of my deserting the half-finished work of organising this young diocese. But I have determined to consult the Bishops of London and Lichfield, as the two who know me best, pledging them to secrecy, and will ask permission to defer my answer for a few days.

"Believe me, my dear Lord,

"Yours very gratefully

"and faithfully,

"Wm. WALSHAM WAKEFIELD."

There was much to attract him in this offer. Durham was dear to him for a two-fold reason. He had resided there for a divinity course and taken an ad eundem degree after graduating at Oxford. But, more than this, it was the old home of Mrs. How, whose father, Canon Douglas, had been one of its residentiary canons. It would have been a position of far greater dignity and influence than the one he was filling, but this rather served to repel than to attract. Then, again, it would have enabled him to cut himself adrift from the disagreeables and difficulties with which he had been surrounded in the matter of the episcopal residence at Wakefield. But he felt that this was an additional reason for sticking to his post, for he disliked the idea of leaving so unpleasant a tangle to be unravelled by his successor.

The Bishop of Lichfield's reply was delayed a day or so, and when it came it was in favour of the acceptance of the offer: the Bishop of London's reply came by return of post, and it was his opinion that the work at Durham was no better worth doing, possibly even less so, than that at Wakefield, and this coincided so exactly with Bishop Walsham How's own view, that he wrote at once to Lord Salisbury in this sense:

"OVERTHORPE, THORNHILL, DEWSBURY, *Feb.* 7, 1890.

"MY DEAR LORD,

"The advice I have received this morning entirely confirms my own strong conviction that it would not be right for me to leave Wakefield. I am in the very midst of the work of organising this new diocese; there are difficulties and complications which I have no right to throw on to another's shoulders; and I have been received with a cordiality which would be ill-requited by desertion.

"Besides, I am conscious of no gifts which should fit me for a larger or more influential sphere of work, and I have no academical distinction to qualify me specially for a diocese in which there is a university. I would, therefore, earnestly beg her Majesty's permission to decline the offer, for which I would once more express my very sincere gratitude.

"Believe me, my dear Lord,

"Your Lordship's very

"grateful Servant,

"WM. WALSHAM WAKEFIELD."

The Bishop told no one of this offer until some time after he had refused it.

[*To* T. M. How.]

"OVERTHORPE, THORNHILL, DEWSBURY, *Feb.* 17, 1890.

"DEAREST BROTHER,

"I do not think I ought to hold back any longer from you and dear Minny, to whom also I am writing to-day, a secret, which must, I suppose, leak out ere long, though I have succeeded so far in keeping it a secret. The week before last I was offered, and declined, Durham. I had very little difficulty in making up my mind. It seemed to me clearly wrong to desert the half-finished work of organising this new diocese, especially with some serious difficulties still to be faced and surmounted, nor could I detect in myself any special fitness. . . . Of course, in some outward aspects, and especially from the dear old associations, it was very attractive, but I had no right to think of this.

"Your loving Brother,

"W. W. W."

The Diocese of Wakefield generally, especially many of the clergy and of the working classes, received the news of their Bishop's determination to remain with them with warm expressions of gratitude. Some others were puzzled by it. Men whose one object in life had been to get on in business openly expressed their astonishment mingled with some little contempt. It was known that the income of the See of Durham was more than double that of Wakefield. It was this that perplexed them: "It may be a very fine thing," they said, "for the Bishop to have done—*but it's not business.*"

Most of the Bishop's friends were agreed that he had chosen the right course, and he received almost as many letters of congratulation as if his decision had been the other way. The following is a good example of the opinion of Churchmen generally:

[*From the Bishop of Shrewsbury*—Sir LOVELACE STAMER.]

"CLIFTONVILLE, STOKE-ON-TRENT,
"*Feb.* 28, 1890.

"MY DEAR BISHOP,

"On the understanding that you do not think it necessary to answer this letter, you must let me say how much I thank you for the example of entire self-forgetfulness and disinterestedness which you have set us by your refusal of such an advancement as your translation to Durham would have been.

"I was not aware of the offer having been made you until I heard it three days ago, and yesterday I read with pleasure the more explicit paragraph which made it public in the *Guardian*.

"It would have been a sore loss to Wakefield had you felt constrained to leave the diocese before it had emerged from its foundation. That you should have deliberately preferred it to Durham must make it more than ever your debtorto do whatever you call upon it for, for the strengthening and extending the Church.

"God bless you abundantly to devise and to carry through things which make for His glory!

"Yours affectionately,

"L. T. SHREWSBURY."

The Bishop of Wakefield's simple manner of telling his friends of the offer and its refusal was most characteristic. He was walking on February 21 with his much-loved chaplain, W. F. Norris, from Huddersfield Parish Church to the Vicarage, when he turned to his companion and said, "What would you say if I told you I was going to leave you?" Mr. Norris replied, "I should not believe it." The Bishop then took his arm and said, "You would be quite right: I have been offered Durham, and have refused it."

Mr. Norris in describing this incident adds:

"He would have no more said about it, and I do not remember his ever mentioning it again. We had the greatest difficulty in persuading him to allow us to make it public."

Speaking further of Bishop Walsham How's shrinking from further preferment, the same friend says:

"When the Archbishopric of York was vacant the Bishop was sent for somewhat suddenly to Windsor. I was with him when the summons came, and his genuine and positive *dread* lest there should be any connection between that summons and the Archbishopric was almost amusing. He told me afterwards that he was never in such a fright in his life, and I am sure it was so. His transparent relief, when he found it had nothing to do with it, was such as in this place-seeking age will hardly be believed in."

The Bishop himself saw nothing but a very simple act of self-denial in what he had done. "I wish," he wrote to his daughter, "people would not speak in such

exaggerated terms about so very simple and obvious a duty as that of refusing Durham."

The newspapers, especially the *Yorkshire Post*, published very kind articles on the subject, expressing thankfulness that in spite of all counter-attractions Wakefield was to retain its Bishop, and hoping that the diocese would show its appreciation of this act of devotion to its interests by a generous response to his appeals for help in his arduous efforts. Some such articles as this appear to have irritated certain of their readers, for, writing to his daughter, the Bishop said:

"I have had a very odd but wholesome letter from a working man, dissenting from the praise [as to declining Durham] which has been over-kindly expressed by some, and saying there are plenty of unworthy motives which he could conceive might have actuated me, such as pride, love of the good opinion of men, a wish to be thought indifferent to money, an idea that by my act I could get more money for the Church out of the rich people here, a desire to be credited with humility, and many other motives centring in self. It does one good to have one's motives somewhat roughly sifted now and then. I have thanked the man, and told him this, and said that I dare not boast of acting only and solely from the highest motive of all."

This is a fitting opportunity to speak of the Bishop's anxiety as to his private financial affairs. This anxiety sprang from two causes. His work lay among people who put everything to the test of money, forming their opinions largely from a money point of view. To the greater portion of the inhabitants of his diocese an income of £3000 appeared enormous, and he was fully

aware of the severe criticisms made by many of the working classes on his receiving so large a stipend. At one of the Diocesan Conferences held at Wakefield the Bishop made this the subject of his address to the working-men's meeting in the Corn Exchange. He said that he had been told that during an election in the Barnsley division a politician went about saying that the exorbitant incomes of the bishops should be divided up among the people. Well, he (the Bishop) calculated that, if his income were divided amongst the population of his diocese, it would amount to exactly one penny per head per annum. That would make no one any richer; but, if the salaries of the bishops were too big—cut them down. Parliament had the power to do so, and the people had power over the Parliament. Parliament had already done it pretty well. But don't let them talk nonsense about the people being richer for the process. The other day a working man said to a friend of his (the Bishop's), "A think t' Bishop's pretty well paid for t' job;" and no doubt he (the working man) would do the "job" much cheaper! God forgive the bishops if they thought their salaries were given them to make them rich, or to enable them to live comfortable lives in luxury, or anything of that sort. Their incomes were given them to do all the good they could with. The Bishop proceeded to explain how much of a bishop's income had to be expended in helping churches, schools, poor and sick clergy, &c.; how, next, the expenses of hospitality to Ordination candidates and to the diocese generally were very great; how large a part of the income went in travelling expenses, and so on; and he ended by saying that he knew of many bishops who spent *all* their episcopal income on their diocese.

A summary of this speech was printed and distributed by the Church Defence Institution in a leaflet under the title of "How a Bishop Spends His Income."

The other cause of anxiety which was often in Bishop Walsham How's mind was the fear lest, after his death, it should be imagined that the money he was able to leave to be divided among his six children was saved out of his episcopal income. His fears were not unfounded, for no sooner was his will published in the papers than many ill-natured and untrue remarks were made. To meet these the Bishop had left a document behind him, evidently meant for publication should occasion arise. This memorandum appeared in several papers immediately after the publication of the will: it ran as follows:

"My father left me a good fortune in money, and this has been considerably increased since the death of Canon and Mrs. Douglas, my father-in-law and mother-in-law. . . .

"I have, ever since I possessed an income at all, always dedicated one-tenth annually to God in charity. When I became a bishop I resolved that my children should never profit by my episcopal income, and as soon as I became Bishop of Wakefield I dedicated to God in charity (*i.e.*, in direct gifts and subscriptions) £1000 a year, or a full fifth of my gross income. Perhaps I should mention that I always gave away the large sums I received for my books in addition,* and that of course far the greater part of my present income is spent on my diocese in travelling about, entertaining the clergy, &c.

* The chancel of Whittington Church, the reseating of the nave, and other improvements in the parish were the result of this generosity. He also on one occasion sent a former curate a donation (towards building a church) to the amount of £200, which sum he explained that he had just received from his publishers.

"My chief object in naming these things is to provide an answer to the charge sure to be made that I have enriched myself and my children out of the endowments of the Church. This would not much matter if my personal credit alone were at stake. But such belief does great harm to the Church. As I believe there is no class which approaches that of the clergy in self-sacrifice, so I believe there is no class which approaches that of the bishops in the amount they give away. I thank God the days are past when bishops enriched themselves out of the revenues of the Church. . . . I do not wish to condemn a bishop for making some modest provision for his family out of his episcopal income if he has no private means. It is a great privilege to have no necessity to do this."

It is strange to have to record that, in spite of this last paragraph, much exception was taken by certain papers to this memorandum, on the ground that it condemned bishops who, with no private means, provided for their families out of their episcopal income!

It may serve as a further answer to any who have used hard words in connection with the fortune the Bishop inherited and left behind him, to insert the consideration of this subject here in close connection with his refusal of the valuable See of Durham.

Although Bishop Walsham How did not see his way to succeed Dr. Lightfoot in his bishopric, yet in one small matter he took up his work—it is said at the special dying request of that prelate. The latter had been President of the Executive Council of the White Cross Society—a purity society working on undenominational lines—and this post the Bishop of Wakefield undertook. The work

of the Society has been to a great extent absorbed by the Church of England White Cross League, in which (formerly called the Church of England Purity Society) the Bishop, when in East London, took great interest, advocating the formation of branches in the various parishes, when he addressed the Missioners in St. Paul's Cathedral at the time of the East End Mission in 1885. He expressed his willingness to put himself at the head of a union of such parochial associations when the Mission was over.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE BISHOP AND LEGISLATION

In March 1891 the Bishop obtained his seat in the House of Lords, and rejoiced greatly at the change which had recently been made, whereby the junior bishop no longer was responsible for "prayers" in the House, but all the bishops shared alike in the duty, taking each a fortnight in turn. He was always so deep in diocesan engagements that he would have felt any lengthened absence in London a severe interruption to his work. At the same time he never thought it right to absent himself from the House when any great social or religious question was discussed, or when his presence was requested by the Archbishop. He took his seat on Monday March 9, and was presented by the Bishops of Winchester (Dr. Thorold) and Durham, (Dr. Westcott). He gives a quaint description of the ceremony in the course of the following letter.

[*To his brother.*]

"Overthorpe, *March* 11, 1891.

"Went to dinner on Saturday at Lambeth, where a small party only—viz., the Lord Chancellor and Lady Halsbury, the Bishop of Durham (who has rooms in the Lollards' Tower), the Hon. Victoria Grovesnor (an old

East London friend), and Miss Tait, also, of course, an old friend. I sat between Mrs. Benson and Miss Tait, whom I took in :—very pleasant. On Sunday I preached to about thirty-six Lords, M.P.s, and members of their families in St. James' Chapel Royal at twelve (we had early Communion in the chapel at Lambeth)—an unsatisfactory function—then got luncheon at the Kittos' (St. Martin's Vicarage, Charing Cross), and then took a Blackwall 'bus to St. Andrew's Undershaft, where I knew Bishop Billing was going to confirm at 3.30, and paid them a surprise visit. I was very heartily welcomed at the Sunday school first. . . . I was pressed to stay and preach in the evening, which I did, going to tea with the Gordon Browns, as of old.

"Returned to Lambeth for supper, where were the Bishop of Durham and Mrs. Westcott.

"On Monday morning we had a committee meeting at Lambeth as to a 'Quiet Day' for bishops in May, at which (to my extreme distress and dismay) I was appointed to give all four addresses!

"Then to the Levée with Mr. Kitto, where we shook hands with the Prince, the Duke of Connaught, and Prince Christian. Then to the House of Lords at four o'clock, where presented by the Bishops of Winchester and Durham. You have a writ given you, which is like a small cake, or a large sample of tea, done up in parchment, with your name on it. Your two tame elephants march you up the House to the Lord Chancellor, who sits, looking very like the 'Red Queen,' with a cap on the top of his wig. You present the mystic parcel to him on your knee, and he gives it you back, and bids you take it to the Clerk at the table. This estimable functionary administers an oath of allegiance to you, and, under

cover of this distraction, secretly purloins the small package, which you see no more. The Bishop of Winchester told me the contents were very interesting, only no one is ever allowed to see them. The tame elephants then march you round the lower end of the House, where you bow to the Lord Chancellor, and then up to an elevated bench on one side, where bishops perch, and there you sit down between your two presenters, and put your college cap on, and look at the Lord Chancellor, who at the same time looks at you, and, being seized with a sudden spasm of politeness, takes off his cap three times, and bows, you doing the same thing effusively and imitatively at the same time. Then, having received this ample evidence of his cordial feelings, you go down alone, no longer requiring the support and protection of the tame elephants, and shake him by the hand. Then you are a 'spiritual peer,' and feel a conscious access of dignity (or don't, as the case may be)."

By far the most interesting occasions when the Bishop was present in the House of Lords were those nights in the first week of September 1893, when the second reading of the Home Rule Bill came on for discussion, and was ultimately rejected.

[*To* Rev. H. W. How.]

"*Sept.* 6, 1893.

"The House was very full yesterday, and the galleries resplendent with beauty and fashion. I could not hear either Lord Spencer, or ——, as I was placed at 'short slip' to the speakers. [He had been gradually getting deaf for some years.] —— blurts out three or four words at the beginning of each sentence, and then crumbles the rest into his waistcoat pocket."

[*To* F. D. How.]

"*Sept.* 7, 1893.

"I had a very much better night last night in the House. I heard so little the evening before that I very nearly stayed away last night, but I heard very well, for the Duke of Argyll and Lord Ashbourne both spoke straight opposite me, so that, being at 'mid-wicket,' I could catch all."

[*To the same.*]

"*Sept.* 8, 1893.

"Last night the House was crowded in every part, not a vacant seat, lines of swell ladies in the galleries, and all the principal M.P.s—Harcourt, Balfour, Chamberlain, Mundella, Bryce, &c.—between the throne and the Speaker, where they are allowed to be. It was a grand sight. I had to read prayers. . . . The House was quite half-full for prayers, and then came a rush. . . . I got the Archbishop of Canterbury's seat, at the end of the first bishops' bench, and next the Government front bench, so I was in a very good place. Lord Selborne was immensely vigorous and powerful. It was a great effort for so old a man, but he was full of force, and fire, and cogent argument. I admired Lord Rosebery's speaking greatly. I think, as a speaker, he was most striking of all. I did not stay late, reserving myself for to-night."

[*To the same.*]

"*Sept.* 9, 1893.

"You will have seen the result of the division. It was a most interesting evening—a tremendous crush, numbers sitting on the steps of the gangways, six on the Woolsack with the Lord Chancellor, and many standing

behind him, who could not get seats. The galleries densely crowded, many of the ladies returning after dinner in evening costume, and sparkling with diamonds. Rustem Pasha, and other diplomatists, were among them, or rather the peeresses had invaded the ambassadors' gallery. I could not hear Lord Salisbury, for, though he spoke loudly enough, he had the back of his right shoulder to us. I heard the rest pretty well, though Lord Kimberley only imperfectly. The Bishop of Ripon spoke vigorously and well. Lord ——, who was across the gangway from me, sneered at him two or three times most offensively, leaning across to me and saying first, 'What is this man taking up the matter for?' and then a little later, 'Why, he is positively making a long speech.' To this I answered, 'I suppose he has a perfect right to.' 'Oh, yes,' said Lord ——, 'only he knows nothing about it'—which was, of course, wholly untrue."

Among other matters which came before the House of Lords in which the Bishop took special interest were the Parish Councils Act and the Employers' Liability Bill.

The bishops were greatly blamed for their conduct in the House with regard to the former measure, and at the next meeting of the Northern Convocation the Bishop of Wakefield took occasion to point out what had been the real attitude of the Episcopal Bench with respect to both these Bills. He said:

"The bishops have been accused of being careless of the interests of the rural parishes, and opposed to any enlargement of the liberties of the people. [Because they thought that the constant use of the schools for parish work might be very greatly interfered with by the large number of purposes for which the use of school-

rooms would have to be conceded—*e.g.*, for meetings on behalf of candidates for Parish Councils, for the discussion of questions as to allotments, &c. &c.] I think that that accusation is hardly deserved ; and I do think it ought to be stated that the bishops were unanimously, I think I may say, in favour of the Bill at large . . . even though certain particular portions were pointed out where we thought that amendment might be desirable. . . .

"The amendments were exceedingly small in their operation when compared with the general purposes of the Bill, and I am quite sure that we ourselves, as bishops, would have been exceedingly disappointed if any amendment which we supported had proved fatal to this Bill, in the same way that an amendment carried in the House of Lords proved to be fatal to another Bill, which we all of us heartily approved in its great principle —I mean the Employers' Liability Bill, the destruction of which was, I think, exceedingly unwelcome to us all, and appears to many of us to have been extremely unnecessary."

The Clergy Discipline Bill was another subject which naturally engaged much of Bishop Walsham How's attention, and the fact that it has been a burning question among Church people for some years gives interest to the following letters, which narrate his effort, made some years ago, to influence the Government of the day in the matter :

[*To* the Right Hon. W. H. SMITH, M.P.]

"*May* 2, 1891.

"DEAR MR. SMITH,

"I am anxious to press upon you the very great importance of introducing into the Clergy Discipline Bill, now before the House of Commons, a provision for

the withdrawal of the spiritual charge of the parish, in the case dealt with under Clause 2, by the bishop who confers it. The voidance of the ecclesiastical preferment (called in the margin 'Deprivation') is not equivalent to the withdrawal of the spiritual charge of the parish.

"The distinction is readily perceived by the distinction between the two acts of institution and induction, the former (always performed by the bishop) giving the incumbent the spiritual 'cure of souls,' the latter (performed by any clergyman under 'mandate' from the bishop) admitting to the enjoyment of the temporalities of the benefice. The 122nd Canon, though grammatically applicable to sentences of an Ecclesiastical Court, yet affirms the principle that sentence of deprivation should be pronounced by the bishop alone.

"The strongest objection is felt to the provisions of Clause 2, without any act of the bishop withdrawing the spiritual charge, by a very large number of the most thoughtful and learned of the clergy.

"Were the Bill to be enacted in its present form, a criminous and unscrupulous clergyman, convicted (say) of adultery in a Divorce Court, might argue that, although the act could take away his benefice, it could not take away what the bishop had given him, namely, the spiritual charge of the parish, and he might accordingly open a room and hold services in defiance of the act of his bishop; being supported (1) by unscrupulous friends, (2) by over-scrupulous Church people, who would hold him not rightfully deprived of his spiritual office.

"The bishop has no power to suspend or inhibit an incumbent except after processes in the Ecclesiastical Courts, which it is the object of this Bill to render un-

necessary; and, even if he had such power, its exercise, unless statutably provided for, would inevitably be represented as an undue assumption, and a slur upon the sentence of the temporal court.

"It seems to me that, if it could be argued that there are great doubts whether deprivation of the ecclesiastical benefice necessarily carries with it inability to continue the exercise of spiritual functions, there might be some chance of such a provision as I am pleading for being accepted. I am sure that with such a provision the Bill would be universally welcomed as a vast boon, but that without such a provision it would be regarded by many with very great disfavour, and would be the cause of much confusion and distress. I venture to sketch such an amendment as would effect what so many desire.

"Believe me,

"Yours very truly,

"WM. WALSHAM WAKEFIELD

"SUGGESTED AMENDMENT:

"When the ecclesiastical preferment held by any clergyman shall become vacant as a consequence of a conviction by a temporal court, as aforesaid, or as a consequence of a bastardy order, or of a verdict of a jury or decision of a court finding him guilty of adultery, as aforesaid, the bishop of the diocese, or, in the event of the diocese being vacant, the archbishop of the province, may (*or* shall) pronounce a sentence inhibiting the said clergyman from all spiritual acts and functions within the parish of which he has had the spiritual charge, and the sentence of inhibition shall be recorded in the registry of the diocese."

To this letter, a copy of which was also sent to the Attorney-General (Sir Richard Webster), the following reply was received:

"10 DOWNING ST., WHITEHALL, *May* 7, 1891.

"MY DEAR LORD BISHOP,

"I have carefully considered, with those who are in a position to advise me, your letter of the 2nd inst. relating to the Clergy Discipline Bill. I quite understand your point, but I think perhaps you hardly realise that it is no new principle that is being introduced, because since 1388 *ipso facto* avoidance of benefices by virtue of an Act of Parliament has been known. So again the Felony Act of 1870 made the benefice of a clergyman convicted of felony *ipso facto* vacated, and made the clergyman incapable of preferment. There is, I am advised, no doubt that, if an Act of Parliament declares that the benefice is vacant, the clergyman ceases to hold the cure of souls, the patron is entitled to present, and, if he presents, the bishop must institute as to a vacant benefice. Upon the institution of the new incumbent any service held without his permission in the parish is illegal, both ecclesiastically and civilly. Further, under Clause 17 of the present Bill, the bishop can depose the convicted clergyman from his Orders. I think, therefore, the evils you fear as possible can hardly arise. But from the political point of view I am extremely averse to introduce into the Bill any controversial ecclesiastical matter, as I am sure it would meet with great opposition.

". . . . I have had the opportunity of talking privately with Mr. Gladstone on the Bill, and, although I think he himself does not in principle object to your suggestion, he made it clear to me that there would be very strong opposition among others on his side of the House.

"Believe me,

"Yours very truly,

"W. H. SMITH."

Another measure in which Bishop Walsham How was naturally deeply interested was the Education Bill. In 1896, when the Government introduced their ill-fated

Bill, which was afterwards withdrawn, he felt strongly that Clause 27, which dealt with the opening of all schools to denominational teaching under certain conditions, should be limited in its application to districts where there was only one school available, or no school where parents could obtain the religious teaching they desired for their children. He urged the Bishop of London (Dr. Temple) to move in the matter, but unsuccessfully:

[*To* Rev. W. F. NORRIS.]

"*May* 11, 1896.

"The Bishop of London's letter is disappointing. . . . No doubt the Bishop is right in saying that where there are two schools, so that Clause 27 would not (with my limitation) apply, the lay subscribers might plan to starve out the voluntary school, and so make the school district one to which the clause *would* apply. But this would be rarely done, whereas —— candidly acknowledged that the temptation under Clause 27 to surrender the Church School, if power existed to introduce Church teaching in the Board Schools, would be very great. I shall not let the matter alone, but shall try either Gregory, or Brownrigg, or Lord Cranborne."

On the Rate-aid *versus* State-aid question he changed his opinion in 1896, as many others did, and in Convocation in June of that year voted in favour of rate-aid. This was because he considered it hopeless to get a sufficient *amount* of help out of the Imperial Exchequer. Many disagreed with the Bishop on this question, and viewed the prospect of rate-aid with despair. But he was always hopeful that things would work out better than was expected.

The following letter, written just at this time, is full of interest concerning both this and other matters:

[*To* Rev. H. W. How.]

"BISHOPGARTH, WAKEFIELD, *May* 16, 1896.

"I read a good deal of Purcell's 'Life of Cardinal Manning.' It is immensely interesting, though (as usual in 'Lives') too much spun out, especially in giving too many letters on the same subject. It has greatly raised my conception of Manning's powers. He was a great power, and with a great statesman's gifts and influence. And what an Ultramontane he was! It was he apparently who secured the decree of Papal Infallibility, working indefatigably, plotting and planning, seeing and reasoning with great numbers of the dissentients, and by his eloquence and fervour carrying all before him at last. He also seems to have won over a great number from our Church to Rome. As to the recognition of our Orders by Rome, one gets a fair idea of the tremendous force to be dealt with. I have no doubt Vaughan pretty well represents Manning's views.

"I have also been in correspondence with the Bishop of London, Lord Cranborne, Norris, and Archdeacon Wilson, about Clause 27 of the Education Bill, which I do not like. Did you see B——'s speech about two or three weeks ago, in which he said (speaking in support of the Bill) that under this Clause 27 we might get our Church teaching into Board Schools, and then need not make such exertions, or spend our money, in retaining our Church Schools? This just touches the danger, and it is very serious. I am working to get the clause confined to school districts in which there is only one school, or

no school in which the religious teaching desired is given. This would greatly lessen the danger. I think Archdeacon Wilson is right when he says the Church has not made up its mind what it wants, and will find the clause, if unguarded, very disastrous. I am fast coming round to the Manchester scheme, and think the acceptance of rate-aid for our schools better than the miserable financial proposals of the Bill.

"1. I would limit the measure to Board School areas.

"2. I would accept representation of rate-payers, so that they should never exceed one-third of the committee of management.

"3. I would entrust the election of teachers to the whole board of managers.

"4. I would place the religious teaching under a sub-committee of members of the religious body providing the school.

"5. I would deal with poor struggling schools in non-school-board districts by some special increase in the Government grant (where proved to be necessary)."

[*To* Mrs. R. Ll. KENYON.]

"WAKEFIELD, *June* 4, 1896.

"I have come back from York. Yesterday we had a great field-day at the Education Bill. It was *most* interesting, and a most able debate. The Bishops of Manchester [Moorhouse], Durham [Westcott], Chester [Jayne], and Newcastle [Jacob] were especially good, and the Archbishop [Maclagan] was splendid, as President, in tact, courtesy, and clearness. All ten Bishops of the Province were present, and voted unanimously!! We all went in for some measure of rate-aid for our schools, the special religious character of

the schools being adequately safeguarded. The Lower House agreed by 43 to 8, some abstaining from voting. It was, as usual, very pleasant at Bishopthorpe."

[*To the same.*]

"21 ENDSLEIGH ST., TAVISTOCK SQUARE, *Nov.* 6, 1896.

"MY DARLING N.,

"The above address is the Bishop of St. Albans, with whom I am staying till to-morrow, having come up for the great Educational Conference yesterday and to-day. It is over now, and we were very unanimous, at least in voting, though, of course, different opinions were expressed. I was fairly satisfied, and thought we had done good work, but I saw the Bishop of Peterborough (London-designate) as we came away, and he said quite contemptuously, 'We've done nothing.' I confess I do not know what he meant. The Archbishop of York was in the chair. I have often praised his conduct of the business as President of Convocation, but he was not quite so successful this time, and made a considerable mistake as to order in putting resolutions and amendments yesterday. However, it was a very responsible and difficult post which he occupied, and he did very well on the whole.

"On Sunday I preach at St. Michael's, Stoke Newington, A.M., and at All Saints', Lower Clapton, in the evening. On Monday I preach to Church-workers and also address a meeting at South Acton, and on Tuesday I go home. This morning I was clumsy enough to have another fall. I was crossing Piccadilly, and hurrying to get across in front of an omnibus I tripped and went a regular cropper and got up in a most disreputable condition, covered with dirt and with a pair of new breeches cut into bits, and

both knees somewhat the worse. However, I felt it was not very serious, so I went on to the big conference and sat it out.

"Good night, dear child.

"Your loving old Father,

"W. W. W.

"I forgot to say a clergyman helped me up when I fell, and took me into his tailor's close by to be cleaned up."

Finally the Bishop's grave disapproval of the action of the present Government in the matter of the Benefices Bill must be noted. When the more important parts of this Bill were thrown overboard, he wrote a line from the House of Lords to the Rev. W. F. Norris:

"I have done with the Conservative party. The action of the Cabinet in the matter of the Benefices Bill seems to me to mean nothing short of the sacrifice of principle to expediency."

Besides attending to such matters as the foregoing, there were, of course, numerous other occasions when he felt it his duty to attend meetings, and to speak on social and other subjects, in London and elsewhere, all of which added greatly to his work.

He had for many years been a teetotaler, and from time to time appeared on the platforms of the Church of England Temperance Society.

He felt that in all his East London work he owed an immense debt of gratitude to the Additional Curates' Society, which had always been ready to help him in any case of need, regardless of party Shibboleths, which were repugnant to the Bishop, and which prevented some

other similar societies from being of practical use to him. On this account he was always ready to speak or preach for the Additional Curates' Society when his other engagements permitted. In 1894 he attended the great Missionary Conference, of which a somewhat depressing account is given in the following letter :

[*To* Mrs. R. LL. KENYON.]

"WAKEFIELD, *June* 1, 1894.

"I came home yesterday afternoon, instead of this evening as I had intended, having had as much Missionary Conference as I could stand. Sir James Philipps was the principal secretary and organiser, and he had immensely overdone it all. They had taken three halls, and two of them had simultaneous meetings of three hours in the morning, and two and a half in the afternoon and evening, for a mixed audience, and in the third an afternoon meeting each day for women only; and this for four days, besides the opening service at St. Paul's on the Monday, and the reception and speeches that day at the Mansion House. This meant twenty-eight missionary meetings in four days! I could only go up on Tuesday morning, but attended the afternoon and evening meetings that day, three on Wednesday, and yesterday morning's. Then I fairly ran away. Two or three of the meetings were interesting and lively, but most were very dull, and the attendance was poor, the big hall never being half full. The platform also was scanty, and to prevent the meetings from collapsing, they went round pressing people to speak. Far the best thing I heard was a most earnest and powerful speech yesterday morning from the Bishop of Durham, who was president for the day. The Arch-

bishop of Canterbury presided on Tuesday, and the Bishop of London on Wednesday. I was very sorry for him that evening (much the worst session of all), as there were not a hundred in the audience, and about six on the platform, and he could not get people to speak. They bothered me, but I have no idea of getting up to speak when I have nothing special to say.

"Your loving Father,

"WM. WALSHAM WAKEFIELD."

CHAPTER XXIV

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS

THE year 1892 was a year of misfortunes. Never probably in his whole life had the Bishop been so often and so long laid aside as he was fated to be during this year.

It was his regular custom to get ten days' holiday during May as a refreshment after the bulk of the Confirmations for the year were finished. On this occasion he went on Monday May 16 with several members of his family to stay at Llanbedr. On the Wednesday he went to fish the river running just below the house, stepped on a loose stone and badly sprained his ankle and instep. This spoilt the holiday completely, his diary mentioning day by day that he was kept indoors, and on his return home on Saturday May 28, there is the following entry :

"Dr. Lett came and ordered me to lay up. Had to put off sermons for to-morrow."

This sprain troubled him for a long time, but it was only the first of a series of misfortunes. In August he went with two of his sons and his daughter-in-law to stay at Stack Lodge, which was put at his disposal by the kindness of the Duke of Westminster, and greatly enjoyed the

fishing, but, owing to his weak ankle, he confined himself to boat-fishing on the loch. He then paid several visits in England to relatives, and ended up with a visit to his daughter (Mrs. Kenyon) at Pradoe in Shropshire. Here the second accident befell him, which shall be described in his own words.

[*To his sister.*]

"PRADOE, OSWESTRY, *Sept.* 7, 1892.

"DEAREST MINNY,

"The papers have got hold of our accident on Sunday, so I will write you a line to assure you that we are all right. Bob Kenyon [his son-in-law] was sending me into Oswestry to preach in the evening, Mary Godsal [an old friend] being with me, when, soon after starting, the bridle fell off the horse's head, and of course away he went, full gallop. M. was capital, so calm and collected. We determined to jump out if we saw any obstacle in the road, but hoped the horse would slacken. However, after galloping some three or four miles, as we got near Oswestry, we thought there was sure to be a smash in the town, so we had better jump out, which we did, one on each side [the carriage was a Victoria]. We both came down good croppers (one hardly knew how hard a road feels when it is approached in that fashion), but mercifully both escaped with only broken knees. . . . I am very lame, and my sprained ankle is quite cocky over my scarified knee! The horse went right through Oswestry, getting back into the road home by another route, galloped home, burst open gates, and smashed the carriage to pieces among some trees in front of this house! I got in time to preach (in borrowed plumes),

and preached, I think, better than usual, without notes, to a splendid congregation. M. said she could not listen for thinking of the gallop and jump, but I never thought of it once during the sermon. It is a great mercy to have escaped so well, and we are very thankful.

"Your loving Brother,

"W. W. W."

There is an old saying that accidents happen in "threes," and this was borne out when in the following November he had an exceedingly dangerous fall outside the Deanery at Edinburgh.

[*To* Rev. H. W. How.]

"OVERTHORPE, THORNHILL, *Nov.* 30, 1892.

"DEAREST HARRY,

"I fell on Saturday night down the Dean's doorsteps in the dark going to the Cathedral, and hurt my left knee, but hobbled on to the Cathedral, and gave my address to the mission-workers. But when I left the pulpit I could hardly stand, and was rather bad. I was taken into Dr. Cotterill's close by, and he put laudanum on and bandaged it, and wanted to lay me up for the Sunday. But I would not submit, and by help of cabs and a bath-chair I got to the Cathedral and the two other churches, sat through the services, and gave my addresses after episcopal fashion, *ex cathedrâ*, sitting in a chair on the chancel steps. I do not think I was the worse for it."

In this opinion the Bishop was wrong. His courage was greater than his discretion, especially when he followed up his rashness by paying a visit to his brother at Shrewsbury that same week. On Friday, December 2, he

returned home and sent for the doctor. It was Christmas day before he came downstairs again, and Sunday January 8 before he was able to go out. On this day he preached twice, noting in his diary, "Managed these two by driving in the brougham, and sitting to preach."

To a man of his active habits this seclusion was particularly trying, though he managed to do a good deal of writing. One of his letters written from his bed contained the following passage:

[*To* Mrs. R. Ll. Kenyon.]

"*December* 10, 1892.

"Only think of me with my 'poor dear leg' strapped fast in a wooden trough, and ordered to be immovable at least till Christmas. Talk of the efficacy of 'short sentences,' I wonder what they call this! Do you remember that Ruskin having (to my dismay) announced that he was coming to a service at which I was to preach, and then not having appeared (to my relief!), wrote to the Vicar to say his face had been like a pumpkin, 'but,' he added, 'the devil, having succeeded in keeping me out of good company, is now suffering it to subside.' So, having succeeded in keeping *me* out of two confirmations, two institutions, two prize-givings, two important meetings, six sermons, a quiet day for clergy, and an ordination, he is now suffering my knee slightly to subside. But I am very uncomfortable, and the retention for indefinite periods of the same obtuse angle reveals to one that one is not made of wood."

In the spring of the following year it was found necessary that the Bishop should seek further advice, and he went to London to consult Mr. Wharton Hood.

[*To* Rev. W. F. NORRIS.]

"THE ATHENÆUM, *April* 18, 1893.

"MY DEAR BILL,

". . . I have done a good stroke of work since I came up on Saturday, and have been 'dusting up and down a bit.' On Saturday night I addressed a large Communicants' Guild in the grand new Mission Church in Stepney: on Sunday I preached A.M. in the old Stepney Parish Church, and confirmed in the afternoon, and preached in the evening in the magnificent new church of St. Philip's, Stepney. It is like a young cathedral, and was quite full in the evening—a most inspiring sight. I think it moved me to preach better than usual, and wholly without notes. I met lots of dear old friends.

"Yesterday I went in the morning to Wharton Hood, who put me in good spirits by telling me there was nothing the matter with my knee or ankle except weakness and want of muscular fibre. He sent a rubber to me in the afternoon, and after three rubbings of an hour each I am to go to-morrow afternoon to a gymnasium, and for four days (not all day, I believe) to practise gymnastics! Fancy setting an old fellow like me to do gymnastics! I believe the place is full of men doing all sorts of ridiculous things. The doctor is cramming as much into the week as he can, as I have told him I can't stay longer. I am, however, to rig up a gymnasium at home, and go on with the antics. After the rubber I went off to the Mansion House to a meeting of the East London Church Fund. It was a splendid meeting, and they gave me a very jolly reception, and, of course, I had to make a speech.

"In the evening yesterday I gave an address to a Com-

municants' Guild at St. Martin's [Charing Cross], where I am staying till Thursday. So you see I am not quite idle. I have to make a bit of a speech to-day at a High-school prize-giving. I had a committee of bishops to attend yesterday, but, as no one turned up but myself, this was not laborious. I only wasted forty-five minutes. I am delighted that I am not to lie up, or save my leg. In fact I am to use it in moderation (in addition to the gymnasium, where you can think of poor me turning somersaults over bars, running breathless races round the arena, and hanging on to a beam with a fifty-pound weight attached to my foot, &c. &c.).

"Yours affectionately,

"W. W. W."

Besides getting through an immense amount of correspondence and a certain quantity of authorship during the many weeks that he was laid by, the Bishop also found more time than usual for reading. He was exceedingly fond of a good novel, and at such times as this, or when away for his August holiday, he invariably had a volume of light literature on hand. He was accustomed to keep a book in which he entered the names of any novels, &c., which he had seen well reviewed, or had been advised by friends to read, and against them he would frequently write the source of recommendation. Many such books he would buy outright, meeting not seldom with disappointment, the volume not by any means coming up to the expectation he had formed of it by reading the review. He felt very strongly the danger of the "realistic" school, as it is sometimes called, and his indignation knew no bounds when a book which exceeded the limits of decency came into his hands. On

one occasion one of his sons had tried to read a more than usually nasty book of this description, which had been sent up from Smith's library to fill up the number of volumes required. Finding it impossible to go on with it, he took it down to the library and told his father that, though not over-particular, he was quite unable to wade through the unclean matter contained in the book in question. The Bishop's sole reply was to take an envelope out of his paper-stand and address it to W. F. D. Smith, Esq., M.P. The result was the quiet withdrawal of the book from the library, and an assurance that any other books by the same author would be carefully examined before they were allowed to be circulated.

On June 8, 1896, the *Yorkshire Post* had a leading article strongly condemning this class of literature, and on that day Bishop Walsham How wrote to the editor as follows:

"BISHOPGARTH, WAKEFIELD.

"SIR,

"Will you allow me to publicly thank you for your outspoken leader in your to-day's issue denouncing the intolerable grossness and hateful sneering at all that one most reveres in such writers as Thomas Hardy?

"On the authority of one of those reviews which you justly condemn for this reticence, I bought a copy of one of Mr. Hardy's novels, but was so disgusted with its insolence and indecency that I threw it into the fire. It is a disgrace to our great public libraries to admit such garbage, clever though it may be, to their shelves.

"I am, sir,

"Yours, &c.,

"WM. WALSHAM WAKEFIELD."

On this subject he also had some correspondence with the late Mrs. Oliphant, who had, apparently, written a pamphlet denouncing the same school of literature.

[*To the* BISHOP OF WAKEFIELD.]

"4 WINDSOR PLACE, DUNDEE.

"MY LORD,

"I am very glad to have your approval of my little paper, all the more as I hesitated much whether it was right for me, myself a novelist, to say so much concerning others of my trade, in my own person.

"I thought, however, that the very long time I have been known to the public gave me a certain standing-ground from which such a protest might come.

"I should not like to set up my opinion against yours, but is not an Index rather a dangerous thing? [The Bishop seems to have suggested a public Index of books of this class.] Smith's action, however, is curious. He put upon his index the work of a friend of mine, unfortunately bitten with this venomous 'realism,' as they call it, but only 'on principle,' strange as these words seem, and not with any inclination that way. His comparatively innocent book was refused for the bookstalls. I suspect it is much more easy to make an example of the comparatively unknown than of a man like Hardy, who commands a great sale; and this would always be the case, I fear.

"Allow me to thank you for your very reassuring and kind letter, which has truly encouraged and cheered me, and believe me, my Lord,

"Gratefully and truly yours,

"M. O. W. OLIPHANT."

CHAPTER XXV

THE LAST YEAR

DURING the last year, or more, of the Bishop's life he suffered from time to time from attacks of indigestion, which caused palpitations and giddiness, more alarming, perhaps, than actually painful, but which he accepted as warnings that his physical strength was on the wane. The life he had led, regardless of the nature or the hour of his meals, one day sharing a meat tea at some vicarage house early in the evening before preaching, the next being obliged to wait until his return home at 10 o'clock before getting his supper, no doubt conduced to hasten the breakdown of his splendid constitution: but it could not well have been otherwise, and much of the work he did would never have been done but for his determination to make everything give way to its demands. Naturally, his friends became anxious, and Dr. Lett, his valued physician, was consulted as to making an effort to limit his work, or, indeed, as to the advisability of begging him to resign. The doctor's advice on this latter point was clear: he felt no doubt that the Bishop would be miserable without his work, and that to deprive him of it would only make his last years unhappy. "Let him," he said, "die in harness"; and, looking back, it is clear that the advice was good.

There had been remonstrances made to him from time to time as to the multitude of his engagements. It seemed to many that through the very kindness of his heart he wasted force by accepting invitations to preach, or to attend parochial functions, without duly considering their importance. Thus he would fill up much time with apparently trivial duties, the result being that he had not always sufficient leisure to prepare for occasions of greater import, and sometimes would be (though he seldom owned to it) tired out when arriving on a Sunday evening to preach some special sermon. In consequence of this criticisms became not infrequent and were hard to contradict.

One of his sons wrote to him, urging some limitation of work, in reply to which the Bishop said:

"How could I 'take umbrage,' dear old boy, at your loving counsel about not doing so much? I can only thank you heartily for speaking plainly. Indeed, I do see the force of what you say, though I think I have created a somewhat false impression by saying that I have no free day this year, for it is not as if the engagements were all for work. There are social days, such as when the Bishop of Rochester is with us . . . . and then I have kept Christmas week for parties and 'home consumption.' The really serious consideration in your letter is the suggestion that my preaching shows signs of deterioration. That would be a very strong argument for less preaching and more preparation. But I cannot understand showing signs of being tired out, for I am quite unconscious of ever feeling the least bit tired. I have long thought, if I began to feel at all tired, I would at once pull up. But preaching never seems to me any

more exertion than talking to a friend. Still there is something in not yielding to invitations for unimportant events, and also something in the fact of my being close upon seventy. Well; I *will* try to be good, and do what others think right, even if I do not feel conscious of the necessity."

This letter was written in October 1893, and a few months afterwards, writing from London to the same son, he seemed anxious to give proof of his well-sustained vigour, for he said:

"I was carried off by Mr. Storrs [Vicar of St. Peter's, Eaton Square] to a grand exhibition of Arts and Crafts, partly parochial and partly from St. John's, Bethnal Green, a parish which St. Peter's takes under its wing. I had to open it, and to 'make them a little speech.' I expected a lot of working lads, but found a large and swell assemblage of West-Enders, and a capital exhibition (largely loan) of all sorts of things, from Lobengula's war-shield to Sisters of Charity made out of paper by the choir-boys. I greatly enjoyed my speech (!), for I somehow got upon theories of beauty of form and sound, and changes of taste in architecture, painting, ladies' dress, ladies' hair (wasn't I bold?), love of scenery, &c., and then on to principles of decorative art, the richness of succession of uniformity, grace with strength, &c. &c. I have no idea how or why I was so much at my ease, and had such a lot of things to say, but it seemed as if I had suddenly got the spirit of inventiveness and a bubbling-up of thought, which, as I said, made me quite enjoy it! It seemed quite a relief not for once to be preaching, and not to have to study simplicity of language. One could let oneself go before such an audience, and I did. I hope this is not very

boastful, but I was quite surprised myself to find myself wound up and going so cheerily."

No doubt the Bishop hoped by this account of himself to relieve some of the anxiety which had begun to be felt about him. But the last sentence gave away the whole position. In years past it had been no unusual thing for him to speak with great "inventiveness," and "go," and it was a considerable confession on his part to own himself surprised at finding himself "wound up, and going cheerily."

In spite of all promises "to be good," he found it impossible to alter his habits except to a very limited extent, and up to the last spent much time in hurrying about his diocese. Archdeacon Brooke, in writing on this subject, has said:

> "His sympathies with the parish clergy were so great—he realised so keenly what the joy must be to get him to preach or speak—that it led to what seemed to me a waste of force, and a certain amount of seeming restlessness."

During the last year or two of his life he showed a growing reluctance to attend large public ceremonies or gatherings. This was especially the case with Church Congresses, which he latterly wished to avoid, giving as his reason that the applause with which he was greeted was painful to him. He never could help shrinking from any commendation.

He would doubtless have declined to appear at the Congress of 1896 had it not been that it was held at Shrewsbury, and that his nephew (Mr. W. M. How) was Mayor of the town and received the members of the Congress. As it was he took little leading part on the

occasion, though his speech on the Holy Communion made a considerable impression.

In December 1896, the Bishop kept the Jubilee of his Orders, he having been ordained in Worcester in December 1846.

[*To his brother.*]

"BISHOPGARTH, *Dec.* 20, 1896.

"DEAREST MAYNARD,

"I have this morning ordained eight men, four priests and four deacons, all University men, and a very nice, promising set, who will do the Church good service. Do you realise that this is my jubilee? I can hardly believe that I have been half a century in Holy Orders. As I look back it seems to me half a century of very unworthy living and working, all wanting forgiveness. But what wonderful advances the Church has made in these fifty years! Although there are things one mourns over, and dangerous excesses here and there, yet one cannot but thank God for the manifest growth of earnestness and devotion and spirituality in the Church at large. Our preacher this morning, Mr. Winter, Rector of Elland, made a very kind reference to my fifty years of service."

The next three months were spent in the usual routine of diocesan work, and at Easter the last family gathering assembled at Bishopgarth, the occasion being the marriage of one of the Bishop's sons, which took place in Leeds on the Thursday in Easter week. This was the last time that Bishop Walsham How had all his children with him, but, though a party of relations were also staying in the house, he was not forgetful of the sick and

needy. His diary shows that during that Easter week he paid several visits to invalids in the town, in one case administering the Holy Communion.

It was on Easter Eve that he received the following letter from H.R.H. the Prince of Wales:

"SANDRINGHAM, NORFOLK, *April* 16, 1897.

"DEAR BISHOP OF WAKEFIELD,

"It is proposed that a special hymn should be composed to be sung in all our churches, both at home and abroad, on June 20, the day on which the Queen attains the sixtieth year of her reign. I write these lines to ask you whether you will kindly consent to compose this hymn. Sir Arthur Sullivan has consented to compose the music, and is also most anxious that the hymn should be sent to all the colonies. Forgive my troubling you at such a busy time of the year for you, and

"Believe me,

"Sincerely yours,

"ALBERT EDWARD."

The Bishop felt much honoured by this request, but was considerably alarmed at the difficulty of composing a hymn "to order." In connection with this he told a good story of how, when the hymn had been published, a Wakefield gentleman spoke to him about it. "It is a very difficult matter," said the Bishop, "to write a good hymn to order." "*Impossible*, I should think," replied his friend.

There was, however, no time to be lost, and the hymn, which was so universally sung and so popular with most people, was rapidly composed and sent off to the Prince of Wales, whose letter of thanks is permitted to be published here.

"SANDRINGHAM, NORFOLK, *April* 21, 1897.

"MY DEAR BISHOP,

"I have just received the words of the beautiful hymn you have composed, and shall not fail to send them on to the Queen. Sir A. Sullivan shall also receive the hymn as soon as possible. With renewed thanks for having so kindly complied with my request so promptly,

"Believe me,

"Sincerely yours,

"ALBERT EDWARD."

After sending the hymn off, the Bishop wished to correct one line in it, and asked Sir Arthur Sullivan to propose the alteration to the Prince of Wales. This was done, and the amendment was approved.

Sir A. Sullivan sent a message from the Prince in the following letter as to a manuscript copy of the hymn with both the original and amended lines being sent to Sandringham for preservation.

"1 QUEEN'S MANSIONS, VICTORIA STREET, S.W.

"*April* 30, 1897.

"MY DEAR LORD BISHOP,

"I delayed writing to you in the hope that I could send you a copy of the music of your hymn at the same time. But in consequence of heavy rehearsals all this week, I have not been able to write it out, and will therefore send it you next week. I cannot, however, longer delay expressing my delight with your words. I have rarely come across so beautiful a combination of poetry and deep religious feeling, and I am sure you yourself must be pleased with them. I have set them, but the music wants the final touch. The corners want rounding and the surface polishing; this is, however, a very small task, I hope you will like it. It is *not* a part song, nor an exercise in harmony. It is a tune which every one will, I hope, be able to pick up quickly and sing heartily. I took your letter, with the alteration in the words, to the Prince of Wales yesterday, and he agrees with you. He told me to ask

you if you would kindly write out the words for him yourself, and send them to him, with the original line *and* the alteration as well. It will be like possessing the absolute original manuscript, which is what he wants. Will you kindly do this? What about the copyright? I cannot print it without an assignment from you, and my idea is that *if* there is any profit (there can't be much as I propose selling it at about cost price) we should give it to the Prince of Wales' Hospital Fund in both our names. But of course I shall do nothing until I hear your views on the subject.

"I am yours very sincerely,

"ARTHUR SULLIVAN."

Owing to the kindness of Sir Arthur Sullivan, a facsimile of the Bishop's original manuscript of the hymn is given here, as well as that of Sir Arthur's splendid tune.

The Bishop received a vast number of letters about the hymn. Many of these were from Scotsmen, and were mostly anonymous. They were full of abuse of him for having used the words "England's flag" instead of "Britain's flag." He regretted having unintentionally pained any one, and actually published a letter expressing his regret. But nevertheless letters and postcards from infuriated Scotsmen poured in, and would have distressed the Bishop greatly, had not their exaggerated frenzy made many of them extremely comic.

But, besides these, there were of course many kindly letters on the same subject.

"THE PALACE, EXETER, *June* 9, 1897.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

"I meant to have written ten days ago to thank you, from my heart, for your noble hymn 'O King of Kings,' far, far the best, to my thinking, of all this year has produced—the only one which has satisfied my very heart. And now I am writing selfishly. You will see from enclosed I am inviting all the staff of our many hospitals, &c., (some 550 in number) to a fête on the 24th and

BISHOPGARTH,
WAKEFIELD.

Hymn for the Celebration of the 60th Anniversary of the Queen's Accession.

O King of kings, whose reign of old
Hath been from ever casting,
Before whose throne their crowns of gold
The white-rob'd Saints are casting;
While all the shining courts on high
With Angel songs are ringing,
Oh let Thy children venture nigh,
Their lowly homage bringing.

~~Alleluia!~~

For every heart, made glad by Thee,
With thankful praise is swelling;
And every tongue, with ~~holy glee~~ joy set free
Its happy theme is telling.
Thou hast been mindful of Thine own,
And lo! we come confessing
'Tis Thou hast dower'd our queenly throne
With sixty years of blessing.

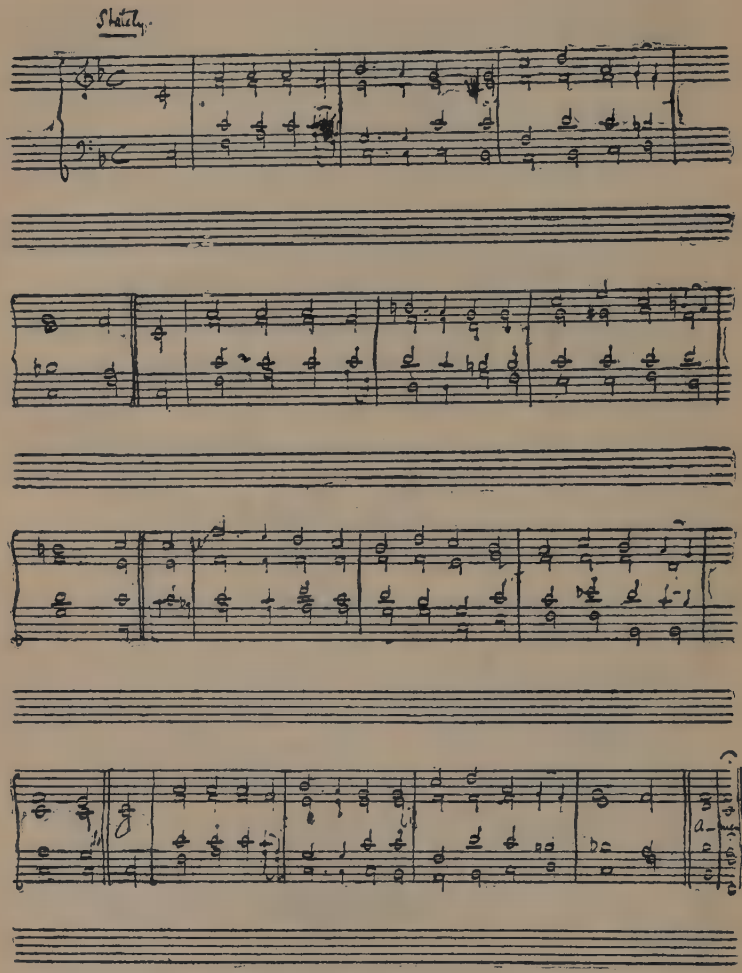
~~Alleluia!~~

Oh Royal heart, with wide Embrace
For all her children yearning!
Oh happy realm, such mother-grace
With loyal love returning!
Where England's flag flies wide unfurl'd,
All tyrant wrongs repelling,
God make the world a better world
For man's brief earthly dwelling

[illegible]

Lead on, O God, thy people still,
New grace & wisdom giving,
To larger love, & purer will,
And nobler heights of living.
And, while of all thy love below
They chant the gracious story,
Oh teach them first thy Christ to know,
And magnify His glory.

[illegible] Amen


Slowly.

Stately.

O King of Kings, whose reign of old Hath been from ever-

last-ing; Be- fore whose throne their crowns of gold The white rob'd saints are

cast-ing; While all the shin-ing courts on high With an-gel songs are

ring-ing, Oh let thy children venture nigh Their lowly homage bringing

A. S.

25th. May I print your hymn with mine, 'God of our Fatherland, and give it each of our guests as a souvenir?

"Ever yours affectionately,

"E. H. EXON."

Canon Norris, Rector of Witney, wrote:

"May I thank you for your beautiful hymn? A well known rector in this archdeaconry writes to me what many must be feeling everywhere:

"'How thankful we ought to be that the Bishop of Wakefield has at last given us a jubilee hymn that we can sing!'"

Two letters, one to Mrs. La Trobe Foster, wife of the Vicar of Widcombe, Bath, and the other to her little son, Pelham, are worth quoting here:

"BISHOPGARTH, WAKEFIELD, *June* 19, 1897.

"MY DEAR MRS. FOSTER,

"How *very* kind of you. Thank you so much. Such nice letters as yours and Pelham's would make me very vain, I fear, if I had not others telling me that my hymn was the veriest rubbish, not up to a fourth form boy, &c. Then I have showers of abuse from Scotland for writing 'England's flag' instead of 'Britain's.' As a specimen, a letter this morning speaks of my 'arrogantly' using 'England,' and says the hymn is 'laughed at.' So you see good folk help to save me from vanity. . . .

"With kindest remembrances,

"Yours very sincerely,

"WM. WALSHAM WAKEFIELD."

"BISHOPGARTH, WAKEFIELD, *June* 19, 1897.

"MY DEAR PELHAM,

"I must write you a letter to thank you for your nice little letter to me telling me that you like my hymn.

I am so glad you do. I should like very much to hear you and your brother sing it together. When you sing it properly in church, you must try to think you are singing it to God, and thanking Him for giving us so good a Queen.

"God bless you.

"Your affectionate old bishop,

"WM. WALSHAM WAKEFIELD."

During the first week in May 1897, his final visitation took place, Wakefield Cathedral and Halifax Parish Church being the two centres selected. The Archdeacon of Halifax in his Visitation Charge of the following year (1898) thus refers to the Bishop's words:

"As I meet you here to-day, my thoughts go back, as yours will, to the Visitation of last year. It was our Bishop's Triennial Visitation, and you will remember how he surprised us by putting on one side the discussion of either diocesan matters or questions of the day affecting the general interests of the Church, and taking for the subject of his charges: 'The Ideal Clergyman,' and 'The Ideal Layman.' He gave his reason for the selection of these subjects. 'It is very probable,' he said, 'that this may be my last Visitation, and I long to speak words which may be spiritually helpful to the diocese on this occasion, rather than to discuss topics of external interest.' These words struck many who heard or read them. Some took alarm, as though they signified an intention on his part to resign the post, which he held to our great advantage. But those who knew him best understood his words in a different sense. They seemed to carry with them a note of prophecy, uttered as by one whose vision was cleared by the light of another world not very far away. The prophecy has had its sad fulfilment. It was his last Visitation. The desire to leave behind him words that might cling and be spiritually helpful to all of us, clergy and laity alike, was prompted by the thought that his work on earth was nearly finished. This thought, as we know now, was never long absent from him during the last few

months of his life. It did not, however, affect the bright naturalness and cheerfulness of spirit and manner which carried with them so great a charm. It did not hinder one purpose of his unmatched activity, and the kindliness which never refused his willing help whenever it might be claimed. It only made him more thoughtful for others, more diligent in setting his house in order, more careful that those whom he must leave behind should have as little trouble as possible, and as little perplexity as to what his wishes might be. 'He prepared abundantly before he died.'"

It had been for some time clear to his family that he considered his life to be drawing to a close, though they thought that he was over-alarmed by the attacks of palpitation which were particularly distressing to one who had for many years known little illness. During the last months of his life he would not infrequently call one of his sons into his library, and point out exactly what papers would be found in this or that drawer, and after his death the fullest and clearest directions were left to his children on all matters, and even such small things as instructions to his successor at Bishopgarth with respect to ventilators and other details were not forgotten. No man certainly ever set his house in order with greater care. During the spring of 1897 he was exceedingly anxious about his youngest grandchild, son of the Vicar of Mirfield, and the entries in his diary, such as "Little Bobby very ill," "Doctors give little hope," &c., are very touching when taken in connection with the thought of his own death which seems to have been ever with him at this time. It was always a great delight to him, especially as years went on, to have his grandchildren near enough for them to come over and see him from time to time, and they were never more pleased than when with him. He used to tell with much amusement how one day he and a small grandson were alone in

the library when a deputation of churchwardens was shown in. The little chap knew that he must run away, but, before doing so, considered it good manners to go up and kiss the deputation all round—to their vast astonishment!

Immediately after his visitation in this year he paid his last visit to the Queen at Windsor, and then took his usual ten days' spring holiday, the first part of which he spent with Archdeacon Sowter at Dorchester, preaching several times for him, and also getting a little fishing in the river there. The last few days of this holiday were spent at Salwarpe with Canon and Mrs. Douglas, and at Nearwell with Mr. and Mrs. Maynard How, these being his last visits to his sister and brother, and the two homes he had loved so well.

The following month was an exceedingly active and busy one. There were some seven or eight Confirmations, there was a bishops' meeting in London, there was the Ordination at Wakefield, and Convocation at York, besides many minor engagements. The Queen's Diamond Jubilee was celebrated on June 22, and he had been one of the bishops invited to receive her Majesty on the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral. But he seemed reluctant to face the exertion of the day. "I am too old," he said: and he was also anxious to address his own people in the Cathedral at Wakefield on the occasion. This he did with all his old vigour, and few would have guessed how nearly it was the last time that his voice would be heard from that pulpit. Just at this time Mr. Hugh Norris, who had been commissioned by Wadham College to paint the Bishop of Wakefield's portrait for their hall, came down to do the work, and, so successful was he, that a most valuable portrait was obtained during the week that he

remained at Bishopgarth. The Bishop had originally proposed to defer the sittings to a later date, in which case the portrait—by far the most satisfactory one ever painted of him—would in all probabilty never have been achieved.

On July 5 Bishop Walsham How went up to London for the Lambeth Conference, and the last month's work of his life was given to the meetings and committees connected therewith.

One matter, however, important to the Wakefield Diocese was settled by him during his stay in London. Canon Gore's Community had made up their minds to migrate to the North of England, and application was made to the Bishop for permission to settle in the Diocese of Wakefield. This was an anxious matter, for they would be an independent body of men, not working a parish, but free lances, whom it might be difficult to control. The Bishop sympathised to a great extent with their endeavours, and thought that the Parish of Mirfield, of which his son was Vicar, would be an advantageous centre for them.

[*To* Rev. H. W. How.]

THE ATHENÆUM, PALL MALL, *July* 17, 1897.

"DEAREST HARRY,

"I received the enclosed from Canon Gore just as I was coming up to London, and to-day I have had a good long talk with him. It turns out that they want to plant their head-quarters, and not a branch-house, in the North. I see no reason to refuse them a welcome (as Manchester has done), and it struck me that Mirfield would not be a bad centre, if a suitable house could be

had. What do *you* think of the idea? They seem to want to get among our more energetic Northerners. Gore says he has men of different views among his small society of nine, two or three being very moderate men. They do not want to be diocesan, but to work all over England, only to make their home in the North, and they hope to have the Archbishop of Canterbury as visitor; they have no life vows. Would Hall Croft suit them?"

This, it will be remembered, was the house originally desired by the Bishop as a residence for himself. The house was afterwards obtained, and the community is now located there.

Of the Bishop's work at the Lambeth Conference there is very little record. Almost the only letter on the subject is one to the Rev. H. W. How, on July 14, in which he says:

"We are having a very interesting time. The debates in full conference last week were on the whole admirable, some of them very able, especially that on the critical study of the Bible, and that on the relation of the Church to social and labour questions. This week we are busy at committee work. I am on three committees: (1) 'The Relation of Religious Communities to the Church and the Episcopate'; (2) 'The Unity of Christendom'; and (3) 'The Adaptation of the Prayer-book, and its Enrichment by Additional Services.' I have just got out of a committee on the last subject, and have half an hour before going to get a bit of luncheon, after which I have to be at the Bounty Board at two. I divided last week between the Shelfords [Rector of Stoke Newington] and the Vatchers [Vicar of St. Philip's, London Hospital]. On Sunday morning I celebrated for Vatcher at eight in his

grand church, and what was my astonishment to find ninety-one communicants, all parishioners, all poor, and half males! As we went in Vatcher whispered to me, 'Say a few words to them, if you like,' so after the Creed I went to the chancel step, and gave a short address. It was a delightful service, and all so reverent and nice."

It will be seen from the latter part of this extract that, as usual, Bishop Walsham How did not allow himself any idle time. Not content with the work of the Conference, he preached two or three times each Sunday, two of the sermons—viz., those at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, and at Highbury—being for the Church of England Society for Providing Homes for Waifs and Strays.

All this time he was feeling the heat terribly: most of all, perhaps, on the sad day when he took the service at the funeral of his old friend, Miss Jean Ingelow.

[*To his brother.*]

"THE ATHENÆUM, PALL MALL, *July* 22, 1897.

"Here we have had it fearfully hot, and I have not had a blanket over me at night since I came up to London last Monday fortnight. With all the windows open, a single sheet is as much as I can bear. I never knew such a continuance of heat. . . . I am going to look in this afternoon at an 'At home' at Miss Fanny Patteson's, where I am to meet dear old Mrs. Selwyn, which will be very pleasant."

A week later, July 29, the following entry occurs in his diary.

"Rather seedy, and half asleep all day."

And on July 30:

"Very far from well. Could not stay in the Conference Hall P.M., and very poorly in the evening."

He was noticed on that day alone, and apparently asleep, on a sofa in the library at Lambeth on the ground floor. Such an unusual circumstance naturally caused some alarm to those who saw him.

However, next day he returned to Wakefield, and his diary says:

"Home in afternoon. Better. Did good evening's work writing."

Unfortunately his son and daughter-in-law had started for Ireland the day before to get the house ready, so that there was no one at home to find out how poorly he was and to call in Dr. Lett, who knew him well, and would doubtless have pronounced him unfit to follow to Ireland on the Monday.

He wrote to his daughter, Mrs. Kenyon, and mentioned that he was unwell, but she did not receive the letter in time to do more than telegraph to the servants at Bishopgarth on Monday morning to know whether the Bishop had started, receiving a reply that he had done so.

On Sunday August 1 he wrote to his brother:

"BISHOPGARTH, WAKEFIELD.

"I was bowled over by the heat at last. I never knew such a month—not one night all July in which, with windows open, I could sleep under more than a sheet! On Thursday I was half asleep all day, and very limp, and on Friday I could not remain in the Conference Hall, but stole away and sat alone in the library half asleep all

afternoon, and feeling very seedy. I could eat nothing, and when I got back to Wimbledon [where he was staying with some cousins] I would not even go in to dinner. I trembled for to-morrow, especially when I found myself very feverish. . . .

"I was much better, though with little appetite, all yesterday, and to-day am doing my appointed work, though I suppose I am not very vigorous. I took an early Celebration at 7.30, and am preaching twice. I start dreadfully early to-morrow, joining the Mirfield party [Mr. and Mrs. H. W. How and their eldest son] at Mirfield. . . .

"I wish Rudyard Kipling had omitted the last verse in his recessional hymn. It would, I think, be better without it."

The celebration he took that Sunday morning, the last of many in his fifty years' ministry, was in the chapel of the Home for Girls, at St. John's, Wakefield.* He then preached at the Cathedral in the morning and at Wrenthorpe at night.

The Bishop had taken a house in County Mayo for the month of August, and had greatly looked forward to having many members of his family round him while there. Looking back upon the time, earlier in the year, when he was making his holiday arrangements, it is remembered how eager he was to have some house that summer which would be large enough to take in a good many of his family, and how often he said, "I want *this* holiday to be a specially good one": it was as if he were feeling sure that it would be the last. The position of the house he had taken was quite after his own heart.

* A handsome brass has been placed in the chapel as a memorial of this.

Surrounded by magnificent scenery, it stood just above the Dhulough, some two or three miles from Killary Harbour. His holidays were almost always spent among mountains, rivers, and lakes, and here were all three in greatest beauty.

The party assembled for the first fortnight were Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Norris and their eldest boy, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. How, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. How and their eldest boy, and Mr. F. A. W. How. Others of the family were to have come in their turn, and to have spent the second fortnight with him.

On Tuesday August 2 the Bishop arrived, having broken the journey by sleeping the night at Dublin, and it was noticed that he looked exceedingly white and tired, but it was hoped that a few days in that lovely spot would recruit him thoroughly. The next day, Wednesday, he went out fishing in a boat on the lough after tea, and killed a few good sea-trout, feeling afterwards rather better than he had done for some time. On the Thursday there were heavy rainstorms, and the Bishop did not go out. The entry in his diary for this day is:

"Very seedy all day. Could not go out."

On Friday there occurs the last entry ever made by him.

"Rather better, but very limp."

He proposed to go out again on the lough that evening with one of his sons, but, when tea-time came, he felt too poorly, and went to bed early.

He never came downstairs again. A doctor was sent for from Leenane, the other side of Killary Bay, and he gave a cheering report, saying that he quite hoped that

the choleraic attack, from which the Bishop was suffering, would be easily conquered, and that he would be up and about again in a couple of days. All Saturday and Sunday the Bishop was very drowsy, and could not take any nourishment to speak of, but the doctor, who visited him constantly, did not even then take alarm. On Monday morning it was thought wise to telegraph for Dr. Lett from Wakefield, and for the Bishop's daughter, neither of whom was able to arrive till it was too late.

All that day the Bishop was exceedingly heavy with a kind of stupor. When any of his family came into the room his great desire seemed to be that they should leave him alone, and his one remark, made constantly all through the day, was, "Good-night, I don't want anything, thank you."

At luncheon time he seemed a little better, and the doctor had gone away giving a more cheerful account, so that the Bishop's eldest son, who had been with him all the morning, went out in a boat on the lough.

He had not, however, been gone for more than half an hour when he was hurriedly summoned back, and found his father apparently in a state of collapse, the pulse stopping every few beats, and the general symptoms being most alarming. The doctor was sent for at once, but did not arrive for some hours, during which time the Bishop revived slightly, and the doctor fancied, when he saw him, that there had been unnecessary fear. Shortly afterwards, however, a fresh collapse came on, and the doctor became thoroughly alarmed. He stayed all that night, trying by every means to revive the strength of his patient. In the very early hours of the morning (Tuesday, August 10) he found that all his efforts were unavailing, and told the Bishop's family that he could do no more. At this time

the Bishop was exceedingly restless, trying to throw off the bed-clothes, and it was very doubtful how far he was aware of his surroundings. He held the hand of one of his sons for a long time, and, on some one in the room expressing a doubt as to whether he knew who was present, he raised the hand to his lips—the last act of which it could be certain that he was conscious.

It became clearer every moment that the end was approaching, and his three sons, two daughters-in-law, and his Chaplain, the Rev. W. F. Norris, gathered together in his room. By this time the great restlessness had ceased, and the breathing was becoming a little more difficult. The Holy Communion was celebrated by Mr. Norris, who said afterwards that he felt sure that the Bishop was aware of what was taking place, as he slightly turned his head to receive the Sacrament.

At half-past seven, while all were kneeling quietly round his bed, Bishop Walsham How died: there was no pain, no struggle: just one last breath, and all was over. The commendatory prayer was said by Mr. Norris, who had also performed the same office just ten years before by the death-bed of Mrs. How, this being one of many similarities between the deaths of the Bishop and Mrs. How. Both took place somewhat suddenly during the August holiday, and both in the midst of lovely scenery: one occurring in the first Jubilee year 1887, and the other in the Diamond Jubilee year 1897.

After his death the Bishop was dressed in his full episcopal robes, with his hands clasped as if in prayer, and it was thus that his daughter, Mrs. Kenyon, saw him for the last time, when she arrived, an hour or two after Dr. Lett, on the afternoon of August 10.

It was decided that the funeral was to be at Whitting-

ton, as he had always wished, in the plot of ground that had been kept for him beside his wife. The people of Wakefield were affectionately anxious that he should be buried in the Cathedral there, but it was felt that his own frequently expressed desire ought to prevail.

The little telegraph office at Leenane was busy all day sending and receiving telegrams, and, indeed, had to be kept open till a late hour, so continuous was the stream of messages. The last batch, which included a gracious telegram of sympathy from the Queen, did not arrive at Dhulough until after midnight. Among other messages received were those from H.R.H. Princess Christian, from the Mayor and citizens of Wakefield, and from the two Archdeacons and many of the clergy and laity of the diocese. One layman and neighbour telegraphed, "Am bowed down with grief," and that was the note that was struck by all. So many had lost a dear friend: a feeling that was more than once expressed in the words, "I feel as if I had lost a near relation."

The funeral had to take place on Thursday, August 12, only two days after the Bishop's death, and it seems marvellous that this was possible, considering that Dhulough Lodge was in the far west of Ireland, and was nearly twenty miles from a railway. That the journey was made, and everything smoothly carried out, was in great measure due to the courtesy of the officials on the various lines of railway, who seemed as if they could not do enough to show their respect for one whom most of them knew by name, and many by sight.

At a little before four o'clock on a lovely afternoon the train arrived at Whittington in Shropshire, and was met by a large number of relations and friends of the family, as well as by the village choir and a number of clergy in

surplices. A simple wheel-bier decorated with flowers received the coffin, and was propelled by Whittington men, who had been schoolboys when Bishop Walsham How was Rector of the parish. Slowly the procession went on its way headed by the choir singing hymns; past the schools which he had been chiefly instrumental in building forty-five years before; along the road so often trodden by him between them and the Rectory; past the long wall and high holly hedge of the Rectory garden: and so by the familiar way beside the old Castle Pools, to the church where he had ministered for eight and twenty years, and to the churchyard he had himself added. Here a vast crowd of village folk and other friends were waiting: and it was touching to see the numbers of women with little children clinging to their skirts who had themselves been schoolgirls when he was called away to his East London work. It was all just what he would have wished. There was an entire absence of any sort of pomp. The dear old village looked its loveliest; children and flowers—two of the things he loved the best—were everywhere in evidence: it was difficult for even those who mourned him most not to feel a sense of thankfulness at the thought of laying him to rest, after a life of ceaseless toil, where all was so much after his own heart and where so many loved him well.

The service in the church was taken by the Rev. E. P. Edmonds, Rector of Whittington, and the Lesson was read by the Bishop of St. Asaph. Lord William Cecil, representing the Queen, then laid a wreath from her Majesty upon the coffin, and the procession streamed out into the churchyard. Here the service was said by the Archdeacon of Halifax and the Rev. W. F. Norris, Vicar of Almondbury, both of whom were among the

number of the Bishop's examining chaplains, the Bishop of St. Asaph giving the benediction at the close of the service. Lovely flowers were sent in profusion from all parts, but especially from the Wakefield Diocese, whence also came many clerical and lay representatives. The large number of people present would doubtless have been greatly increased had it not been for the necessity of hurrying on the funeral, many persons not even hearing of his illness, much less his death, until they heard also that he had been laid to rest.

A tall churchyard cross, some eighteen feet high, with the figure of the Good Shepherd in the centre of the actual cross, and the pastoral staff and mitre on the slender octagon shaft, has been erected over the two graves, so that the villagers of Whittington may be constantly reminded, as they pass by, of "Mr. and Mrs. How," who for so many years loved their country parish, and "did what they could," looking upon it to the last as their home.

After Bishop Walsham How's death there were of course numberless tributes to his memory in sermons and speeches as well as in the newspapers.

That from *Truth* was perhaps the most concise, as it was one of the most appreciative. In this he is described as

"A thoroughly good, single-hearted man—downright and upright—who possessed the very rare gift of speaking and preaching straight to the popular sense and popular spirit of all classes of his hearers. . . . . He was himself a sound High Churchman, but entirely tolerant and wide-minded in all his views. He was, moreover, distinguished for his common sense. Throughout life his great object was to do his duty thoroughly. . . . . His character was remarkable for its affectionateness, simplicity, generosity,

and courage. There was an entire absence of meanness, self-seeking, or ill-nature. In private life he was the most charming of men."

To these few words, showing an entire knowledge of the man, little can be added.

Whatever he did he did with all his might. He wasted none of his time, he grudged none of his strength. Those who were much with him scarcely realised how his vitality, his energy, his love, his self-denying humility, permeated the whole atmosphere in which he lived, until he had entered into his rest, and they were left alone with memory.

When the Northern Convocation met at York in February 1898, the Archbishop called together the two Houses, and those who were present describe the speeches then delivered by the Archbishop (Dr. Maclagan) and the Bishop of Ripon (Dr. Boyd Carpenter) as being splendid oratorical utterances. No better summary of Bishop Walsham How's life and work, no more touching tribute to his memory could be conceived, and no memoir of him would be complete that did not contain the words spoken on that occasion. The following report is taken from the *Guardian* of February 23, 1898:

"*Thursday, February* 17.

"MEETING IN FULL SYNOD.

"The two Houses met in full synod in Archbishop Zouche's Chapel. There were present all the members of the Upper House. Litany was said in Latin.

"THE LATE BISHOP OF WAKEFIELD.

"The PRESIDENT: It is with a sorrowful heart that I remind you of the great loss which has been sustained by this Convocation since we last met by the withdrawal from amongst us of

Bishop Walsham How. It was my privilege and my happiness to enjoy for more than thirty years his intimate friendship. From the happy days when we were both parish priests, he in his widely scattered but not otherwise large parish on the borders of Wales, and within sight of her beautiful mountains, and I in a poor and populous district in the south of London, it was always a happiness to be allowed to pay him a visit, and I am certain that I never returned from visiting him at Whittington without bringing some blessing with me. In trying to recall to myself and to remind you of some characteristics of his personality and his work and his life, I think the first thing that strikes me is the recollection of a kind of bright seriousness about the man. You remember all of you the habitual expression of his face. It seemed always ready to develop into a smile. Yet there was nothing weak about it. He was a strong man, was Walsham How. But with all that brightness there was a very deep seriousness. And one thing that I remember very well was the readiness with which his conversation would always turn from the most commonplace matters towards higher things. It needed but a suggestion and that face became beautifully serious, and immediately his mind and his conversation rose far above the level of ordinary human life. And as a counterpart to that bright seriousness there was what I may call a chastened humour. You know how humorous he was. Never was this more evident than when he was parish priest of Whittington. As I used to drive about with him from place to place in his parish in a very humble little chaise, which was all he had in those days, every now and then something that we passed on the road, or some person we passed on the road, was made the occasion for some charming story full of humour. It was a delight to hear it coming from such lips. And his personal kindness with his people, which enabled him to recall these stories, was one of the strongest points in his ministry. And yet with all his humour he never said anything that was really unkind. He could express himself in terms of very strong, righteous indignation at what was wrong or unjust or untrue; but unkindness to any person I never heard come from his lips. I think I may say—and it is a great thing to say, but I believe it is true—that I cannot recall having heard him say a single word that his Master would have been vexed to hear. Amongst the features of

his work—and his work and his life really were so interwoven that it is difficult to separate the one from the other—was his great diligence. He loved his work and he did it with happiness. It never seemed to be a burden to him, and yet he was a very busy man indeed. And one of the secrets of his success, I think, was his great promptitude in everything he did. He never wasted a moment in idle thought; but if he felt that he had anything to do it must be done at once, and he did it. And then, again, he was a most careful husbandman of time; and there are few more valuable characteristics in a parish priest than that. I remember very well how after his family prayers and before the early breakfast of his household he would go to a little side table—if I remember rightly, a desk at which he stood—and until breakfast was quite ready he would be writing half a dozen little notes that required to be written, filling up in this way the vacant spaces of time. It was an evidence of his great diligence and promptitude, and I am quite sure that this helped him greatly in doing so much as he did during his earthly life. He was, I think, if I remember rightly, about twenty-seven or twenty-eight years in Whittington, and yet he was perfectly and absolutely contented to remain in that little parish; a man who must have been conscious in himself of powers that were able to cope with a greater work, as the world itself saw afterwards. He was not a man who for a moment claimed to be a great theologian, but he was a most careful student of theology; and when at last the call came to him—and I was privileged in being the messenger who first carried to him that he was to be Bishop of the East of London—he accepted it with the greatest diffidence in his own powers, but with a perfect readiness to do whatever work God might have in store for him; for he was a man with a very humble estimate of himself, and often sought advice from those whom he might very well have advised under similar circumstances. And one thing more—because I do not wish to detain you, and there are others who will speak to you on the subject—there was a softness and strength combined in his character which shows itself, I think, very beautifully in the hymns which he has left as a perpetual treasure to the Church. (Cheers.) I do not know that among any of the hymn-writers of our day there is one who has so completely presented in his hymns the best spirit of the nineteenth-century

Church—(cheers)—a man warmly attached to what was ancient and keenly appreciative of what was new—bringing out of his treasure things new and old. I should like to end with a word of hope. We all of us feel the great loss that we have sustained. I continually remember him, and think how much I would give to shake his hand once more and look in his beautiful face, and hear his beautiful voice, and have fellowship again with him in that fellowship we enjoyed for more than thirty years. But, on the other hand, it is a comfort to us to know, from our own experience, that, however great the losses are which the Church of England suffers in this way from time to time, there are always ready some who are called by God's providence to fill the vacant place, and to fill it well. It is very remarkable, looking back on the history of the Church of England within the last thirty or forty years, how unexpectedly, sometimes, a vacant place has been filled. Sometimes not to our satisfaction at the moment, but after years of experience leaving with us the conclusion that it was filled by the very man for the place. We are not all of the same type, and we cannot expect another Walsham How to be found when his place is vacant, but there are other men who have characteristics which may have been wanting in him. He did not profess or wish to be regarded as a perfect man. So far as his personality went he did his work to the best of his power. But it is well sometimes that a man of another turn of mind, but with the same deep sense of what is holy and right and true and just, and with the same earnest desire to serve his Master, but with different powers and different capacities, should fill the vacant place. So it has been in many instances within the last thirty years, and so we may well believe it will continue to be. (Cheers.) The great goodness of God to our Church of England, even in these matters of appointments, I will not say of bishops only, but to other positions in the Church, with all the drawbacks there will be, and some failures that there will always be—but yet, throughout the course of these thirty years there has been a remarkable evidence of God's goodness to us in the matter of the men he has placed in vacant positions, and it is a matter, I think, for our deepest thankfulness. (Cheers.) I know no department of life to which the words of the poet more strictly or happily apply, *Uno avulso non deficit alter*. And so, my brethren, while we

regret, and most deeply regret, the loss we have sustained in his removal from us to another world, where he will find not only rest, but, as we well believe, scope for the exercise of his beautiful faculties and capacities, while we mourn his loss from among us, let us be of good heart. He is only waiting for us in a higher sphere of the Church of Christ, still one of ourselves, still in closest fellowship with us, thinking of us undoubtedly while we are met together here to-day; praying for us—can we for a moment doubt it?—in that nearer presence of his Master and ours, and so still strengthening us, though he is absent from us; he may be able to use the words and thoughts of St. Paul when he says—"I am with you, beholding your order and the steadfastness of your faith in Christ." (Cheers.)

"THE BISHOP OF RIPON: I feel there is intrusted to me a task the discharge of which, I am quite sure, all of you who are present to-day can little envy me. It is always difficult to cast one's mind back and consider the days that are gone and those who were with us labouring in a dear fellowship without that species of emotion which more or less upsets the balance of one's thoughts and disturbs the equanimity of one's heart. Will you allow me at the outset to say that in anything which I say to-day there is not lacking one whit more in the warmth of the welcome which we accord to the successor of Bishop Walsham How because we are constrained by the affection which we bore to his predecessor to speak first of the loss we have sustained? I cannot claim the right to speak more than others except, perhaps, for this accident—that out of my own diocese of Ripon there was carved the new diocese of which he was the first and the able Bishop. In the providence of God there have been given to the English Church bishops of various types. There have not been wanting those whom we may describe as learned bishops, whose vast erudition and whose guiding scholarship have been the glory of their age and the delight of the years that have followed. We have had Archbishop Ussher; we have had Bishop Lightfoot. But the Church has also been dowered with another class of bishop—men of robust understanding, of keen intelligence, of logical force, who have buttressed up the strength of the bulwarks of the Church by some powerful work of theology. And so we have had in our day, in the goodness of God's providence,

bestowed upon us men like Bishop Butler and men like Bishop Thirlwall, whose strong force and robust and vigorous intellects have been the great refuges for the weak and the doubtful. We have had also the brilliant eloquence of men whose eloquent speech has flowed up like a great flood, and has carried refreshment wherever it has gone to attract and persuade the souls of men—men like Jeremy Taylor, men like Bishop Wilberforce, men, your Grace, like your illustrious predecessor. But we are thankful to add that in the order of God's providence there has been another type of bishop, which also has not been wanting as God's gift to us—the man of devout spirit, of cultivated intelligence, of persistent piety; the man of the type, I may say, of Archbishop Benson, or Bishop Ken. And if we were to describe the place which Bishop Walsham How would be likely to take in the great order of prelates I have described, I think we should assign him a place beside Bishop Ken. God had bestowed upon him, as your Grace has remarked, certain special gifts—a sobriety of judgment, a happy mirthfulness of spirit, a kindly disposition, and untiring diligence. But there was another gift, your Grace, to which, if I understand rightly, you did not do more than give an indirect allusion—a gift of a rare and precious sort, the gift, I mean, of being able to interpret the piety of the people to the heart of the people. For this it is, I imagine, which has given that very wide circulation to those happily conceived and simply written books which have been the sustaining strength and guide and help to many a confirmation candidate and many a young beginner in ministerial life. (Cheers.) Added to this there was that happy gift of sacred song, by which he was able to give expression to the secret aspirations of the Church; and I think there must be a melancholy suggestion in contemplating this—that almost with his last breath he voiced the great Jubilee thanksgiving of the people of this country, and they were the words which he had written which were sung in every parish church in England. (Cheers.) And if those gifts were bestowed upon him, one turns for one moment to the life in which the use of those gifts was seen. In the quiet little parish to which your Grace has alluded he wrought with a diligence which has been abundantly attested by those who knew him, dispensing his hospitality, living in that simple and diligent and non-self-seeking fashion

which made his life somewhat resemble that of those earlier Fathers of the Church, of which Ken and Richard Hooker and John Keble are examples. And then he is called from that simple little parish to the choking and overflowing population of the great East of London, to become a conspicuous example of the truth of that axiom which underlies all English wisdom, that a man who is fit for one post is fit for almost any other post, and if the stuff and the quality be in the man, you need not be afraid to trust him, even though the sphere of his work be considerably changed. And that is what we saw in him. The diligence with which he pursued his work in the East of London, the way in which he organised and revived the interest of Churchmen in that most difficult part of the metropolis, is now already a matter of past history; till there came that other post, which brought him into our midst, and once more altered, so to speak, the atmosphere of his life, and at the time of life he did it required courage, and was again a test of the qualities which were in the man. If I may say it in the North, it is said that Yorkshire is a somewhat difficult county for a southern or a western mind to grow acclimatised to. But whatever the difficulties of northern atmosphere there may have been, he so lived and he so wrought, and his example was so clearly read and understood, that ere he passed away men had learned to trust him, little children to welcome him, and the people to love him. (Cheers.) Your Grace, and my right rev. and rev. brethren, we have now lost him, and it only remains for us to gather up, as it were, what were the experience and the teaching of his example. There remains to us that priceless legacy of sacred song; and still evermore, as under his guidance we sing it, it seems as though heaven's gates were opening, and the great multitude from all quarters of the world were hastening along the glorious avenue in and through the crystal barriers, and still ever there is heard on each door the silent knocking of that Christ who not only welcomes the dear dead into His immediate presence, but seeks to find admission to every human heart. And therefore, though we have lost him, we have not lost the help of his example. We can still sing the songs which he has left us. We can still draw experience from his example; and perhaps, your Grace, best of all we can trace with grateful hearts that divine wisdom which showed us in the sweet

sacred Ethos which pervaded all that he did that measure of the Spirit of Christ that was in him. I would venture, with your Grace's permission, to submit this resolution:—

"'That this meeting of the joint Houses of the Convocation of York desires to place upon record its deep sense of the loss which has been sustained by the Church at large and by the Northern Province by the death of the Right Rev. W. Walsham How, Bishop of Wakefield, whose diligent ministrations, sober counsels, and living voice of sacred song have left the Church a debtor to that divine love and wisdom which consecrated and inspired his life.'"

The memorial to Bishop Walsham How which has been set on foot, and which is, it is hoped, to be supported by his friends in all parts of the country, is the enlargement of Wakefield Cathedral. For this, and for a recumbent effigy of the Bishop, a large sum is needed, but no more fitting memorial to the first bishop of the diocese could easily be found. The fine old parish church was created a cathedral at the time of the formation of the See, but it is far too small for the purpose. It is, however, exceedingly good, as far as it goes, and to convert it into a really fine edifice would be a grand and lasting monument to its first bishop. Many who loved to see his white head bowed in prayer, in the throne which Wakefield hands erected for him, will do their utmost to further the work; many others, too, who will remember his labours in various parts of the country, will like to aid in such a national project as the completion of his Cathedral Church.

A beautiful idea (originating with the Rev. A. E. Jalland, Vicar of Woolley) is also being carried out—the Bishop's numerous children-friends being invited to put up a window, or some other memorial, in the enlarged cathedral to the "Children's Bishop."

CHAPTER XXV

THE BISHOP AS AN AUTHOR

By far the greater portion of the Bishop's works were written while he was Rector of Whittington. It was as the author of "Plain Words" that he first became known to the public. As has been already stated, the first series of these well known publications consisted of short sermons written for use at family prayers in his father's house. They were sold to Messrs. Wells Gardner, the publishers, or rather, they were purchased by the predecessor of Mr. Wells Gardner, whose partner, Mr. Darton, describes the first and second series of "Plain Words" as among the most popular, and certainly the most useful, sermons ever issued. It would be interesting, were it possible, to know how often they have been preached by others than their author. On one occasion Mrs. How and one of her sons were present at a service in a church at a little seaside place, and the officiating clergyman was proceeding happily with the sermon when he caught sight of Mrs. How, with whom he was acquainted. He stopped for a moment, looked somewhat confused, and then, before his next sentence, put in the remark, "As a writer of the present day observes." It was a sermon out of "Plain Words."

Two further series were afterwards issued, making four

in all, and so lately as Easter 1897 the Bishop received an anonymous letter saying:

"I feel a desire to thank you for the help your writings have been to me, and especially at this time for your volume on prayer ['Plain Words,' series iv.] which has been read daily in our church this Lent."

The next work of importance was his commentary on the Four Gospels, written at the request of the S.P.C.K., and published by that Society as one volume of their Commentary on the Bible. He began this arduous task in July 1863, and finished it in June 1868—just five years' work. The book was on the whole exceedingly well received. *The Rock* described it as the best commentary in so small a space yet seen. His power of extreme plainness of language enabled him to undertake successfully what was at the time described as "the most difficult task that can be assigned to any one"—viz., to write a "plain commentary." The criticism most frequently met with was that of "omitting" various matters. Probably this was a fault belonging to the very nature of a *short* commentary, and unavoidable. The sale of this book has reached the considerable total of 223,000.

In 1874 he was at work upon the book which has had, possibly, the greatest influence of any of his writings—viz., "Pastor in Parochiâ."

In an article in *Church Bells*, Mr. Darton says that both they (the publishers) and the author thought that it would have but a limited sale. Few of the Church papers (the *Literary Churchman* excepted) noticed it favourably. But in spite of this the book rapidly gained popularity, and the publishers were able in a few years' time to show that the sale of "Pastor in Parochiâ" and

"The Priest's Prayer-Book" was so large as to imply that every clergyman in the Church must possess one or the other of them.

It was once said that nine out of ten of the younger clergy have been "brought up on 'Pastor in Parochiâ,'" but it has appealed to a wider class than the clergy, and has been valued by laymen also in their hour of trouble or sickness. The following letters are of interest as showing the value the book has obtained in the eyes of men of various conditions.

"ADDINGTON VICARAGE, CROYDON.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"You will hardly remember me. I had the pleasure of meeting you when I was Secretary of the Tract Committee of S.P.C.K. and also had some correspondence with you about the Commentary, in which I am doing 'the Acts.'

"I write now because I am sure it will give you pleasure to hear the inexpressible comfort the dear archbishop [Longley] found in my readings to him from your 'Pastor in Parochiâ.' The chapters which he liked best were those on Crosses and on Death. *All* the prayers which I used seemed to comfort him more than I can tell you.

"For some hours yesterday I stood by him and read the sentences and ejaculations, and his looks and movement of his hands showed how fully he entered into them. The book has been a great comfort to the family since. I am sure you will be glad to know this of one so dearly loved as he was, and I therefore make no apology for writing to you. So touching and beautiful a death falls perhaps to the lot of few men to see.

* * * * *

"I remain, my dear Sir,

"Yours very faithfully,

"W. BENHAM."

Canon Benham remembers the archbishop whispering, "Sweet, sweet," over the "reading" beginning, "You have a Cross to bear."

"THE RECTORY, WITNEY, OXON., *June* 2, 1897.

"MY VERY DEAR BISHOP,

"This note requires no acknowledgment whatever; but you won't blame me for yielding to an impulse, and telling you something about your 'Pastor in Parochiâ.' We have a sad case of cancer in the mouth. The sufferer is a man of the woolstapler class, who used to hunt and keenly 'enjoy life.' His malady has developed very rapidly, and he has now, when I am with him, to *write* his words. Well, his constant companion is your book, which seems to have been, both in this and in a previous great trial, the greatest help both to him and to his wife. When I use it at his bed-side, he likes me to see that he has it open at the same page, and this appears to be both a pleasure and an assistance to his thoughts. Your book being chiefly *in usum cleri*, I was struck with the discovery that a layman, in extreme suffering, had made it his companion and invaluable friend.

* * * * *

"Yours, my dear Bishop,

"Ever affectionately,

"W. FOXLEY NORRIS."

"*March* 12, 1884.

"MY LORD BISHOP,

"I have long wished to tell you how invaluable a book your 'Pastor in Parochiâ' has been for a very great many years to me, and to relations, friends and neighbours in different parts of the world, and to poor uneducated people cut off from religious help and instruction in the bush of Australia.

"But I find it impossible to tell in a letter what light and hope issued on two very different paths, whose end was death—death made easier by your book.

"One, a young Christian mother, who had to tear herself from a devoted husband, and the anxious care of five little children. Her dying gift to her husband when, after a life of bodily suffering she unreservedly resigned herself to the will of God and said good-bye, was a *worn* copy of 'Pastor in Parochiâ,' every pencil mark revealing, after her death, the secret history of the life of her soul, its crucifixion, and the strength and comfort you helped to give her in your book.

"The other case in which your book was of value—a soul, I am inclined to think, that did not know God, brought to His feet by the agonies and horrors of cancer in the face. . . .

* * * * *

"It is an unusual thing for a stranger to write you such a letter as this, but it has long been in my heart to thank you for your book, a treasure I give to bride, widow, all in trouble or difficulty, and feel it is the best help I know how to give next to a Bible or Prayer-book, and one of the greatest blessings of my life from girlhood to age, as wife, mother, mistress of a household, and the neighbour of poor uneducated people isolated in the bush, without a living 'Pastor in Parochiâ.'

"Yours very truly,

"* * *"

The "Manual for the Holy Communion," compiled by the Bishop, and published first in 1878 by the S.P.C.K., is well known and must be very widely used. No less than 237,000 copies were sold in the first eight years after its publication, the total at the present day being 657,000.

There were numerous smaller books of sermons and addresses issued by him at various dates, such as his "Pastoral Work" (originally delivered at Cambridge), for which Bishop Christopher Wordsworth promised a place "with St. Gregory and George Herbert," and his "Words of Good Cheer." In 1892 Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. brought out a volume of his sermons in their series of "Preachers of the Age." The second of these sermons, called "The Bible and Science," was the sermon preached before the British Association in Manchester Cathedral on September 4, 1887, exactly one week after the death of his wife. It is perhaps the best sermon, intellectually, he ever preached. Mr. Gladstone and the late Professor Huxley were both much struck by it, and the latter in his book on "Science and the

Christian Tradition," mentions this sermon, and says of the Bishop that he was one of the only people who so treated of religion and science that he (Professor Huxley) felt he could go with them.

The Bishop, in the course of this sermon, said that the subject of the Bible in relation to science was so vast, that he wished to select some one point for illustration. The point he selected was the theory of evolution. On this question he said that there were undoubtedly facts and arguments in its favour which it would be silly to despise, and which to many scientific men appeared to possess all but conclusive weight.

He warned people against saying, "All such-like speculations are straight against God's word, and therefore utterly untrue," reminding them how great an injury to the cause of religion was done in former days by the stolid resistance of the Church to the discoveries of astronomy as being opposed to the Bible; and how recent were the silly denunciations uttered against geology because it taught that the *days* of Creation signify vast periods of time.

"God's Word," he said, "in abstaining from scientific revelations, is simply adapting itself to our understandings, in the same way that it does when it speaks of God Himself in anthropomorphic language, ascribing to Him the members of a human body, that we may see, as it were, a shadow of His actings on the wall."

Later on he says that it seems to him that religion and science revolve in different orbits, but that these orbits cut one another at certain points. The origin of man is one of those matters on which God speaks to us both by His Word and by His works. It was, therefore, one of

the points of contact and of possible collision, and had to be considered very carefully. For argument's sake, he was willing to suppose the theory of evolution to be fully established. He would suppose that we are taught by the teaching of God's handwriting in His works to look upon man as the latest development of a structure and system of which we trace back the rudiments and gradual growth through ten thousand earlier and progressive forms of life.

"What then?" asked the Bishop. "Why, then *this* was the wonderful way in which 'the Lord God formed man out of the dust of the ground.' We then behold God creating by evolution instead of by isolated and unconnected acts of creative energy. . . . What if God had chosen to let His creatures ripen by slow degrees into more and more perfect forms, until one was produced which in His wisdom He counted fit for the inbreathing of an immortal spirit? . . . To me it seems quite possible to reconcile the theory of physical evolution in the case of man's outward organism with the dignity which the fiat of the Creator's will has bestowed upon the being whom He made to be a new creature in the splendid dowry of his spiritual and intellectual powers."

These extracts will show the line taken by the preacher on the subject which he boldly selected for his sermon before the British Association—a sermon which ended with a fervent appeal to his hearers to come and see the things which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor have entered into the heart of man, but from the sight of which they should go back to their science rich with new treasures of wisdom, strong with new life and power,

glad with new hope, and worshipping not Nature, but Nature's God.

As a writer for, and preacher to, children, Bishop Walsham How excelled, as any one who had ever seen him in the company of children would have imagined. Some remarks on this gift of the Bishop's were once made by the Rev. B. Waugh, author of "Sunday Evenings with my Children," &c., who has been good enough to put them on paper and allow them to be published here. Mr. Waugh says:

"Bishop Walsham How was that rare thing, an excellent preacher to children, because he was concise and vivid, and had an earnest and thrilling belief in the greatness and goodness of his purpose. ~~One of the striking marks of all his methods was the use which~~ he always made of the knowledge his small hearers already possessed, which he elicited at every possible place in his sermon by putting to them a question and awaiting their answer, or saying the greater part of a sentence and pausing for them to complete it. Capital specimens of these ways are 'Twelve Years Old,' and 'Palm Sunday' ["Plain Words to Children"].

"Mere sonorousness, unctuousness, or tone of priestly authority he never used. His authority was the holiness and delightfulness of the things he was saying, which he himself first felt intensely enough for them to radiate out of him. His sermon was of his life.

"He always assumed that the bright round faces before him, made lovely by their air of expectancy, were bred and born to Christian ideas which he sought to arouse and feed and guide amid the duties and daily scenes of youthful life. A joyous servant of Jesus himself, he sought to make children share his joy and service. Yet few preachers to children were more practical and matter-of-fact than was Dr. How. He sought to produce no visionaries. The great God was another homely father; heaven, an extension of their kindly home. Duty and effort in all sorts of ordinary ways took the place of dreams and ecstasies.

"The underlying power of all ~~his~~ sermons was the greatness of

his reverence for childhood. It was an instinct with him, rather than an act, to guard and tend its sacred flame, one which did not follow but set a fashion. When he first began to share his public ministry with children, beyond their submission to its rites and the task-work of its catechisms, the Church had little for them.

"I remember him saying how, then, his ecclesiastical superiors remonstrated with him. They considered his venture undignified and wasteful. Evangelical Dissenters, too, were without services for children, not considering children quite lost enough to be saved. Dr. How rejoiced to see the day when all this was changed, and to the Good Shepherd's command, 'Feed my Sheep,' the Church at large had added, 'Feed my Lambs.' I remember his saying at a public meeting, 'I love this century for it has been the children's century.'

"In this he declared what was the secret of his attractiveness as a preacher to children. He was no 'stranger' to them. The voice of a stranger they will not hear. Children knew him; they were his own. The light and warmth of his feelings towards them was a transparent medium through which they saw him and understood his thoughts, as they saw their fathers and mothers and understood their thoughts.

"To the little, silent, closely sitting children, the sound of his sermon was quite different from the sermons of others, mainly because their place in the soul of the preacher was quite different from that they held in other preachers. He was in them and they were in him. When the congregation had broken up the memory of what he said was the memory of him, and it was a pleasant memory, and a memory for life.

"As their teacher by music he has almost exceeded himself as a teacher by sermons. He has given to children's lips the language of a children's faith and love. His hymns are not mere religious thoughts expressed in pleasant verse and simple words, they are children's religious thoughts. In this Dr. How was the greatest of a new tribe of sacred singers for childhood. He did not versify dogma but feelings, and did it in the manner and to the capacities of a child.

"He made, to use the language of one of his sermons, 'straight paths' for a child-soul, along which to go with its wonder, its

gratitude, its love, its joy, to the feet of God with natural spontaneous delight. In his hymns he will long live to speak immortal truths for children, and to promote their immortal life. He was indeed the Children's Bishop."

In connection with the Bishop's writings for children, the following letter from Miss Sewell, the authoress, is particularly interesting, and bears out the opinions expressed in the above appreciation.

"ASHCLIFF, BONCHURCH, I.W., *Feb.* 10.

"DEAR LORD BISHOP,

"My sister has shown me your note. It was she who wrote to you; but may I be allowed to say that I quite feel with her in regard to the 'Plain Words for Children.' They are so entirely what was wanted, and speak so touchingly to the little hearts for whose help they were written. You will have the thanks of hundreds of parents and friends, if not uttered to yourself, yet which you will value far more, acknowledged in gratitude to God.

"You are very kind in what you say of myself. My writing days are very nearly over, but it is a great pleasure to know that anything one has said or done has in its day been useful.

"I am, my dear Lord Bishop,

"With great respect,

"Most sincerely yours,

"ELIZABETH M. SEWELL."

Reference has been made to the Bishop's lectures, and these form almost the sole examples of his prose writings on what may be called secular subjects. In these lectures he gave full play to his humour, while at the same time he explained in his own peculiarly simple language many elementary scientific matters, in which he took great delight.

The most characteristic of these "papers" was one

entitled "How I Learnt to See," originally delivered at a conversazione of the Oswestry and Welshpool Naturalists' Field Club in the former town on December 30, 1864. Some extracts from this lecture will serve to give a notion of the style employed by Mr. Walsham How (as he then was) when treating of such subjects.

He begins thus:

"As soon as I was born I opened my eyes. But as I was screaming violently at the time, I only opened them a very little way, and then shut them tight up again, and screamed rather more violently, which was the only way I could think of to express my intense disgust at things in general and the monthly nurse in particular.

* * * * *

"I don't call that first peep *seeing* at all. It was just a very unpleasant flash and glare and blaze of light, and made me very cross. Next day I was calmer. It was then that I made my first attempt at seeing. I looked, and this is what I saw. A shapeless, formless, meaningless, chaotic conglomeration of colours and lights and shades, like a great kaleidoscope gone mad. I could make nothing of it. However, I stared hard and tried to look as if I knew all about it, which a great many older people do when fairly puzzled. . . .

* * * * *

"I think I got some dim notions of shape almost as soon as of motion. The fact is I learnt to see shapes by touch. I rather think I learnt my first ideas of form by hitting at my mother, and my first ideas of hardness and softness by comparing the effects of this far from unpleasant process with those of like efforts expended upon the side of my crib or the rim of my basin. Still, my

ideas of shape remained for some time decidedly vague, and it was not till I had secretly made experiments as to the power of grasping the middle of a flat tea-tray, which I found I could feel but not grasp, and of getting hold of a tree which was growing in the garden twenty yards beyond the window, and which I found I could neither feel nor grasp, that I began to study both form and distance more carefully. The latter puzzled me vastly even to a later date; for I distinctly recollect, when I had learnt my first accomplishment, which was to blow out a candle, I was shown the moon through a window, and tried with some meritorious perseverance to blow it out. . . .

"My great stride in the knowledge of distances I consider to have been made when I began to crawl. I felt quite like a land surveyor or a civil engineer all at once. I could take my observations, measure my ground, and verify my calculations as much as I pleased. . . .

* * * * *

"I made the discovery that a piece of bread-and-butter was an admirable contrivance for obscuring the vision of one eye, being larger, softer, and of a decidedly more advantageous shape than the end of my finger. 'Now is the time,' said I, 'for observations as to why I have two eyes.' So I immediately obscured the vision of one of my eyes with bread-and-butter, and looked. . . . I then carefully removed the bread-and-butter to the other eye. . . . 'Ah!' I thought, 'I have got it! One eye is ever so much more to one side than the other, so that accounts for seeing round the corner!' I had discovered that I was simply a living stereoscope, seeing everything double, so that, by means of two slightly different images of the same object, I might get a better idea of shape and perspective. . . .

"One of the most striking of the phenomena I solved by experiment was observed clinically—of course I mean as I lay in bed. If the room was tolerably dark, I noticed that, by staring at the window for a few moments, and then turning to the dark side of the room, I could see the shape of the window, bars and all, quite plainly for a little while, where there was no window at all. The only thing I could compare with this observation was a playful experiment which my father used occasionally to make with a seal upon the soft white places on my hand and arm. The impression of the seal would remain, to my no little wonder and delight, for a few moments, and then gradually die away like the image of the window. So, having no other analogy to guide me, I concluded that the light impressed itself upon the back of my eye (I suppose I ought to say 'retina') just as the seal upon my flesh."

In this chatty and amusing way the lecture proceeded to explain one after another many of the simple phenomena of sight, and ended with the following passage:

"We have never learnt to see aright until in His works we evermore behold the love, and wisdom, and majesty of God. I trust I shall not be blamed if I began lightly and end gravely. I have learnt to see many good things, many beautiful things, many wonderful things. And I thank God. But I hope to learn to see better, more beautiful, more wonderful things yet. *Only not here.*"

This paper was not only appreciated by the audience before whom it was read, but grave and intellectual men, friends to whom the author sent copies, delighted in it. Thus the late Archdeacon Norris of Bristol wrote:

"THE ABBEY HOUSE, BRISTOL, 22/3/71.

"MY DEAR HOW,

"What a humorous, playful, fascinating way you have of making abstruse things flash their meanings upon one's mind! . . . I have been reading aloud your paper at luncheon: really it is admirable, and must be published . . . that illustration of the lingering of the image on the retina by the seal on the white plump arm is perfectly delightful. And the conclusion, again, so very graceful.

"Thank you again and again for sending it.

"Ever yours,

"J. P. N."

The Bishop's writings in verse are naturally more diverse in character, a large number of his poems being on other than religious subjects. But it was in hymn writing that he reached his highest degree of excellence, and it may be doubted whether he has not been better known for his hymns than even for his "Plain Words" and other prose writings. The Bishop of Ripon has most kindly written a subsequent chapter on Bishop Walsham How as a hymn writer, an invaluable contribution from such a pen on such a subject.

To pass, then, to other verses. From his early boyhood Walsham How had written verses, some of which have been referred to in the account of his young days.

His first volume of poetry was dedicated to his old schoolmaster, Dr. Kennedy, who sent the following letter of thanks:

"SHREWSBURY, *May* 13, 1861.

"MY DEAR HOW,

"I thank you with warm affection for the kind words prefixed with my name to your welcome volume of poetry. I read them with dimmed eyes and grateful heart, and not until I had recognised the author, not so much from handwriting as from a known and striking little poem which caught my eye at page 80.

"What I have already read assures me that I shall often turn with pleasure to the book, as expressing in the language of true poetic feeling that with which my own tastes and habits of thought make me sympathise.

"I hope it may please God that, by the living of West Felton,* we may see more of each other. . . .

"Always most truly and gratefully,

"Your affectionate friend,

"BENJ. H. KENNEDY."

In 1886 a larger volume was published by Messrs. Wells Gardner, containing all that the Bishop considered worth making public. Many of these poems are full of beautiful thoughts, and show a very tender appreciation of the loveliness of Nature. They give proof besides of a cultivated and elegant power of versification, but seldom rise to the level of greatness.

Of special interest are the lines, "To the Primate Designate," which were written on the news of the nomination of the Bishop of Truro (Benson) to the Primacy. They appeared in the *Spectator* in December 1882, and are included in the Bishop's published "Poems."

Dr. Benson's letter of thanks is appended:

"TRURO, *Jan.* 19, 1883.

"MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,

"I think you will find excuse in your kindness for my long failure to acknowledge the very noble and striking lines which you sent me—your contribution to the *Spectator*. I do thank you for casting your good wishes for me into prayer, and so making them into a δέησις ἐνεργουμένη.† I can but ejaculate πολὺ ἰσχύοι!‡ And *not* 'for me' but for the Church in her 'ancient

* A parish in the neighbourhood of Whittington, to which Dr. Kennedy had been appointed.

† "An effective prayer."

‡ "May it greatly prevail."

newness.' For me it would be enough if I only may help you in any measure in winning back the 'Christless thousands.' Thank you again for carrying me along in your burst of intercession for our mother.

"*Ora—oras—orabis.*

"Yours in brotherly love,

"ED. TRURON."

Another excellent example of the Bishop's style is found in the verses called "Poetry and the Poor," "which," wrote the Bishop in 1889, "I always consider about my best bit."

POETRY AND THE POOR.

"The world is very beautiful!" I said,
As yesterday, beside the brimming stream,*
Glad and alone, I watched the tremulous gleam
Slant through the wintry wood, green carpeted
With moss and fern and curving bramble spray,
And bronze the thousand russet margin reeds,
And in the sparkling holly glint and play,
And kindle all the briar's flaming seeds.

"The world is very horrible!" I sigh,
As, in my wonted ways, to-day I thread
Chill streets, deformed with dim monotony,
Hiding strange mysteries of unknown dread—
The reeking court, the breathless fever den,
The haunts where things unholy throng and brood;
Grim crime, the fierce despair of strong-armed men,
Child-infamy, and shameless womanhood.

And men have looked upon this piteous thing—
Blank lives unvisited by beauty's spell—
And said, "Let be: it is not meet to bring
Dreams of sweet freedom to the prison cell.

* By the river below the churchyard at Salwarpe, Worcestershire.

Sing them no songs of things all bright and fair,
  Paint them no visions of the glad and free,
  Lest with purged sight their miseries they see,
And through vain longings pass to black despair.

O brother, treading ever-darkening ways,
  O sister, whelmed in ever-deepening care,
Would God we might unfold before your gaze
  Some vision of the pure and true and fair!
Better to know, though sadder things be known,
  Better to see, though tears half-blind the sight,
Than thraldom to the sense, and heart of stone,
  And horrible contentment with the night.

Oh! bring we then all sweet and gracious things
  To touch the lives that lie so chill and drear,
  That they may dream of some diviner sphere,
Whence each soft ray of love and beauty springs.
  Each good and perfect gift is from above;
And there is healing for earth's direst woes;
  God hath unsealed the springs of light and love,
To make the desert blossom as the rose.

He was exceedingly fond of writing sonnets, several of which are to be found in his "Poems." Among the most interesting of these are the nine sonnets written on various East London clergymen. They are interesting not alone for their poetry, but also as showing how warmly the Bishop appreciated the good in men of vastly different schools. To quote instances of this: Sonnet i. speaks of the late Bishop Billing when Rector of Spitalfields:

"Christ pleaséd not Himself," the Master's lore,
Bowed at His feet, full well the servant learnt;
For in his breast a strong pure love there burnt,
That for unlovely souls but glowed the more.
Full many a wounded lamb he homeward bore,
As all night long he paced the desolate street,
Winning, with love most patient, far-strayed feet

From the dark paths that they had known before.
Keen-eyed to judge, in action quick and sure,
No trumpet-blower, scorning all display,
Of simple life, a brother of the poor ;
Yet had he genial mood, and store of mirth,
And all the poor lads loved his kindly sway,
And knew they had one friend upon the earth.

Sonnet iv. speaks of the Rev. C. F. Lowder, late Vicar of St. Peter's, London Docks :

Like some tall rock that cleaves the headlong might
Of turgid waves in full flood onward borne,
So stood he, fronting all the rage and scorn,
And calmly waiting the unequal fight.
He fashioned his ideal—stately rite,
High ceremonial, shadowing mystic lore ;
The Cross on high before the world he bore,
Yet lived to serve the lowliest day and night.
He could not take offence: men held him cold ;
Yet was his heart not cold, but strongly just,
And full of Christ-like love for young and old.
They knew at last, and tardy homage gave ;
They crowned him with a people's crown of trust ;
And strong men sobbed in thousands at his grave.

A friend of yet another school was Prebendary Harry Jones, then Rector of St. George's in the East. Of him in Sonnet v. the Bishop wrote :

The genial friend, the ever-welcome guest,
Of keenly flashing wit and strenuous mien,
With home ancestral in the woodlands green
Courting to rural joys and leisured rest ;
Yet this the dwelling-place he chose as best,
Where all the wild sea-life of many a coast
Flings on our river-marge its motley host
To swell the surge of sin and strife unblest.

What though from land to land he loves to roam
Keen-eyed and eager-hearted as a boy,
Yet evermore his heart is in his home;
And there he rules with strong but gracious sway,
And sad men catch the infection of his joy
As cheery-voiced he greets them on their way.

One of the most beautiful of the Bishop's sonnets was composed at Trondhjem on August 12, 1888. It runs thus:

And was it there—the splendour I behold?
This great fjord with its silver grace outspread
And thousand-creeked and thousand-islanded?
Those far-off hills, grape-purple, fold on fold?
For yesterday, when all day long there rolled
The blinding drift, methinks, had some one said
"The scene is fair," I scarce had credited;
Yet fairer 'tis than any tongue hath told.
And *it was there!* Ah, yes! And on my way
More bravely I will go, though storm-clouds lour
And all my sky be only cold and grey;
For I have learnt the teaching of this hour:
And when God's breath blows all these mists afar,
I know that I shall see the things that are.

Revelation

Another favourite kind of poem was the narrative verse. Of these the best known are "The Boy Hero," and "A Tale of the London Mission," though Miss Jean Ingelow, in the following letter, gives the palm to "Gentleman John":

"6 HOLLAND VILLAS, KENSINGTON, *Dec.* 29.

"I could not make up my mind to write and thank you for your very kind and charming present [his poems] till I had read it with attention, and could at least say (though I am no critic) which poems had given me most pleasure. And now I like so many of them that this is not at all easy.

"Almost all my favourites are the later ones. And among these I own that 'Gentleman John' seems the finest, or rather

the most successful, because that kind of poem is so difficult to write. Then I think 'A Starlit Night' has a great deal of beauty and power; besides it is a very perfect little composition, and not too long. That is a great virtue; one is often tempted to add a touch here and there when the thing to be said has been already expressed.

"'Man's Littleness and Greatness' gives me great pleasure, too, but so do many others."

It may interest readers of "The Boy Hero" to know that the Bishop received a letter from the Rector of Horfield, Bristol, telling him that it was in that parish that the boys of the story were found, and that the old lady, to whose house they were carried, was then (1887) alive, aged eighty-three. A transept in the church at Horfield was built, at the time of the church restoration, in memory of "The Boy Hero."

The Bishop published a very small portion of what he wrote, and a great many manuscript poems are in existence. As these were, for the most part, considered by him unworthy of publication, they will not be given here; there is, however, one poem, written comparatively lately, which shall be an exception:

To MISS LUCY CLAUGHTON, ON HER 50TH BIRTHDAY, *Dec.* 8, 1893.*

Ah me! The old, old days! Once more
Let them be with us as of yore.
We'll bridge the gulf of years between;
We'll deck them with their early sheen;
We'll veil awhile from wistful gaze
The vanished forms, the shrouded days,
And weave us in the musing brain
Dreams of the sunny past again.

* Daughter of Bishop Claughton, Dr. Walsham How's vicar in the old Kidderminster days.

Once more I tread with duteous feet
The squalid court, the sordid street;
Once more to garden lawns I pass
And cedar-spires o'er velvet grass;
And there a little winning face
Makes in my heart its resting-place.
And life its changeful tale has told,
New homes, new scenes, shut out the old;
But there's a little hidden cell
Where memory stores her treasures well;
And oft in dreamy hours of thought
That secret treasure-house I've sought,
And there in all its childish grace
I find the little smiling face.
And now, dear friend, in later life
And days with change and sorrow rife,
As this my birthday rhyme I pen,
And count my threescore years and ten,
An old man's privilege I claim,
Confessing, with no silly shame,
How, from his weary care beguiled,
The young man loved the little child.
The smiling eyes, the baby kiss,
The tiny trustful hand in his.
Ah! let that gentle heart confess
It shall not make our friendship less
To know that in those days of yore—
Those days that can be never more—
That little face had spell divine
To steal into this heart of mine.

"W. W. W."

Of humorous verses the Bishop was extremely fond. Several examples of these will be found in his poems, the wittiest being "The Babies' Wood Turkey-Cock." Among many scraps which have been preserved the following are worth inserting here:

AN EPIGRAM.

The bishops in 1875, with two exceptions only, issued a pastoral against ritualism, so manifestly in style and sentiment the production of Archbishop Tait, that no one could doubt its source.

When the bishops agree in the things they deplore,
We must give them due credit for *esprit de corps:*
Unless, by the way, it were truer to state
That the spirit which moves them is *esprit de tête.*

Mr. Darwall, formerly of Criggion, sent the Bishop a Christmas card, with a coloured thistle on it, and wrote saying he did not know why it somehow reminded him of him. The Bishop wrote in reply as follows:

To L. D.

You wonder in your kind epistle
How comes it that a painted thistle
Should in your dreaming fancy raise
Thoughts of the friend of olden days.
That friend may venture on a guess
Your kindly heart would ne'er express.
It may be (let me humbly own it)
A painted thistle, when you're shown it,
Suggests a beast (could taste be odder?)
That revels in that prickly fodder.

"W. W. W."

In 1890, Bishop Walsham How had a most interesting correspondence with Mr. Worsley-Benison, F.L.S., which might fall under the heading of either "authorship" or "botany," but, as the first subject of the letters was that of the Bishop's books, it may perhaps find fittest place here.

"LULWORTH, SUTTON, SURREY, 29.9.90.

"MY LORD,

* * * * *

"Allow me, in an informal and friendly way, to take this opportunity of thanking *you* for the many pleasant hours I have spent over your volume of 'Poems' issued by Wells and Co. Many

a time in the rush and wear of a very busy scientific life they have soothed and calmed me, and I read them again and again with ever increasing delight. I have quoted from them often as headings for chapters in my books, and I never see the Sundew or the Pimpernel without recalling your verse describing them. *God behind Nature* runs all along your volume, and I wish that more of our scientists—and *some* more of our religious writers also—could and would *see* Him THERE. Moreover, your name is a household word among my children, who frequently say at family worship, 'Let us have one of W. W. How's hymns.'

"*You* have not lived in vain if you have ministered to many lives as you have to my own and those of my family.

"Pardon me for writing freely, and omitting the orthodox way of addressing you in this letter. I write as I *feel* towards you, let this be my plea.

"I have the honour to be, my Lord,

"Yours gratefully and faithfully,

"H. W. S. WORSLEY-BENISON."

To this the Bishop replied:

"OVERTHORPE, THORNHILL, DEWSBURY,

"*Oct.* 9, 1890.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I do not know how to thank you enough for your most kind and delightful letter, which has touched and gratified me much. I am sorry to say it was put aside last week by my chaplain with a bundle of business matters, while I was at the Church Congress, to be attended to when I had leisure, and this has not been the case till to-day.

"It is very good of you to tell me of my verses giving any pleasure to you. I have always been very fond of a little rather superficial science—chiefly botany and astronomy—and I am constantly trying to teach 'God behind Nature.' It was a great delight to me to be among the originators of three Naturalists' Field-Clubs—the Durham,

the Worcestershire, and the Oswestry and Welshpool. Of the last named I was president for many years.

"You mention your children. If they do not possess my 'Plain Words to Children,' may I have the privilege of sending a copy to one of them? Perhaps I might send another little booklet or two to others, if you do not mind supplying me with names and ages (without saying anything, please, about it), that I may write their names in the beginning. One of the titles I got in East London, and the one I liked best, was 'The Children's Bishop.'"

"Yours gratefully,

"WM. WALSHAM WAKEFIELD."

The Bishop sent one of the childen a copy of his "Poems" and to another his "Plain Words to Children." Mr. Worsley-Benison then sent the Bishop his two books called "Nature's Fairyland," and "Haunts of Nature." The letter of thanks for these was as follows:

"OVERTHORPE, THORNHILL, DEWSBURY,

"*Oct.* 20, 1890.

"DEAR MR. BENISON,

"Your charming books have arrived this morning, and, though very busy, I have been spending a very happy hour among the streams and woods and marshes with you. It is delicious to be carried away for a little while from our smoky trees, and dreary stone walls, and befouled river, to all the freshness and beauty of unsullied nature.

"I am so glad to find you appreciate my dear old friend Jean Ingelow. By the way, did not Mary Howitt write, 'For He that,' and not '*Whoso* careth for the Flowers' (see 'Haunts of Nature,' p. 151)? And have you not inserted 'it is' in Wordsworth's 'A yellow prim-

rose is to him, and *it is* nothing more'? I see you know and admire Austin's lovely lines to the primrose. I never saw gladiolus growing wild, but most of your finds are very old friends to me. It is curious that, finding quantities of *Drosera Anglica* this last August in Sutherlandshire, I remarked to my son, who was with me, 'Why it is called *Anglica* I can't tell, for it is much commoner in Scotland and Ireland than in England.' You say the same. By the way, in Sutherlandshire there grew in one or two bogs the exquisite little *Pinguicula Lusitanica*. I venture to enclose you a very poor sonnet, just a record of my Sutherlandshire visit, for the sake of the plants you love and I do. The butterwort was both the common and the Lusitanica, and of course the asphodel was the Narthecium. In my Shropshire home I had a delightful half-wild garden with a little stream through it, and one winter I had five brace of trout making their nests in the garden. We generally had two or three.

"The only rare plant I can hear of in my present diocese is *Actæa spicata*, which I gathered in June. I should think the diocese of Wakefield is far the worst in England for plants except London. I must not ramble on, though it is very pleasant.

"Please thank your children for their nice letters. They were rather too big for some of the things I had thought of."

"Yours sincerely,

"WM. WALSHAM WAKEFIELD,"

This is the sonnet mentioned in the above letter :

A MOORLAND SONNET.

A wealth of heather glimmering far and wide,
Pink spray, and crimson tuft, and waxen bell;
A thousand spears of yellow asphodel
Guarding each hollow where marsh-mosses hide,
And butterworts and sundews brown abide;
A mountain tarn where pale lobelias dwell;
Grey-lichened rocks all slanted down the fell,
And far-off hills with purple splendours dyed;
Such picture I would grave upon my soul,
That, in some day of weary toil and care,
When the world's hoarse loud clamours round me roll,
I may turn inwards from the din and glare,
And for one moment all these fair things see,
And cheer me with the beautiful and free.

"*August* 1890."

The next letter from the Bishop is dated:

"OVERTHORPE, THORNHILL, DEWSBURY,
"*Oct.* 24, 1890.

"DEAR MR. BENISON,

"It is dangerous quoting or criticising without book. Forgive my rashness. I am wrong as to Wordsworth, and probably wrong also as to Mary Howitt, in whose 'Use of Flowers' I have often seen 'whoso' given in one word, but never 'who so' in two, which is, I daresay, the true reading. Still, all my life I have said it 'He that.' I one day asked Jean Ingelow, at the request of some friends who were present and had been discussing it, what was her own idea of the parting in 'Divided.' She at once answered, 'Don't you think to limit it to any one idea would rather spoil it?'

"I daresay you know Clough's, 'As ships becalmed,' written upon himself and Ward, as Wilfrid Ward's Life of his father tells us (I always before believed it to be upon Ward and Stanley, who were inseparable friends

when I was at Oxford), which is another figure with the same thought—perhaps stronger, but not so beautiful as 'Divided.' Yes, Alfred Austin's 'Primroses' is a great favourite of mine. I read it to some friends only a night or two ago.

"I think, as you are so fond of poetry, I must tell you a rather interesting little story. A few months ago the Master of Trinity (Dr. Butler) sent me a Latin version of Tennyson's 'Crossing the Bar.' I ventured to criticise one word. In rendering the lines:

> "When that which drew from out the boundless deep
> Turns again home,"

he introduced the word 'vita.' I said I thought it was wrong, as I always understood those lines of the *tide* and not of the life. He replied, referring me to Tennyson's, 'Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,' and to various other passages of Tennyson, proving that the thought of the life being drawn out of the depths of infinity to return thither again was a very familiar one to him. He also showed me several places in Wordsworth where the same thought occurs. This entirely convinced me that I was wrong, and I then observed that in each of the other stanzas the third and fourth lines refer to the thing typified, and the first and second to the type, so that symmetry of arrangement was against me. After some time the Master wrote to me from the Isle of Wight, where he had seen Tennyson, and told me he had told him of our correspondence, and the poet had said I was right and Butler wrong. I still think the author had better adopt Butler's view, and make it his own, the arguments for it being so strong.

"Sincerely yours,

"WM. WALSHAM WAKEFIELD."

The last letter in this correspondence is some two months later.

"OVERTHORPE, THORNHILL, DEWSBURY,
"*Dec.* 2, 1890.

"DEAR MR. BENISON,

"I carefully put Jean Ingelow's interesting letter in an envelope addressed to you, to await my answering your letter, which I have put off doing far too long.

"I wonder whether you have seen the Master of Trinity's monograph on 'Crossing the Bar.' It is very interesting, but is not published, being printed only for private circulation. I do feel that is one of Tennyson's most exquisite lyrics. It is wonderfully touching in its exquisite simplicity.

"Arthur Clough was my tutor one Long, when we went to Ireland together, and his poetry is very dear to me. I have long been very fond of his 'Qua cursum ventus,' as well as of 'Say not, the struggle,' which is, with the former, marked in the index among the favourites. I am sorry I do not know much of Whittier. Years ago I read a good bit of him with great pleasure, but I am not at all familiar with him. I have his poems somewhere, but I am ashamed to say I cannot find the book.

"Believe me,

"Yours sincerely,

"WM. WALSHAM WAKEFIELD."

Early in 1895 Dr. Walsham How read the third volume of Pusey's Life. Some parts of this book, especially chapter iv., jarred greatly on his bright and happy nature, and on his conviction of the duty of Christians to "rejoice." In consequence of this feeling, he wrote

an article called "Spiritual Joy," which was published in a magazine called *The Minster*. Writing about this, he said:

"I enclose you a short paper I wrote for the February number of *The Minster*. It was written just after reading that dreadful chapter on Preparation for Confession in the third volume of Pusey. It seems awfully presumptuous to set up one's shallow, ignorant self against such a man, but the 'never to smile, except for children,' shocked me, and I am sure he is wrong. I almost expect to find some recantation in the fourth volume."

After the Bishop's death a volume of addresses given by him at Retreats and Quiet Days was published by Messrs. Wells Gardner under the title of "The Closed Door." These addresses had been carefully prepared for publication with the assistance of the Rev. H. W. How, Vicar of Mirfield, but their author did not wish them printed until after his death.

CHAPTER XXVI

HYMNS AND HYMN-WRITING

THE first hymn-book with which Bishop Walsham How had to do was one called "Psalms and Hymns, compiled by the Rev. Thomas Baker Morrell, M.A., and the Rev. William Walsham How, M.A." The first edition of this book was published in 1854, an enlarged edition in 1864, and a supplement in 1867. It was his strong desire that some day a hymn-book should be produced which should be universally used by the Church. In the book of Whittington Parish Papers, after recording the introduction of the new hymn-book in 1854, he adds: "Most gladly would I see our new book, and all others, supplanted by a well-made collection authorised by the Church in Convocation."

Some years afterwards he was chairman of a Committee of Convocation on the subject. The report was delayed for a long period, during which he seems to have modified his opinion. The Committee recommended the introduction of an authorised hymn-book, but their chairman wrote on February 27, 1879, as follows:

"It was no fun being called upon to take up and introduce a report I had not seen for years, and with which I did not agree. I spoke against myself, and got myself happily beaten."

In the later years of his life he was glad to find "Hymns Ancient and Modern" so generally used, and expressed more than once his alarm at a report (which he thought must surely be exaggerated) that the proprietors of that book were about to withdraw it and substitute one in which all the tunes were to be Gregorian, and all the hymns translations from the old Latin—"not," said the Bishop, "particularly good hymns in the original."

In 1871 "Church Hymns" was brought out by the S.P.C.K. To this work Canon Walsham How (as he then was) had devoted a vast amount of labour, he being one of the original compilers. When, in 1881, Canon Ellerton, Rector of Barnes, published a large annotated edition of this book, Bishop Walsham How revised all the sheets, and also inserted the whole of the marks of expression.

Another hymn-book in which he was greatly interested was Mrs. Carey Brock's "Children's Hymn-book," which was published under his revision and that of the late Bishop Oxenden and Canon Ellerton.

The subject of the Bishop's own hymns is discussed in the following valuable and beautiful paper, which has been most kindly contributed by Dr. Boyd Carpenter, Bishop of Ripon.

BISHOP WALSHAM HOW AS A HYMN-WRITER.

The qualities requisite for a good hymn-writer are not common. When we think of them we are reminded of the popular saying, that "nothing is so uncommon as common sense." This means that most minds, even the minds of very capable men, are liable to be betrayed by some weakness. The brilliancy of some minds creates eccentricity. Only the highest minds seem to possess a true sense of

proportion ; lesser ability is often deficient in it. Balance of mind is rare. Next to true devotional feeling, good sense is the first requisite of a good hymn. There are other requisites, no doubt, but eccentricity is the ruin of a hymn.

Again, the great poet is not necessarily a good hymn-writer. This will be apparent to any one who studies our collections of hymns. Two things will strike such a student. He will find that among the hymn-writers there are few men of first-class literary rank. He will further find that the most popular hymns are not from the pens of these few. In other words, the highest poetic gift does not ensure the power of writing a good hymn. Less gifted men succeed where men of higher endowments fail.

On the other hand, it would be a mistake to infer that success in hymn-writing needs no literary qualities. There have been cases in which men of little or no cultivated literary capacity have produced an admirable hymn; but an examination of our hymn-books will show that the bulk of our best hymns have been the work of devout men who have possessed natural poetic feeling and a cultivated taste. The following names are among our best-known hymn-writers, and all of them, I think, fulfil this condition : Isaac Watts, John Keble, Charles Wesley, Augustus Toplady, Bishop Ken, Bishop Reginald Heber, Henry F. Lyte, John Henry Newman, and Mrs. Alexander. None of these figure in the first rank of poets, but none are deficient in poetic sense, while one or two might well challenge a high place among our minor poets.

It is true that there are many hymns in our hymn-books which are not the product of good sense or poetic feeling, and which display little sign of cultivation. It may be confessed that in all our hymn-books there is a sad

quantity of rubbish, and our congregations are often expected to sing poor stuff. The percentage of this poor stuff varies in different books, being at a minimum, perhaps, in Mr. Thring's collection, and rising to a maximum in "Hymns Ancient and Modern." But we are not speaking of hymns, but of good hymns.

For the good hymn-writer, then, three qualities, not always found in combination, are requisite. These are good sense, devotional feeling, poetic sense and cultivated taste. Among the good hymn-writers Bishop Walsham How takes his place without challenge. His published volume of hymns is interesting as exhibiting the tone of his mind and the width of his sympathies. He evidently felt that there were some qualities which were indispensable to a hymn; for one or two of the hymns in his volume are efforts to re-write certain more or less popular hymns. He evidently felt that these were defective in some particular. He probably believed that they had too strong a hold upon popular taste to be disregarded, and he therefore undertook the not very enviable task of recasting them, seeking thus to preserve what was loved, while remedying, as far as he could, its defects. This will, we believe, be the true explanation of his attempt to re-cast the two hymns, "Ashamed of Jesus," and "Nearer my God to Thee."

The width of his sympathy with life is illustrated by the subjects and occasions which called forth many of these hymns. They are written for time of war, for quiet days, hospitals, home missions, Church guilds, women's associations, and school festivals. Sacred seasons and days of the Church year appealed to him. He wrote hymns for Epiphany, Holy Week, Easter, Whitsuntide, the Purification, the Annunciation; for St. Peter's Day, St. Matthew's

Day (this, however, adapted from Bishop Ken), and St. Luke's Day. The services of the Church called forth his voice. We find two hymns on Holy Baptism, one on Holy Communion, and one Confirmation hymn. Hymns which give expression to the spiritual longings and needs of the soul are here also; for he writes of the attractive power of the Cross (47); the sympathy of Christ (46 and 52); the Christ at the door of the soul (45). The seasons of the year awaken his poetic vein: Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter have each their appropriate hymns. Commemoration, and, as would be expected by all who knew him, little children are not forgotten.

This short survey of the subjects and occasions of his hymns serves to throw light upon his character. He had a spirit readily responsive to the changing year; Nature in her shifting moods and varying vesture was dear to him. He was, besides, a true son of the Church, whose spirit moved in harmony with her festival thoughts; he felt the quiet poetry of the Church's seasonal life. His heart vibrated also to national feeling; he was stirred by the sound of imminent war and by the shout of the people's joy. His Thanksgiving hymn was sung from Berwick-on-Tweed to Land's End on Jubilee Day last year. He loved, too, the simple things of life: simple trust, simple character, simple childhood. He felt the fervour of catholic life; the great host of God's serving, struggling, martyred, yet triumphant children passed before his view; he saw the glorious procession of the sons of God as they swept through the open gates of Paradise; he heard their victorious song of praise; the Alleluia of the redeemed rang in his ears and passed into music in his noble hymn for All Saints' Day.

Naturally there are in every volume certain hymns

which stand out head and shoulders above their fellows. Among Bishop Walsham How's many good hymns a certain few have received a special imprimatur, for they have been acknowledged as part of the psalmody of the Church. There are at least five or six which will be found in many collections of hymns; these are, "O Word of God Incarnate," "We give Thee but Thine own," "Who is this so weak and helpless?" "For all the Saints who from their labours rest," and "O Jesu, Thou art standing." In the last four of these hymns a happy coincidence of spirit and form endows them with force. They illustrate George Herbert's idea of fineness:

> "The fineness which a psalm or hymn affords
> Is when the soul unto the lines accords."

The last two possess that peculiar quality of inevitableness which at once claims and is accorded a place in our esteem. We feel that they belong to the Church of Christ. One because it gives utterance to the collective joy of the Church triumphant; the other because we hear in it the voice of that divine love which is never silent, but speaks to every human soul in sermons, in services, in leisure hours, in business, in joy, in sorrow and in all the events of life. It translates into simple and pleading language the Christian thought of the constant love of Christ which found pictorial expression at the hands of one of the sincerest of modern artists. Few can read the words of the hymn without recalling Holman Hunt's picture, and few can look at the picture without recalling the hymn. The popularity of the picture tells us how truly it satisfied the people's heart; but yet those who hung the picture on their walls wanted words to express their thoughts. It was to them

more than a picture; it embodied a truth which the soul of man sought for; for all men in their better moments would fain that somewhat divine should fill their spirits; but words would help them; their thoughts yearned for utterance. Bishop Walsham How liberated the captive emotions, and he did so in a fashion which brought our Lord before men as the living, loving, Christ who, though He might command, yet condescended to plead for entrance into the hearts of men.

It is the fate of a hymn-writer to be forgotten. Of the millions who Sunday after Sunday sing hymns in our churches, not more than a few hundreds know or consider whose words they are singing. The hymn remains: the name of the writer passes away. Bishop Walsham How was prepared for this; his ambition was not to be remembered, but to be helpful. He gave free liberty to any to make use of his hymns. It was enough for him if he could enlarge the thanksgivings of the Church or minister by song to the souls of men. There will be few to doubt that his unselfish wish will be fulfilled. Some of his hymns have become already the heritage of the Church of God. They will continue to be sung for long years to come; they will cheer and console the hearts of millions; many who hear will take up their burden and their hope again. We are told that when Melancthon and his comrades, shortly after Luther's death, fled to Weimar, they heard a child singing the stirring words of Luther's "Ein Feste Burg." "Sing, dear daughter, sing," said Melancthon; "you know not what great people you are comforting." Even so the voice of the hymn-writer carries comfort to unknown hearts and to after ages. The writer dies; the hymn remains; the song goes on; tired men listen and find rest. Struggling men are en-

couraged to struggle on again; statesmen, philanthropists, the broken hearted and the despairing are helped. Sing on, you know not what great people you are comforting. Such a reward is better than fame. It is as if, even after life is ended, the power to give a cup of cold water to a fainting soul in the name of Christ was not denied to the singer of the Church. To be praised is the ambition of the world; to be a blessing is the abundant satisfaction of those who, like Bishop Walsham How, sing because their hearts are full, and who, like their Lord, find their joy in loving service of their fellow men.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE CHILDREN'S BISHOP

"THE Bishop was always at his best with children," so writes one who knew him intimately during his East London life and work. "If he came across a little child his whole countenance changed, so that the little ones knew at once that they were in the presence of a friend," writes another who knew him well; and it was also true that on his entrance into a roomful of children *their* faces lit up at once with smiles of welcome for one whom they had quickly learnt to love. Himself, in his day, a merry affectionate boy, he to the last preserved his childish spirit, his love of fun, his sympathy with the little joys and cares of childhood, which instantly broke down all reserve and established an intimate friendship between him and the small folk whom he delighted to have round him. *How* intimate this friendship sometimes became is instanced by one wee girl being overheard to say, "Bishop, why do you wear them things on your legs?"

It was just the same in degree with the children of another class. On his first visit to one of the smaller parishes in the Diocese of Wakefield, it was known that he was pretty sure to want to see the school. On the day in question all the children were dressed in their cleanest and best, and manifest were the feelings of awe and dread

in their little breasts, for few, if any, had seen a bishop, and they probably expected at least a severe Biblical examination, such as Bishop Vowler Short used to delight in when he visited the schools in the Diocese of St. Asaph. Well, the Bishop arrived, and lo! what a difference between the expectation and the reality! No Biblical examination, no awe-inspiring words, no stern looks, but, instead, a face beaming with kindliness, a man whose smile promised nothing but love and tenderness. There was a genial greeting for the master, a few simple words of encouragement to the children, and then, turning to the vicar, the Bishop asked, "Where are the babies?" and was at once conducted to the infant room. What the little ones expected it is impossible to say, but what happened caused a marked surprise. Going up to one wee dot about four years old, and gently taking her small upturned face in his hand, the Bishop began the lines: "Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall." The children did not dare at first to laugh, but stared in open-mouthed astonishment. The idea of a bishop talking about "Humpty Dumpty" was something they could not by any means understand! However, in another moment or two the ice was broken through, and as the Bishop spoke to them in the homely language he knew so well how to use, the face of every little child in the room was wreathed in smiles—smiles which greeted him afresh on his many subsequent visits to the parish.

With a love for children such as his, and with this power of gaining their friendship, it must be obvious that he was the object of the utmost devotion on the part of those children who were most closely connected with him. His own will not soon forget the evenings when in his study at Whittington he would show them

the scrap-book he had made for them himself, delighting in their exultation over some newly added picture, and sharing in their glee over Leech's drawings of the adventures of Mr. Briggs.

Later on, there was tea-time in the school-room, when he would come in armed with Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop," and bring tears into the children's eyes by his reading of the story of Little Nell.

And then his own stories. They were the greatest treat of all. From his earliest boyhood he had been a great story-teller, and used to wile away many hours by telling his little sisters stories of his own invention, or such as he had read, and in this way they gained their first acquaintance with many of the novels of Sir Walter Scott.

In after years "Do tell us a story" was an oft-repeated request from the lips of his own children, and sometimes in the dusk with one or two on his knees, and others on the ground at his feet or leaning over his chair, a chapter or two of some thrilling tale, made up as he went along, would keep them all enthralled, while not infrequently a grown up listener or two would surreptitiously draw near to share in the enjoyment. Sometimes, too, the stories would be told in the pony carriage on the long drives over the mountains, when he would in this way take one or two of his children to Barmouth—a good two days' journey from Whittington.

Of his intimate and loving relations with his children the following letter in verse to his little daughter, when the four elder ones were obliged to spend Christmas away from home, will give some idea.

"A Merry Christmas, my little Maiden!
All blessings upon you fall:
For Christmas comes with blessings laden,
Blessings and joy for us all.

A Merry Christmas! so let it be—
Carol and laugh and play:
But the blithe little faces I shall not see
For many a long long day.

* * * * *

Daddy drones in his study and dreams away
Of his little absent crew,
Or he writes his 'little sermon' * all day
For want of something to do.

And he tells no thrilling stories at tea,
For to hear them no one would care,
And he nurses no little pets on his knee
In the great big study chair.

But his three little men and his one little maid,
He knows they love him well,
And how much he loves them he's much afraid
He has got no words to tell.

And his three little men he would have them be
Brave and yet gentle too;
And his one little maid he would always see
Tender and meek and true.

A Merry Christmas to great and small!
But daddy sits moping alone,
For his four blithe bonnie birdies all
Away from the nest have flown.

A Merry Christmas to small and great!
And daddy must do his best,
And patiently sit in his study and wait,
Till his birdies fly back to the nest."

* He was engaged in writing further series of "Plain Words."

Small wonder that his children loved him! Who more ready than he, when he could take an hour from his work, to share in their games, to join in Sir Roger de Coverley—holding out the skirts of his coat and dancing his "steps" to their great delight—to consult with them over their little gardens, or, when too busy for these things, to take them with him on his rounds of visits in his scattered parish? If there be a note of regret in these recollections of early childhood, it may be perhaps that his natural reserve on religious subjects, or possibly his inability to comprehend that his own sons were not all of them as naturally religious as he had been when a boy, robbed them of a portion of that special kind of talk which in after-life they would have valued as a most precious recollection.

As is seen from the account of his parish work at Whittington, he was ever thinking of the children of his schools, believing that to get to know them and to teach them was one of the very first duties of his office, and to this personal knowledge and care may be, at all events partially, ascribed the advancement of many of the national school boys of Whittington, who have since risen to various positions as successful men. Ever ready with a smile and a nod for them, the village children would have thought there was something seriously amiss had he passed them by unnoticed, and it is not to be wondered at that in his farewell letter to the parishioners of Whittington he wrote:

"I will tell you of another thing I shall sorely miss besides my visits to the houses, and especially to the sick-beds, of my parishioners—and that is the bright pleasant faces of the children, who seldom pass the old Rector without a smile, I suppose because they know he is fond

of them. May God bless them, and keep them pure and gentle and loving as they grow up!"

Of his correspondence with children much might be written. He seemed always to find time for a little letter to one of his children-friends, and he delighted exceedingly in their letters to him. Their birthdays were seldom forgotten and a little book or affectionate greeting would generally be sent to the happy child from "my bishop." As specimens of such letters the following will perhaps suffice:

[*On receiving a bunch of violets as a birthday present from the four youngest children of Dr. Lett.*]

"BISHOPGARTH, WAKEFIELD, *Dec.* 13, 1895.

"MY DEAR CHILDREN,

"The violets are as sweet as the senders. There! you didn't think an old Bishop of 72 could make compliments, did you? Well, you see he can, and he loves you all, and thanks you all for your loving remembrance of him.

"Your affectionate old Bishop,

"WM. WALSHAM WAKEFIELD.

"P.S. I think I ought to have put in 'almost' between 'are' and 'as' in the first line."

Sometimes the letters would be in verse. Thus he sent the following lines to the children of Mr. Daniel Tyesen, after a fruitless call at their house in Brighton:

BUTTERED TOAST.

"There was a Bishop, old and grey,
Who came to Brighton one fine day,
And it chanced at the time there were living there
Three little maidens bright and fair,

And they were as merry as merry could be,
And the Bishop he loved them one, two, three.
Now the Bishop he craftily planned to arrive
At the door of the house as the clock struck five,
For once on a time he had called at the door
At the very same hour two years before:
The master and mistress were out, you see,
And the children were having their nursery tea,
So he mounted, unbidden, the topmost stair,
And asked to partake of the children's fare,
And no words are potent enough to reveal
The exquisite bliss of that nursery meal!
The sweet little maidens were full of fun,
And the Bishop he loved them three, two, one.
But that which enchanted his Lordship most
Was the hot, brown, well-buttered nursery toast!
Alas! for the words that now smite on his ear,—
'Not at home,' not even the children dear!
So sadly he turned away from the door,
And he sighed to think that his dream was o'er;
And, as memories sweet of the past arose,
He brush'd a tear from the end of his nose,
For he'd failed in his longing once more to see
Those sweet little maidens, one, two, three;
Yet the one soft vision that touched him most
Was the thought of that nursery buttered toast!"

Another example was found among the Bishop's papers in his own handwriting; it runs thus:

"Winny T. wrote and asked me to tea 'upstairs' on my birthday, when I preach at Leeds in the evening, and said, 'We will have a splendid birthday cake with a bishop on the top.' I wrote in reply:

"You promise me a splendid cake to eat,
A bishop on the top—rare birthday treat!
A horse unused will eat off his own head:
A fool cuts off his nose to spite his face:

Cold missionary is a dish, 'tis said,
Much relished by a certain native race:
But oh! dear Winny, pause before you dish up,
As birthday fare, a bishop to a bishop!"

Of children's letters to him there are but few instances preserved, but the following are interesting in different ways: they all three refer to the period of his East London work, the first being from a little girl, a stranger to him. It runs as follows:

"MY LORD BISHOP,

"I am a little girl and want to give away some money that I have made by a little bazaar which I have had. I have about £8, and I should like to give it to help some poor children to go into the country out of London during the summer. A friend of mine has told me that you can tell me where the children are who want the help most. I am the great-granddaughter of a bishop, and the great-niece of another bishop, and hope you will help me in this.

"I am, my Lord, yours obediently,

"K. M. G."

The next is of a very different character, being written on a rather dirty scrap of blue-lined copybook paper. It was placed in his hands by a choir-boy at St. John's, Bethnal Green, on his preaching there on July 22, 1888, after he had gone to Wakefield.

"DEAR SIR,

"We thank you for the kindness to give us the chance to see you once more. Good-bye and God bless you. Please God will give you health and strength and long to live.

"We remain,

"Your humble,

"C."

The third letter was received by him when just about to leave East London:

"THE RECTORY, HACKNEY, *April* 20, 1888.

"DEAR LORD BISHOP,

"The children of the East London clergy wish to give you a little present before you leave this diocese, in remembrance of your love and kindness to them. In the name of the contributors we hope you may be able to spare us a few minutes about four o'clock on Saturday May 5, at Hackney Rectory.

"We remain,

"Your affectionate children,

"EVELYN FRANCES ELLIOTT,
ELEANOR INSLEY,
GERALDINE M. ARBUTHNOT,
MARY LILIAN BROOK."

Mr. Kitto, Rector of St. Martin's, Charing Cross, tells of the Bishop's love for children in these words:

"When we were moving from Whitechapel to Stepney he and Mrs. How insisted on taking some of our children to their own house, so that they might be out of the way. He loved the children; he knew them by name, and never tired of making them happy. To each one he was emphatically '*my* Bishop,' as if no one else had any title or claim to a share in his regard. When scarlet fever invaded us, and our children had to go to the London Fever Hospital, on paying my first visit I was amazed to find that the Bishop was there before me. If, as often happened, we were out when he called at our house, and on our return were told that the Bishop was there, it was pretty certain we should find him in the nursery or schoolroom, with two or three of our children hanging about him."

There is a good story told of him when some years later he visted Almondbury Vicarage, in the Wakefield diocese. A gathering of churchwardens and sidesmen from many neighbouring parishes had been invited to hear an address from the Bishop. All were in their places in the Parish Room, which forms part of the Vicarage house, and everything was in readiness for the proceed-

ings to begin—but the Bishop was nowhere to be found! Drawing-room, dining-room, study, were searched in vain. At last certain sounds were heard from the direction of the nursery, and there he was discovered *on the floor*, romping with the Vicar's little children. He had entirely forgotten about the churchwardens and the sidesmen! His hair was rumpled, and his coat showed traces of the nursery carpet! However, a hasty toilet put things to rights, and with his wonted power of throwing himself instantly into the interests of the moment he passed quite naturally from the children to the graver society of church officials.

Nothing he enjoyed more than a good story about children, and great was his delight when, in the course of his journeyings about his diocese, any incident provided him with something worth telling on his return home. He once came back very full of the anxiety of a small boy he had met to have any kind of episcopal ceremony performed on him. There was to be the consecration of a church or churchyard, and the little son of the Vicar had on a previous occasion been aware that the Bishop had confirmed certain boys older than himself, and was extremely desirous to share in the distinction. Going up to the Bishop's Chaplain he said, "I say, can I be done?" Finding out what it was he meant, the Chaplain said, "Oh! but this is a *consecration*, not a confirmation." "I don't mind a bit which," said the small boy, "as long as I am done!"

Writing to his brother the Bishop once said:

"On Friday night I stayed at a house where there was one of the very jolliest little girls you can imagine—just three and a-half—very pretty, and brimming over with

fun. When I arrived she whispered to her mother that she thought I should come in a frame! She had seen a picture of a bishop, and considered a frame an inseparable attribute. It was delicious to hear her tell stories. She sat on my knee and we told stories in turn. This was one of hers, told nodding her head, and her eyes dancing with merriment:—'Once I had a little pussy-cat, and it laid on its back and put up its feet and died. And then it came alive again. And then it jump into the river, and the fishes came and caught it and *ate it up*'—the finale with tremendous impressement and exultation."

Then, too, how keenly he looked forward to and enjoyed the children's parties which he invariably gave about Christmas time! Many weeks beforehand he would mark off an evening in his calendar, and nothing was allowed to interfere with the engagement. When one winter, for various reasons, some of the usual Christmas festivities were to be relinquished, he would not hear of any postponement of the children's party. He knew how keen would be the disappointment in many a vicarage in the diocese, where such treats were few and far between, and he would himself have missed one of his greatest annual pleasures. From far and wide the children came—by train, by tram, by cab, or carriage—and it was good to see the bright faces as they went up to be greeted by the Bishop, knowing full well the loving welcome they would receive. After tea the children invariably had a kind of sham bazaar, for which they were provided with paper money, and were able in this way to choose what presents they each preferred. During this process the Bishop would generally have some little one in his arms, helping her to choose, and giving her thus a better chance than if she had been crowded by the bigger

ones, or he would be busy showing some little purchaser how to work a mechanical toy, or advising in the choice between a book and a box of pencils. Later on, when dancing was in full swing, he would be found seated in a corner of the room with at least one small child on his knee, as happy as any of them all.

Then came supper; and how busily he waited upon his little guests! He seemed never to weary of plying them with good things—a process watched occasionally with alarm by anxious mothers! At last it was time to go: and nothing was left to be done except for each little tired person, wrapped in woolly shawl or muffler, and clutching tight the toys and presents they had received, to kiss and thank the Bishop, who joined heartily in their wish to have "another party next year."

Writing from Bishopgarth, Wakefield, after the first children's party held in the new house, the Bishop says:

"The party was splendid: we had eighty-six or eighty-seven children, and a certain number of bigger ones to help. A good few of the little ones were unusually pretty or picturesque, and the Examination Hall did not know itself in festive guise. The house does splendidly for the purpose, the non-dancing little ones playing games in the hall.

"Bishop Andrewes in his 'Devotions,' in a list of things to thank God for, has 'For children, the delight of the world,' and, as the old sailor says in 'Fo'c'sle Yarns,' 'Bits o' infants, what's more dearer'?"

No account of the "Children's Bishop" would be complete without some mention of the Church of England Society for providing homes for waifs and strays, of the executive of which he was elected the first chairman on

April 27, 1882, an office which he held till his death. Both at Clapton and at Wakefield there were "Waif and Stray Homes" near to his house, and in these he always took the warmest interest, visiting them frequently, and delighting in little talks with the children. The boys of the Bede Home, which was close to Bishopgarth, Wakefield, were occasionally invited to tea and a game of cricket in his garden, and looked upon him as one of their greatest friends. They would have thought themselves greatly injured had their Bishop passed them in the street on their way to school or cathedral service without a special smile and greeting.

Another "Children's Society" in which he was deeply interested was the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, of which he was a vice-president, and in aid of which he spoke annually at the meeting of the Wakefield branch, and also journeyed as far as Manchester to address the autumnal conference of the society there. One of his sons has for some years been working for this society, and the Bishop was ever keenly alive to the sufferings of children, and to the efforts of the society to check and relieve them.

One more picture. Those who were present will not forget a broiling Sunday afternoon in August 1887, a few days before the death of Mrs. How, when the little bay below Aberamfra House, at Barmouth, was the scene of a "children's service." The sandy shore was thronged with listeners, while the white-haired old Bishop spoke simple helpful words to the younger portion of his congregation, who were gathered round his feet, and with his still clear voice led them in their hymns, the sound floating out across the summer sea.

Towards the close of his life his delight in the society

of children seemed to increase, and from whatever he might be doing he would turn at once to notice their presence. In walking with him through the streets of Wakefield it was touching to observe him lay his hand, apparently unconsciously, on the head of any little ones to whom he passed sufficiently close. It has been truly said of him that he made a study of children, and that with all his fondness of them he was a shrewd observer of their ways, and quick to notice, though not to comment on, any affectation or forwardness. It was the character of childhood that he loved, and the secret of this love was in the pureness, simplicity, and piety of his own heart. He approached children as a child, for he had preserved "a young lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks."

CHAPTER XXIX

THE BISHOP AS A FISHERMAN

NEXT to his work and to his love for children, botany and fishing were Walsham How's chief delights. It has been told in Chapter I. how early in his childhood a taste for the knowledge of flowers was developed. His skill as a fly-fisher also dated back to his boyhood, when he would try his luck in the Severn, or get an occasional better day's sport on the Cound brook. He was never what would be described as a great expert, for he knew nothing of dry fly-fishing, and no one nowadays can be considered a really first-rate trout-fisher who has not acquired that branch of the art. On a rough mountain stream, however, or on a wind-blown loch, he had few equals, and it seldom happened that he failed to bring in the heaviest basket of all the party. His excellence consisted mainly in great accuracy in casting, whereby he was able to get his flies on to the water in tiny pools and little narrow runs, and in extreme quickness in striking, by which means he basketed many a trout which would have escaped a slower performer. This quickness of hand, gained by many years' experience of trout-fishing, proved a great drawback to him when in later life he fished for salmon. As is well known, it is fatal to strike as soon as the rise of a salmon is observed, for the fly is thereby

withdrawn from the fish, which takes it in a totally different and much slower manner than a trout. Owing to this habit, he was seldom able to do much execution on a salmon river. A Scotch gillie, who had attended him frequently, once said of him that he threw the *best* fly and was the *worst* salmon-fisher he had known on that water! But it was not only the actual fishing that delighted him. The beautiful and often romantic scenery into which such excursions took him, and the rare plants which he observed on the mountain-side, or the boggy margin of the stream, added greatly to his pleasure.

When Rector of Whittington he was most fortunately situated for an occasional fishing excursion. After a day's work in May or June he would often take his rod and set off across the meadows for an hour's sport on the Perry (a tributary of the Severn), which flowed through the parish. In those days this stream was fairly well stocked with trout and dace, and two brace of nice trout —from half a pound to a pound and a-half apiece— and a few dace would generally reward one of these evening walks. His great delight was to take one of his small sons with him, and teach him to throw a fly. One of them remembers well his father's pleasure at the capture of a good-sized dace, the first fish taken by the very juvenile wielder of the rod. As in other things, so in his fishing, Walsham How was completely unselfish. His companion on a day's sport would often have some difficulty to avoid the monopoly of all the best water. "There's a good pool! Now you fish that. I would rather watch you. What wouldn't I give to see you get hold of a good one there!" If any fair division of the fishing was to be sustained, such remarks as these would have to be frequently combated.

For a longer excursion there was the Ceiriog (a tributary of the Dee), just beyond the northern boundary of his parish. To this stream he was introduced by one of the squires who lived in the neighbourhood, and who used to tell how he thought it would be a friendly action to take the young Rector out with him and teach him to fish for trout, and how, when they met at the end of the day, positions were reversed, the so-called pupil having nearly three times as heavy a basket as his instructor!

But the favourite river of all was the Tanat, a ten-mile drive away, on which, owing to the kindness of Lord Bradford and the late Sir Watkin Wynn, the Rector of Whittington had many a splendid day's sport. It is a very early river, and the temptation to drive over on a warm March day must have been great. But no such expeditions were ever enjoyed until Lent was over, and the Eastertide services, after which the diaries invariably record several days spent somewhere in the neighbourhood of Llanyblodwel or Llangedwin, on the banks of that most fascinating river.

Like other busy men, he lost many a good fish through using old and rotten tackle. His bulky black leather flybook with old-fashioned steel clasp was crammed with flies and casts, and he never found time to examine these beforehand, and never could harden his heart to burn all his ancient gut—the only really safe thing to do. When the actual fishing-day came, a cast would be hurriedly made up and wound round his wide-awake hat, only in too many instances to be broken by "the big fish which came at the tail fly in the rough water."

Barmouth was a holiday ground much resorted to by all the family, and in the old days, before the famous

bridge was built, or ever a railway whistle was heard, there was abundance of trout-fishing in the mountain streams. Thither year after year Mr. and Mrs. How would take their children, some driving all the way in the pony carriage, others arriving by Colonel Corbett's coach, and amongst the baggage fishing rods and baskets were conspicuous.

Such streams as that which rapidly descends the hill-side by Corsygedol House, the little river at Llwyngwril, and the Arthog brook, all paid heavy toll to his rod. For these and similar spots he seldom changed his cast of flies—a little March brown, a blue dun, and a small but bushy coch-y-bondhu being the invariable bill of fare. With these flies he once took over sixty trout out of the stream at Drws-y-nant in a couple of hours.

In after-years he went much farther afield for his sport, visiting Ballinahinch in Connemara several times, making two expeditions to Norway, and once going in search of trout-fishing to the Ardennes.

In 1872 Mr. How paid his first visit to Sutherlandshire, taking with him one of his sons. This was a district which, when Bishop of Wakefield, he visited more than once and in which he spent some of his happiest holidays.

On the occasion of this first visit ten days were spent at the inn at Overscaig, then a mere cottage by the side of Loch Shin, incapable of housing more than four fishermen at one time. Capital sport was enjoyed here on this occasion, the total for the two rods being three hundred trout, weighing somewhere about one hundred and fifty pounds. One of the days during this visit was spent in a long tramp over the hills to Loch Fiag, on which there was then no boat, where a basket of fish was taken from the shore, one of the trout weighing three pounds. Then

it was that unknowingly Mr. How first looked on a scene which was to be familiar to him afterwards, for on the shore of that loch a wooden house was built by Mr. Gye (of the Italian Opera), and afterwards rented by Mr. M. E. Sanderson, of Wakefield, who on several occasions entertained the Bishop and his family there during part of their August holiday.

From Overscaig Mr. How and his son went northwards to Rhiconich, passing Loch Stack *en route*. This noted sea-trout loch was then rented by the late Lord Dudley, who met the travellers near his house at the head of the Laxford River, and offered them a day or two's fishing, if rain came to make it worth while. Unfortunately the weather continued very hot and dry, so that the opportunity was lost; but the impression of the place and the great reputation of its fishing lasted many years, Mr. How often saying that one of his dreams was some day to be allowed to try his luck on that loch and river. How this dream was fulfilled some twenty years afterwards is told later.

It was in 1867 that he made his first serious attempt at salmon-fishing. Accompanied by his cousin, Mr. G. F. King, he went to Ballinahinch and stayed a fortnight at the noted Deradda Lodge. The sport was not good, and besides, he was never a successful salmon-fisher, so that it is not surprising to find that only three fish were killed by him on this occasion. He chronicled the visit in rhyme, which he illustrated by spirited pen-and-ink sketches. The verses ran as follows:

DAY 1.

Calmly bright
Is the morning light;
Lovelily blue are the mountain ridges:

Gently ripple the waters
Like the prattle of Erin's daughters;
But oh! confound these venomous midges!

DAY 2.

Here it comes! raging and frantic
Right off the face of the broad Atlantic,
Tearing and dashing
And shouting and splashing,
All day long
Steady and strong.
The only thing is to seek a retreat
Under the lee of a stack of peat,
While Patrick Fitzpatrick, to cheer one's sorrow,
Says, "Sure there'll be beautiful sport, sir, the morrow!"

DAY 3.

One minute more
We'd have been safely on shore:
But alas! and alas!
It ne'er came to pass.
I heard a great wail
That turned me all pale,
Moaning afar from the point surnamed Monaghan,
"Arrah! bad luck to him, sure and he's gone again!"

DAY 4.

As slashing a rise as a man could wish!
"Hurroor!" Pat cries, "and it was a great fish!"
Rest him a minute, and then a fresh cast,
If you show it him neatly he'll take it at last.
But in working your fly on the rippling pool
You must keep your left eye on an Irish bull,
Till old Jimmy Carr, our friend at a pinch,
Repulses the baste from Ballinahinch.

DAY 5.

Tried all the flies:
The fish *won't* rise:
Fishing voted a bore,

We repose on the shore,
And have a good snore,
While a brute of a cow with a morbid digestion
Eats the macintosh up without asking a question.

DAY 6.

Off goes the reel
With a rattle and squeal,
Down through the rapid away the line spins,
It's ten minutes before you catch sight of the fins.
And says Pat as he plunges and tugs and bounds,
"Sure he's every bit of twinty pounds!"
Six times or more
He's brought to the shore,
When off with a burst
As fresh as at first,
Till, seizing his moment, with dexterous hand
Pat cleverly gaffs him, and flings him on land.
Then, dancing around him, uproarious and frisky,
He crowns his success in a bumper of whisky!

A second visit with another friend (Colonel Lloyd, of Aston) was paid to this same place in 1869 with somewhat similar results, and yet a third in 1895, when he took several members of his family for a short tour in Ireland, spending ten days at Deradda Lodge.

[*To* Rev. H. W. How.]

"*August*, 14, 1895.

"I am sending you by parcel post a nice fresh-run 9 lb. salmon, which I killed this morning. I only hope it will get to you fresh. I have only killed one (8 lb.) before, but got another a little larger quite done for and ready for the gaff, and I was towing him into a small bay for the purpose when he left me!

"It has been very stormy most days since we came.

Yesterday those who were in boats on the lakes had to give up, as it was too rough. I was on the river, but not a fish would stir. It is very aggravating to see them rolling about like pigs. There is a whole herd of them at Corcoran's Point, but the one I am sending you is the only one that rose at me. There are so many that you have a good chance of snatching one by whipping your fly past him when he rolls up between your fly and yourself.

"I have managed to get in a bit of botanising, and have found two or three rare plants, but I am going to cut the fishing one day, and have a botanical ramble on Roundstone Hill, three or four miles from here, where there are two or three very rare heaths, as well as some other rarities."

In 1888 he paid his first visit to Norway, taking a party of six to stay for a month in a farm about seventy miles from Trondhjem, near the Swedish border, and close to some of the Lapp settlements. There was no salmon-fishing here, but the trouting was excellent, as may be gathered from the following letter:

[*To* Mr. G. F. KING.]

"LOVOEN, TYDALEN, NORWAY, *August* 24, 1888.

"We men fish mostly, and the women cook, each with varying success. There are no dishes except pie dishes, and no jugs except a little one for the cream. There is a slop-basin, which begins the day by bringing me my shaving water, and afterwards accompanies me to breakfast. The bread is made daily in my wash-hand basin, which perhaps accounts for its not rising. Other things rise: we do, the trout do—but the bread never! It is so

solid! We live mostly on trout. F. and I went to a lake and caught fifty-six one day, and forty-four another, many over one pound, and two of two pound each. Fortunately we had a pony to bring them back, as they were a terrific weight.

* * * * *

"Fancy my accidentally leaning my rod against a rock, and then finding it almost touching a beautiful clump of the rare Woodsia fern, while the butt was standing in a little cluster of Smilacina, a delicate and lovely little sort of miniature lily of the valley."

At the end of this letter there is a drawing of a trout, under which are these lines:

> "Hic jacet, illustri tandem certamine victæ,
> In tumulo ventris 'spatium mirabile' Truttæ."

In the next year he re-visited Norway, this time in the company of Bishop Wilberforce, of Newcastle, with high hopes of at last getting some really good salmon-fishing. The following letters to Mr. G. F. King give a capital impression of the success of this visit:

"OLDEN, NORD FJORD, NORWAY, *August* 15, 1889.

"MY DEAR FARQUHARSON,

"Here I am in a simply perfect place. We arrived on Friday at 2 P.M., came up to this jolly little wooden house, where we actually have a flagstaff and the Union Jack flying, had luncheon, and were on the river by 4 P.M.

"Before five I had killed a grilse of six pounds and a salmon of twenty-four pounds. I thought I was going to achieve wonders, but day by day the conviction has deepened that salmon are coy, and that I am a poor

fisherman. I have only killed five as yet, my best being twenty-six pounds and twenty-four pounds. The Bishop of Newcastle has killed eleven, averaging twenty-four pounds, his largest being thirty-two pounds. But then we have much sport with grilse and sea-trout, the latter being especially abundant and large—*e.g.*, we have each killed a sea-trout of eleven pounds. Grilse under six pounds we generally label and put back.

"The Bishop of Newcastle is a grand companion, so keen and good-natured. We have our daily prayers together night and morning, and in many a nice talk find ourselves singularly at one."

"WAKEFIELD, *September* 21, 1889.

"MY DEAR FARQUHARSON,

"I must indulge in a little chat with you, the main end and object of which is to bring down your exalted cousinly estimate of your own particular bishop, and to present him to you in all his incompetence and decrepitude. I am a muff, whatever you may say, for I could not catch the salmon. I got six early in my visit, but, though I rose them now and then, and hooked one or two, never another could I capture. My brother of Newcastle went on killing salmon to the end, but he is very skilful and knowing. He got twenty-five salmon. Our average was the same—nineteen pounds. His first eleven averaged twenty-four pounds, but, as the river lowered, the bigger fish did not rise. However, there was always something to be done, and I got sixty-seven sea-trout of all sizes up to twelve pounds, besides about ten grilse. Of course the Bishop of Newcastle beat me in each sort, his sea-trout averaging about five pounds—mine about three pounds; and his largest being thirteen pounds to my

twelve pounds. He is very fond of spiders, and brought in two very big ones, and established them in two of the windows in our sitting room. They were named 'Achilles' and 'the Claimant,' and their diverse character interested us greatly. Achilles was shy, timid, and given to sulk in his tent. He fled into a corner when you offered him a fly. The Claimant, on the contrary, was brave and confiding, eagerly took flies out of your fingers, and even allowed the Bishop of Newcastle to take him in his finger and thumb and carry him to a fly, which he at once seized and devoured. I am not sure that inordinate greediness was not the real secret of his valour!

"Your affectionate Cousin,

"WM. WALSHAM WAKEFIELD."

It was in the summer of 1890 that the Bishop's dream of some day fishing Loch Stack in Sutherlandshire was at last fulfilled owing to the kindness of the Duke of Westminster, who lent him on this, as well as on a succeeding holiday, Stack Lodge for a fortnight's fishing on the loch and on the River Laxford. At the end of this first visit he wrote as follows to Mr. G. F. King:

"STACK LODGE, *August* 10, 1890.

"As we leave to-morrow morning I should like to give you a little account of our last few days. We stuck to the river, it being in excellent order and with plenty of fish up, for a whole week of long, laborious, and mostly disappointing days. On Wednesday, however, after a fruitless morning on the river, we thought we would try the loch. And now don't we wish we had tried it a little sooner! We were told it was the best in Scotland, but I had no idea any loch could be so good. It is

cram-full of sea-trout with a sprinkling of salmon. We were very unlucky in losing big fish, especially two salmon, both apparently well hooked, and some very large sea-trout, and of course we hooked and lost a great many of all sizes, but our score was twenty-three on Wednesday afternoon, forty on Thursday, thirty-four on Friday afternoon, and twenty-six yesterday. We got two of five pounds each, and plenty from that to two pounds. Our seven best yesterday weighed eighteen pounds, the largest being only three and a-half pounds. It was most exciting work, the fish being tremendously strong and game, and run out line and spring into the air again and again. Several times we had the two rods with good fish on at once. I never in my life had such good sport."

In 1892 he was again at Stack Lodge:

[*To* Rev. H. W. How.]

"*August* 4.

"As we came on Saturday it turned to rain, and drizzled all Sunday, which brought the river up nicely On Sunday I took the service at Loch More Lodge, four miles from here, at the other end of this loch, and there met Professor Drummond, who is lodging there with the bailiff for fishing. He is a pleasant, friendly sort of man, rather of the Professor Hughes [of Cambridge] description. He says the geology here is most interesting, the whole country showing strong records of the Ice Age. We agreed amongst us here that I should fish in the boat on the loch every day to avoid the walk, while Fred and Frank [two of his sons] take the river on alternate days. To do the river you must walk down one side to the bridge near the sea, four miles, and up the other side, which I dare not attempt.

"On the loch the fishing has been nothing like what it was two years ago, and yesterday, which was cold and stormy, not a fish would stir, but, though the fish are 'stiff,' as they say here, they are great fun, as they are very strong and plucky, jumping into the air again and again, and rushing away—a good many getting off. They all are sea-trout, or, at least, we don't count the small brownies, of which we always get some. To-day Fred and I got eighteen sea-trout (all but one, which was a brown trout of one and a quarter pound), weighing twenty-five and a-half pounds. We enjoy it much."

More than once afterwards, when the guest of Mr. M. E. Sanderson at Loch Merkland, the Bishop was allowed some days' fishing on Loch Stack, but never again had quite such good sport as during these first visits.

Many of these fishing holidays were, of course, spent in out-of-the-way places far from any church, and on Sundays it was the Bishop's custom to hold services either in his sitting-room, or in some larger place when available, and to invite the foresters and gillies to attend. When he was at Overscaig in 1872 he held a service in an outhouse, and many shepherds and boatmen came to it accompanied by their dogs. He thought that the old tune "Rockingham" must be well known, so started a hymn to that refrain; but he forgot how far north he was, and it ended in a duet between himself and his son, while the rest of the congregation sat round solemn and silent. He often used to tell the story, and say what a trying process he found it.

When on a visit to Mr. M. E. Sanderson the time was usually divided between Merkland Lodge and the hut on Fiag Loch, the approach to which latter place was up a

rough cart track for six miles over a wild moorland. The Bishop was the first person to be driven in a dog-cart up this road, which had previously been available only for mountain ponies, or rough carts. To this fact Mr. Sanderson alludes in a letter (written after the Bishop's death) from which the following extracts are taken :

"It is difficult to give incidents of the ever-dear Bishop's visits to me. First it was indeed an honour and privilege for him to come, and when I think as I write that his life is ended here, I feel much difficulty in referring to him.

"The foresters in their simple way felt much veneration for him, believing that they had never seen one so good, and they will always remember his kindness to them in having services for them, and his memory will be dear to them, one and all, man and woman! Then at Fiag, when —— sang so sweetly those old ditties, how his face brightened, and he asked about others, and hummed the tunes. . . . Then the longing for him to get a big fish—which he didn't. Only one came, and the reel clogged and broke the cast, and this *was* a big one! Then his geniality and his tales, and his earnest little prayers in the dear old hut for us all, and his coming up on a pony in his wading-stockings, and afterwards being the first to come up in a dog-cart, and always his joy at the luck of others' fishing, and his determination to throw a fly almost till the dinner-bell rang. These are only trifles when with us, and it is to me most comforting to believe he enjoyed these holidays."

The mention in the above letter of "his tales" brings to mind many stories he told relating to his fishing.

Once when returning from a day's fishing in South Wales with an empty basket, he was overtaken by a small boy, when the following conversation ensued :

SMALL BOY : "Been fishing?"

THE BISHOP : "Yes."

SMALL BOY : "Caught anything?"

THE BISHOP : "No."

SMALL BOY: "Ah! some don't!"

The fact that the Bishop was very seldom amongst the "some who don't" makes the small boy's irony delicious.

On another occasion he had been to a confirmation in a country parish, and after the service the squire, knowing how keen a fisherman he was, begged him to come for a short walk. They soon arrived at a large pool with a boat on it and a fishing-rod and tackle already prepared. In a few minutes the Bishop, all arrayed in shovel hat and apron, was hard at work killing several large trout, and he used afterwards to say that no one ever went out fishing such a swell before!

During his life at Whittington the Hon. W. R. Verney, now Rector of Lighthorne in Warwickshire, read with him for a time when preparing for Holy Orders. His testimony as to the value of these months is exceedingly strong, but in connection with the subject of this chapter he has also something to say.

"He was one of those men," he writes, "for whom no task was too hard and no day too long. He was a sportsman too at heart, and that was a great bond of sympathy between us, though he clearly told me that he was afraid my too great love for sport would injure and interfere with my ministerial work. You know better than I do what an excellent fisherman he was, and how in his holiday times he loved this innocent recreation. I remember one day he was going to a week-day service, and passed me at the Castle Pool [between the Rectory and the church] when I had a good trout on. 'Come on, Verney,' he said, 'you'll be late.' I was too hard on the fish, and lost him. I think the Bishop was sorry afterwards!"

One more fishing episode, and that of too recent and too sad a nature to dwell upon for long.

In August of 1897, he took Dhulough Lodge near Killary Harbour, chiefly for the sake of the excellent

fishing that went with it. He arrived there on a Tuesday. On Wednesday, after tea, there being a good breeze upon the lough, he went out in a boat with one of his sons, and for a hour and a half they had excellent sport, the Bishop fighting and killing some big sea-trout with all his wonted vigour. The wind had risen and the boatmen landed the fishermen about a mile above the Lodge. He walked home with apparent ease, but said, "I couldn't have walked this distance last week" (when he was feeling very unwell during the last days of the Lambeth Conference). He never went out fishing again. On the following Tuesday morning he was dead. The cast he used that last evening is still round his hat—a memorial of one of the keenest and most unselfish fisherman who ever lived.

CHAPTER XXX

THE BISHOP AS A BOTANIST

As a botanist, the Rector of Whittington also found himself in a happy position. A small stream through the garden was altered soon after his arrival at the Rectory, and made to flow between rocky banks and down little falls. In the Parish Papers the following entries were made by him :

"Stream alteration. Altogether it is a great improvement to the garden, especially to a botanist with a mighty love of ferns, of which I hope now to grow many of the rarer sorts, and do not despair of inducing the Hymenophylla to take up their abode on the spray-bespattered stones. If my successor is no fern-fancier, let him at least bring some one who is so, to see what is there before he lays violent hands on any of my nurselings. [Since that day the treasures in the Whittington garden have been by turns neglected and cared for, so that it is doubtful how many of them still survive.]

"I have just returned from a visit to the Lakes, and have brought back with me, and planted in the new rockwork by the water, roots of the following ferns : Allosorus, (parsley fern), beech fern, oak fern, brittle fern, forked spleenwort and green, Wilson's filmy fern and mountain

fern. I have already put in Osmunda regalis and Lastrea thelypteris and christata, with several of the common ferns.

* * * * *

I have added Polypodium calcareum, Cystopteris dentata, Lastrea spinulosa, Asplenium lanceolatum, and a variety of Filix-mas from the Breidden.

* * * * *

The great yew-tree (close to the house) measures 21 feet 11 inches in girth 5 feet 9 inches from the ground." This big tree stands close to the Rectory house, and is one of the largest specimens of its kind in Shropshire. A former Bishop of St. Asaph tried to persuade Mr. How to cut it down! In this instance, however, episcopal wishes were ignored.

In his early days at Whittington the Rector paid much attention to budding roses, and his diaries contain many entries relating to his flowers, such as "Dahlias cut with frost," "Put in bedding-out plants," &c.

In 1857 the Oswestry and Welshpool Naturalists' Field Club was founded, with Mr. Jebb, of the Lyth, near Ellesmere, as president, and the Rector of Whittington as vice-president. The meetings of this club were a source of great pleasure to Mr. How, and he seldom missed any of their excursions. It was in connection with these gatherings that he first met Mr. William Whitwell, F.L.S., who contributed an exceedingly interesting memorial paper to "The Naturalist" of October 1897, on the life of the late Bishop of Wakefield. Much of the information as to botany contained in this chapter is gleaned from those pages.

Mr. Whitwell says: "The Bishop had a good acquaintance with our British plants, and possessed a

tolerably large herbarium—devoted, however, mainly to the rarer species." This herbarium was given to one of his nieces some years ago, when press of work prevented his giving sufficient attention to it.

At a meeting of the Field Club in 1862, Mr. How read a short paper on the "Botany of the Great Orme's Head at Llandudno," showing how carefully he had searched that mountain for rare or interesting plants. In the course of his remarks he thus describes his discoveries:

"Several of the commoner limestone plants are there plentifully, such as Saxifraga tridactylites, Arabis hirsuta, and Geranium lucidum. . . .

"If you look under your feet in this breezy exposed spot, you will find at least three plants worth notice. The pretty Gnaphalium dioicum, the Cistus marifolius, and the delicate little Scilla verna. . . .

"Scrambling up to the steep shelves and ledges of rock which face inland, and amongst the hawthorns and privets and brambles and blackthorns, we will poke about and see if we cannot discover *the* Orme's Head plant, Mespilus cotoneaster. Yes, here it is, just like one of the dwarf, round-leafed shrubby willows, a tough little shrub, with downy leaves, and pretty little waxy blossoms like the bilberry. Happily its roots are so deep, and so embedded in the rocks, that, although the visitors are cruelly destructive, I think they will not succeed in quite extirpating this plant from its only British dwelling-place."

Other plants he mentioned as inhabiting the Orme's Head are the Chrysocoma, the Silene nutans, wild fennel, Thalictrum minus, Statice reticulata, Brassica oleracea, Asplenium marinum (a few stunted plants only), while

on the shore could be found the yellow-horned poppy, and on the Conway side the sea-convolvulus. He also discovered in the hedges a little inland Scrophularia vernalis and Veronica hybrida.

But this was written five and thirty years ago, and by this time many of these plants have probably been exterminated by the "cruelly destructive visitors."

Another interesting paper on wild plants was the one contributed by Mr. How to the "Gossiping Guide to Wales" on "The Botany of Barmouth and its Neighbourhood."

On his removal to London, the Bishop was delighted to find a capital garden attached to his new residence, and especially to discover a fern-house well stocked with many of his prime favourites. This garden and fernery were of the greatest possible service during his nine years of arduous work in the East End, for they afforded a never-failing refreshment and interest to one with his passion for flowers and ferns.

Another great enjoyment to him was the fact that Mr. F. J. Hanbury, the celebrated botanist, lived within a few minutes' walk. Writing to Mr. Whitwell the Bishop says:

"STAINFORTH HOUSE, UPPER CLAPTON, *Nov.* 2, 1885.

"MY DEAR MR. WHITWELL,

"It was very kind of you to write to me, and I was very glad to hear of you again. . . . I am living close to a very first-rate botanist here—Mr. F. J. Hanbury—and I now and then go in and look over some of his plants. He has far the best herbarium I ever saw. I myself do very little in this line nowadays, but a short time ago in the summer I stumbled upon a good plant. I had been speaking at a meeting at Watford, and took a little walk

afterwards through some woods, where I found a large quantity of Impatiens parviflora—quite a new plant to me.

"Believe me, with many thanks,

"Sincerely yours,

"WM. WALSHAM BEDFORD."

The Bishop used to have many a botanical chat with Mr. Hanbury when he lived at Clapton, and was delighted on one occasion to be able to give him some fine specimens of Hieracium Pilosella, var. pilosissimum, which he obtained from a rock near Barmouth. This was the only known Welsh locality for this plant, and is cited in Mr. Hanbury's "Monograph of the British Hieracia." A year or two afterwards the Bishop revisited the same neighbourhood to try and procure some roots of the plant, that Mr. Hanbury might grow it, but found to his dismay that the only rock on which it grew had all been blasted away!

The Bishop's holidays were invariably planned long beforehand, his keen enjoyment of them beginning with the anticipation many months in advance. Amongst all the necessary preparations he never forgot to write and find out from Mr. Hanbury what rare plants he was to search for in the selected locality. A few of the letters written on these and similar occasions will probably be of interest to botanical readers.

"BALA, *May* 8, 1885.

"MY DEAR MR. HANBURY,

"I have made up a few verses for you while out fishing to-day. I hope they will do.*

I went to Barmouth yesterday, where I found a plant of

* These were for the North Eastern Hospital for Children.

Asplenium lanceolatum in quite a new place, in a wall a mile out of Barmouth on the Harlech Road, and a lot of Inula Helenium coming up in a field where I never saw it before. I saw also plenty of old friends coming up in the old places.

It is bitterly cold and the hills are covered with snow.

"Very sincerely yours,

"WM. WALSHAM BEDFORD."

"STAINFORTH HOUSE, UPPER CLAPTON, E., *May* 19, 1885.

"DEAR MR. HANBURY,

"I found Potentilla verna on the Malvern Hills about forty-five years ago. Chrysosplenium alternifolium I have found in various places.

"I am sorry that it is quite impossible for me to join you in June. Every Sunday has its three engagements, but besides that every day is pledged. I am much exercised about an anemone we sent from Capel Curig. I had found one plant of it there about twenty years ago, and this time we found two. It is plainly Anemone nemorosa, only as blue as Anemone apennina. Is the variety acknowledged in any book?

"Yours sincerely,

"WM. WALSHAM BEDFORD."

"ROSSIE CASTLE, MONTROSE, *August* 17, 1886.

"DEAR MR. HANBURY,

"It is indeed good of you to have taken so much trouble, and I hope to make some little use of your notes and information. But I am greatly disappointed, my friends having been compelled to alter their plans, and put off going to Glenshee so late that I can only get about two days there. I have seen nothing of interest yet,

except that the banks of the river South Esk here are literally covered with mimulus in full blossom. It is lovely. The Saxaizoides seems quite a common Scotch plant. It grows in all the little rills. The neighbourhood of Comrie was singularly bare and hopeless, quite lowland country with cultivated fields. There was a quantity of Myrrhis odorata by the river Earn.

"There is scarcely any fishing, the river being dried up.

"Sincerely yours,

"WM. WALSHAM BEDFORD."

"BISHOPGARTH, WAKEFIELD, *July* 29, 1895.

"DEAR MR. HANBURY,

"I am going on this day week to Connemara for some salmon-fishing, and shall be at Ballinahinch, not far from Roundstone and Clifden. Can you tell me what plants I should look for if the weather does not do for fishing and I can get a little botanising? It is the heaths that are said to be the specialties here. E. Mackaiana is said to be findable, but E. ciliaris very doubtful. I was there long ago but did not get to the heath habitats. The bogs at Ballinahinch were full of Menziesia polifolia and Drosera anglica, but little else interesting. Yes, by the way I found Utricularia minor there. If you know anything of the region, and can give me hints, I shall be greatly obliged.

"I had specimens of Trientalis and Cornus suecica sent me from near Pickering the other day. Both are very common in Norway, where also I found Menziesia cærulea, and many other of our chief British varieties.

"With kindest remembrances and love to the children,

"Yours sincerely,

"WM. WALSHAM WAKEFIELD."

"BISHOPGARTH, WAKEFIELD, *August* 21, 1896.

"DEAR MR. HANBURY,

"I return your maps with many thanks. Alas! though at your suggestion I wrote a fortnight beforehand to Inchnadamff, they had no beds, so we could not get there. We went to Scourie, spending two whole days there, doing Handa Island one day, and driving to Kylesku Ferry the next. The only thing I found worth naming is Ajuga pyramidalis, where you said. I could not see Pyrola uniflora on Handa, nor the Malaxis at Kylesku. By the way, did you notice the strange character of the gorse all about these parts? There were young plants I should hardly have guessed to be gorse—it grows so long and lax and tender-looking, with very long spines, and of a pale green colour. The young shoots are astonishingly long and lax.

"With many thanks for your kind help,

"Sincerely yours,

"WM. WALSHAM WAKEFIELD.

"Kindest remembrances."

The late Bishop Billing succeeded Bishop Walsham How at Stainforth House, and on the house again becoming empty a few years later it was taken by Mr. Hanbury, who still cherishes some plants placed there by Bishop How. Of these, special mention may be made of the Potentilla rupestris, which the Bishop found on the Breidden hills and brought to London. This plant still flourishes to such an extent that Mr. Hanbury has been able to sub-divide it.

In 1888 came the move to Wakefield. Truly the Bishop's gardens may be said to have deteriorated with

every move. The London garden, though well cultivated and delightful, could not be compared with the large and beautiful garden at Whittington. The Wakefield garden, though extensive, had so recently been a field, in which grew masses of rhubarb and cabbages, that it was in turn less attractive than that at Stainforth House. Still the Bishop never swerved in his devotion; although much that he planted perished, and what was left was eternally black with Wakefield smuts, still he laboured on, and took great delight in the carnations, saxifrages, and other things which suited the locality.

Among his chief "botanical" friends in Yorkshire may be mentioned Mr. Claude Leatham, by whose kind aid the Bishop was enabled to stock with Alpine plants the rockery which he constructed during the last years of his life, and the Rev. W. Fowler, of Liversedge. When away for his summer holiday in 1895, he sent the latter the following delightful lines:

"DERADDA LODGE, CONNEMARA, *August* 1895.

"DEAR FOWLER, I think, on the whole, you'll agree with me,
This place is delicious (I wish you could be with me!);
But especially charming to one who has got any
Fancy for fishing conjointly with botany.
Just think, when on land from your boat you get out,
Having captured a salmon, or ten or twelve trout,
As you lounge on the margin, enjoying your lunch,
You suddenly find that your cushion's a bunch
Of what we consider our fairest of spolia,
Menziesia to wit, species polifolia.
Then to stretch your cramp'd legs you stroll off a short way
And lo! there's the heath that is nam'd from Mackay;
Or perchance you may find (you know it most rare is)
Another heath bearing the name ciliaris;
Or even by luck one outrivalling any—a
Bush of the Erica Mediterranea.

Then look in that ditch—there's a prize for herbaria!
The true Intermediate Utricularia.
You will know it, without any flower or fruit,
By the groups of small bladders apart from the root.
Then in casting your fly you hook into a weed—
Draw it in—why, what is it? a rush or a reed?
No, the treasure you've hook'd in that cast so unwary
Is the Eriocaulon septangulare!
When the salmon have baffled your patience and skill,
Take half a day off, and walk over that hill,
And there, on the rocks (it's no fiction or phantom),
Grows the real unmistakeable true Adiantum:
While in that little lake which the seabreezes fall on,
All full of Lobelia and Eriocaulon
(In vain the green depths of its waters defy us),
With a gaff we secure the much-coveted Naias.
Now I think, my dear Fowler, I've well proved my case,
That this is a most undeniable place;
And once more I wish you were with me to fish up
Big trout and rare plants!—
"Your affectionate Bishop."

Before leaving the subject of the Bishop as a botanist there are two quotations which must not be omitted. The first is from an article in the "Leisure Hour," written by the Rev. F. A. Malleson, M.A. The kind of "motto" at the head of the article is a quotation from a letter:

"Fancy my forgetting Broughton, and that perfectly delicious walk with you up the Duddon, and the Snowflake, and the Paris, and the Cardamine amara, and the Trollius, and the Osmunda, &c. Why, it is one of the brightest little pictures in the gallery of my memory.

"WM. WALSHAM WAKEFIELD."

The article later on says:

"Speaking of congenial company brings back to me the remembrance of two walks in the Duddon Woods, on each side of the

river Duddon, which bounds this beautiful parish of Broughton-in-Furness on the west. The first of these was in the company of the present Bishop of Wakefield—at that time Canon Walsham How, a few weeks before he became Bishop of Bedford. It is but little known how good a botanist is this most amiable and energetic chief pastor. After greeting many a flower of the district, the Touch-me-not, the Great Sundew, the Spindle-tree, the Larkspur, the Globe flower, the Herb Paris, and many others, suddenly he left my side, cleared a fence at a bound, and dived into a wood, out of which he brought in great triumph a handful of the large-flowered Bitter-cress (Cardamine amara), which I myself had never discovered."

The other quotation is from an address given to the Wakefield Paxton Society by Mr. J. Wood, F.R.H.S., of Kirkstall, near Leeds. The subject was "The late Bishop Walsham How as a Gardener," and in the course of his lecture he said that his authority for what he had to tell them was throughout personal. When a great and good man happened to be a bishop, and loved and found time to be a gardener, they must feel that their own art was well stamped and emphasised, if not patronised.

"Besides, who more than a good man, like the late Bishop, could win minds to what he himself appreciated? How well he did this was exemplified by the fact that after spending some time in the garden he would be summoned into the house, and after a short interval would bring his visitors out into the garden to show them what was going on. He (Mr. Wood) had known several clergymen brought into the garden in that way in the course of one afternoon.

* * * * *

"They could also imagine that they saw in their Bishop a practical admission that gardening could be a training force of thought and serenity of mind. He was always ready to own his shortcomings, and equally ready to point out the pleasures of gardening as one who knew all about them.

* * * * *

"The Bishop entertained some amusing prejudices. For instance he (the lecturer) found one of the best Alpine plants they had growing on a rubbish heap at Bishopgarth, where it was thriving beautifully, but he felt he must speak to the Bishop about it. He did so, suggesting a place for it on the new rockery. The Bishop's lips tightened, and shaking his head, he laughingly said, 'You say it is happy on the rubbish heap?' 'Yes.' 'Then,' said he, 'let it stay there: I could not tolerate it on the rockery!'"

Few recollections of Bishop Walsham How will be more enduring to those who knew him well than the sight of him as he snatched a few minutes in the course of a busy morning to walk slowly round his garden, stopping every yard or two to examine a tiny flower, or impatiently to pull up, and throw behind him, an intrusive weed. How dearly he loved his flowers and ferns it is difficult to tell. Wherever he lived he tended them, and increased them. Many of them still live on, and bear silent witness to his care for them.

CHAPTER XXXI

LETTERS ON SPIRITUAL MATTERS

A CONSIDERABLE portion of Bishop Walsham How's correspondence consisted from quite early days in answering letters on spiritual subjects, and advising those who in this manner sought his help. It is thought that the publication of some of these letters may give a fresh insight into the inner life and thoughts of their writer, and may perhaps bring help and comfort to some who read them.

[*Birthday Letters.*]

"MY DEAREST ——,

"I will seize a few minutes before starting for my day's work to write you my warmest greetings for your birthday. May God ever bless you more and more, and make each year fuller of peace and hope. My daily prayer for you is that 'your love may abound more and more.' I often think of the beautiful spot where you asked me to make this my prayer for you. I think the same thing is what I too most need. I should like to think that we ask the same blessing for each other."

"*December* 14, 1887.

"Your letters are always a great delight to me on my birthdays, aud this one has been not less so than others.

One leans more and more, so far as this world is concerned, on the long-tried love of the dear ones left by God's mercy to one, and, for the other world, one seeks more and more to realise the hope of the blessed reunion."

"DEAR ——,

"May God bless you more and more year by year and bring you nearer to Himself and to heaven. I do hope, dear child, you are going forward a little, or at least sometimes going forward, a wave now and then showing that the tide is rising, not falling, however many waves fall short between. Don't forget Faber's wonderful expression. He says, 'When all is known, the life of many a saint will be found to be nothing but an entanglement of generous beginnings.' It is a comforting thought when we feel what very beginners we all are."

"DEAR ——,

"May every year bring you nearer and nearer to what you would be, by bringing you nearer and nearer to God. I never fail to pray for the grace of pure unselfishness for you, as you asked me. Though others do not see the lack of it, you no doubt do, for selfishness is a curiously subtle thing. God help you to detect and escape it. Perhaps it is a little delicate shade of it which makes you at times wrapped up in your own interests and not of very ready, or perhaps not of very bright and cheerful, sympathy with the lesser things which others are interested in. I do not know, you can perhaps find out.

"God bless you."

[*To a girl about to be confirmed.*]

"DEAR ——,

"To-morrow will be a very solemn, and I trust a very blessed, day to you. Perhaps it may be a disappointing day also. For, when we have thought much of a solemn ordinance, and prepared earnestly for it, it very often is so. We find we cannot feel quite as deeply at the time as we thought we should, or as perhaps we did in preparing for it. The strangeness, and publicity, and bustle, attendant on such scenes, must partly check the power of feeling them as intensely as we wish. I know I found it so at my ordination, and many others have experienced this. It is the same often with our first communion, and I name this, dear ——, that you may not be discouraged if it should so happen that you are a little disappointed in not being able at the time to realise all that is really taking place. You know that we shall pray for our dear little —— that God's blessing will rest upon her, and that He will by His grace make her a faithful, consistent, and happy Christian.

"God bless you and give you a large portion of His grace and strength to meet all your trials, great and small."

[*To his son* H. W. H. *on being ordained Priest.*]

"*September* 18, 1880.

"MY DEAREST HARRY,

"I must write you a few lines to reach you on the day of your ordination, and to take your father's truest and best blessing to you. You will, I know, feel the solemn responsibility of being called to the high office of a priest in the Church of Christ. May you well and

worthily exercise the stewardship of the mysteries of God, and be found faithful!

"Do you remember how Bishop Patteson, when a little boy, longed to be a clergyman that he might make people happy by saying the Absolution? He might well have added the celebrating the Holy Sacrament also. I have been taking as one of my Ember subjects this week, 'I brought him to Thy disciples and they could not cure him,' showing that their impotence was because of their unbelief, and that again because they had neglected 'prayer and fasting.' These I took as two great principles of the inner life, *devotion* on the one hand, including all acts by which the soul goes forth towards God, and *self-discipline* on the other hand, extending to all acts by which the soul turns inwards on self in self-scrutiny, self-denial, and self-conquest. Then I led on to the thought that our power to cast out evil things, either from self or from our people, would be proportionate to our use of these two great strengths of the inner life. I name this as it may give you a thought for to-morrow.

"Your loving old Father,

"WM. WALSHAM BEDFORD.

"God bless you, my dear boy."

[*To a favourite niece on her death bed.*]

"BISHOPGARTH, WAKEFIELD, *May* 23, 1893.

"MY PRECIOUS NIECE,

"I have heard from —— that Dr. Pye-Smith did not think he could do much for you, and that you know you have just to bow to God's will, and to bear the cross He sends you, and to wait. It is best to know, is it not? I think I should wish it myself. We, who love you so

dearly, would have wished a different verdict, but God loves you better than we do, and knows better too. Dear, dear child, how I long to say something to cheer and help you! But when one has to face the great realities which one talks about so often, it makes one feel so shallow and ignorant. Well, one thing seems to come out clearly at such times, and that is the infinite momentousness of the very simplest old truths compared with many of the things which occupy men's minds, and are made subjects of dispute. I mean such things as repentance and faith, the looking inwards with shame on oneself, and the looking outwards with trust to God. . . . The facing of the great problem of the future sets things so in their right proportion, and makes the great things so great, and the little things so little. I often question myself, ~~to take another instance~~, as to my love to the Saviour, and it often makes me ashamed to feel how dim and cold and feeble the love is: sometimes I even doubt whether it is there at all. . . . But sometimes I like to fancy that if I were laid aside by some sickness or infirmity, and knew I should do no more active work for Him, and all this busy life faded away into the background, and I had only to think and remember and prepare, I might find the love had not quite gone out, and He might fan it up into a little flame, in the light of the glow of which I might look up with a smile, and whisper, 'Thou knowest that I love Thee.'"

"BISHOPGARTH, WAKEFIELD, *June* 13, 1893.

"MY DEAREST CHILD,

". . . I am thinking a good deal about faith now, for I have been writing an instruction on it for a retreat. . . . Well, after all we walk by faith, and not by sight now. But what will it be when faith turns into sight,

and we *see* the King in His beauty. Dearest ——, it must be very sweet and very glorious to see and be with Him. God bless you always.

"Your loving old Uncle."

[*To his brother after a death in the family.*]

"BISHOPGARTH, WAKEFIELD, *June* 29, 1893.

"How merciful it has all been for her! I was dreading a long sad time of clouded mind, though I prayed with her that there might not be loss of mind or memory, if it were God's will. We went to our morning prayer in the chapel just after reading the letters, and sang as our Saint's-day hymn, 'For all Thy saints who from their labours rest.' So much of it came home to me with new meaning to-day. My heart is very full, my one dear brother, and I long to be with you. It does comfort me to believe that to 'depart and be with Christ' is 'far better' than to stay longer here. And we old ones shall not have so very long to stay now, and we may surely rejoice in the thought of the reunion within the veil. God bless you and all of you.

"Your loving old Brother,

"W. W. W."

On Prayers for the Dead.

"THE VICARAGE, HALIFAX, *July* 16, 1893.

"I must begin by thanking you for yours of the 13th in which you speak about Canon Swayne's book. I wholly agree with what you say as to the Onesiphorus argument. I have said it again and again. It is at best a probable assumption that he was dead, but by no means a certainty; and, even if it were, the words 'the Lord have

mercy,' &c., can only by the most forced construction be cited as a prayer for the dead. They are, as you say, a pious wish. At any rate, to build a whole system on this passage is to build a pyramid on its point. ~~At the same time~~ I am far from condemning prayer for the dead. If there be accessions of light and knowledge, and possibilities of growth and progress, after death, as surely we may believe, there seems nothing wrong in prayers for such blessings. Even forgiveness of sin, I think, may be prayed for, if we once allow that prayer for pardon can prevail at all (in lifetime, I mean). I know some hold that prayer for another's pardon can only mean for that other's repentance as a condition of pardon. But I think St. James' words must mean more than this. Then, if sin is forgiven at all upon the prayer of another, I see no real ground for drawing an arbitrary line at death. But I prefer the cautious and self-restrained practice of the primitive Church. It seems to have been quite a recognised practice among the Jews to pray for the dead, and the early Christians did not discontinue it, but prayed for 'light, and peace, and a blessed resurrection' for their dear ones departed.

". . . I have since always prayed in the words I have quoted."

[*To the same.*]

"*July* 19, 1893.

"You may like to know the actual words I use daily: 'Into the hands of Thy fatherly goodness I commend my dear ones at rest, humbly beseeching Thee that they may be precious in Thy sight. Grant them light, and peace, and a blessed resurrection.'"

[*To* Mr. CLAUDE LEATHAM.]

"BISHOPGARTH, WAKEFIELD, *January* 16, 1896.

"MY DEAR LEATHAM,

"My brother sent me Mr. Chambers's book, 'Our Life after Death,' about three or four months ago, asking me my opinion about it. I read it then rather hastily, and have now read the more important parts over again. I confess it impresses me much. The great difficulty it seeks to remove has been troubling me often, and I have felt how difficult it is to answer one alleging the objection stated on p. 172 without allowing that God may have dealings with souls, which we know not of, after death."

[The difficulty referred to is thus stated: If a Christian admits that God is infinitely good, merciful, and just, how is it that nine-tenths of our race are permitted to perish because God has suffered them to be born, and to live, under circumstances where there has not been the ghost of a chance of their being saved?]

"I have for many years seen the reasonableness of allowing that the soul may advance in knowledge and love in the unseen world between death and resurrection, but I have never quite accepted the much larger deductions which Mr. Chambers presses, I think mainly because they have seemed so different from my early teaching and belief. . . . I do not think the Scriptural argument at all conclusive, the two great passages of St. Peter" ["by which also He went and preached unto the spirits in prison," and "For this cause was the Gospel preached also to them that are dead"] "being generally interpreted quite differently. The *preaching* in the former passage is literally *proclaiming*, and has been generally understood as speaking of our Lord bearing to the souls in the place of waiting—'in keeping'—*i.e.*, in Hades—the great news

of His accomplishment of the work of Redemption: while in the second passage the preaching of the Gospel 'to them that are dead' is usually understood as meaning while they were alive. But I would not affirm that these passages could not bear Mr. Chambers's meaning.

"Perhaps the most startling thing in the book is the advocacy of what is called 'conditional immortality,' in that part which argues for the final extinction and annihilation of the wicked. One feels so dreadfully ignorant in the face of these tremendous questions. May God teach us by His Holy Spirit, and show us the truth.

"Very sincerely yours,

"WM. WALSHAM WAKEFIELD."

"P.S. I have tried hitherto to satisfy myself with the thought that an omniscient God would know exactly what each one, dying 'without a chance,' would have done had the offer been made and the chance given. But of course this shuts out moral choice and discipline, which seem essential elements in the salvation of moral beings."

In the autumn of 1894 the Reverend W. F. Norris was in great trouble owing to the fatal illness of one of his children. He received the following letter from the Bishop.

"SCARBOROUGH, *October* 2, 1894.

"MY VERY DEAR BILL,

"I am seizing a few minutes during a quiet day I am conducting for the clergy here, to write a line to you only just that you may know I am thinking much of you all. I got a postcard this morning telling me you could not spare the children [whom he had invited to Bishopgarth],

and had scarcely any hope. I can only say, God be with you and comfort and support you all. How could we bear these things if we did not know of God's love and wisdom, and had not the bright and blessed hope of the Beyond? Thank God for the revelation He has given us of the peace and bliss of Paradise, and of the greater and more glorious things in the resurrection life to come! I like to think how the soul may grow in the unseen world, gaining ever fresh accesses of light and knowledge. Surely it cannot be wrong to pray for our loved ones beyond the veil, as the early Church did so freely, and yet so guardedly and reverently, asking for 'light and peace, and a blessed resurrection.' . . .

"Now I must go back to church. With many loving thoughts of sympathy for you all, and dear love to the children,

"Your loving old friend,

"WM. WALSHAM WAKEFIELD."

And again, writing a letter of birthday wishes to the same in the following February:

"You will sorely miss one little voice, and one little smile of birthday greeting this time. May not a stronger and purer birthday prayer be going up for you in Paradise?"

On Spiritual Difficulties.

"MY POOR CHILD,

"Though you say it is not your health which makes you so unhappy, I am sure it has something to do with it. But though I believe this to be so, I must not tell you that this should make you content to be as you are, as though it were a sufficient excuse. Plainly you must

make one more of those starts which you have so often made, and which have so often failed. This state of deadness and apathy will not do. It is not safe. You *must* rouse yourself out of it, and make new efforts, hard and disheartening though it be. It is sadly disheartening, I know well, to begin and fail so often, but what else is to be done? You are not going to give up, and aim at that recklessness which you say might be happier. It would *not* be happier, thank God! He will not let you be content, and your very dissatisfaction is a sign of that. When Satan's 'goods are in peace,' then is the really desperate danger. As long as his prisoners even dash themselves against their prison bars, it is a proof that they do want to escape—and 'Lord, Thou knowest all my desire, and my groaning is not hid from Thee.' Say this, dear child, sometimes in your heart as you go along your weary way, and perhaps God will sometimes let you see more light. Thank Him for the times when you have been allowed to pray truly. One thing more. You speak of your intercession, and say you can hardly think it worth making in the midst of such a life as your inner life is. I believe God often allows us to learn to pray for self through intercession for others. It not unfrequently is the form of prayer which most helps the soul. When our Lord Himself was going forth to Gethsemane and Calvary, He offered His great intercession, possibly, in His oneness with us, lightening the inner cross by the escape from thoughts of self into thoughts of others. God bless you and help you once more to turn your soul Zionward, and to start afresh. I can never forget you, though I feel sadly as you do about my intercessions for others."

"DEAR ——,

"I must find time to-day to write you a few lines just to cheer and encourage you now you are once more at work, and perhaps tried rather severely by the old temptations. I do trust, dear child, you are striving—striving in a better strength than your own—to conquer your besetting fault. Do summon up courage to ask forgiveness of it—not alone from God—when you fall into it. Why not say at once, 'I beg your pardon. I am very sorry.' I think, dear, it would really help you. I am afraid you are too much inclined to bear on others for help and not to stand firmly in higher strength. You know you will soon be a woman, and then *must* have a more formed and settled character, one way or the other. Only remember the character may be formed and settled into a habit of yielding to irritation when the temptation occurs. While you have the chance do—do battle with it and show that you mean to resolve to overcome it. I never forget you in my prayers. God bless you and make you strong to withstand in the hour of trial, 'and having done all to stand.'"

"DEAR ——,

"Do not expect too much. Do not put before yourself as an aim to be expected that you should not fall back, or you will be sure to be disappointed. But let your hope and aim be to make a good struggle and to try your best. Above all, do look more away from self up to God's love. You *must* believe that, for it is true. And you must not really think that His allowing wandering thoughts and dryness in prayer is any sign that He does not love you. Nay, I think your very helplessness is a plea with Him for His pity. You must not mind telling

me openly anything you like; do not be afraid of doing so. I am so very glad when I can help you or even try to do so."

"DEAR ——,

"I was grieved to read your sad letter. I am not going to tell you it is all the result of your health, though the connection between body and mind is very subtle and mysterious. Probably you are right in rejecting this excuse or palliation. Anyhow, I will assume that you are right. Now this state of things must not go on. As you say, you are all wrong. And the question is what can be done. I don't think a diary will help you much. You must not set yourself any one thing *more* to do. Perhaps you have set yourself too much already. Use Mr. Noyes's little preparation for Holy Communion and be content with that. Don't try more, only try to use that really. Intercession ought to help you. Set down the persons and causes you wish to pray for, and go through them, not dwelling on each, but remembering each, daily. I say this because this ought to take you out of yourself, and many who dare scarcely face personal questions on their knees can at least ask things for others for *His* sake in whose name they pray. Don't be trying to gauge and measure the amount of your love to God. Leave that alone. Think more of His love to you. You *must* try again. And, above all, don't be ambitious. Be content with very little expectations. Just try to pray attentively and to do your duty, and even if it be ever so coldly and drearily, go plodding on. God knows your desires and your wretchedness. I will pray for you earnestly to-night."

"DEAR ——,

"I should not attempt what is technically meant by Meditation. A very great many persons *cannot* do it, and when in the London Mission I gave an address describing it and recommending it as an occasional exercise, Mr. Burrows questioned the wisdom of doing so, on account of the great difficulty of the practice and the danger of making people unhappy by failure in what they might think they ought to do. Perhaps he was right. At any rate, I am sure it is not fitted for all, and cannot be done by all. So do not try this. But do try *some* devotional reading. It is better it should not be much daily. Could you not do it best at night? After all there is nothing like the Bible. It seems to satisfy one so much better than any other book. Try some of the more practical Epistles, such as the Ephesians, Philippians, and Colossians, and read not more than six verses at a time, but read those thoughtfully and prayerfully. You speak of your fears of not being able to bear a great sorrow, if God should send it. All I can say is, if God should send it, He will send strength to bear it; but why should you fear to ask Him to spare you this cross, though always with 'if it be Thy will'? God bless you. He will bring you safely to the end. Trust Him and try to trust Him cheerfully."

"DEAR ——,

"I could not tell you not to do what I have done myself. I went to Confession years ago, not because I had any doubt of God's pardon of the past, for I had not, but because I believed it would help me to realise the shame and hatefulness of sin, which it did. As a means of deepening repentance, it seems to me often of great value,

as well as, of course, in the case of inability to realise pardon, which is the case the Church of England seems specially to contemplate in the exhortation to Holy Communion. If God's Holy Spirit is leading you to this, I dare not counsel you against it. It *may* be a great blessing to you.

"If you go to Confession, I pray God it may be greatly blest to you and may give you much comfort and strength."

[*To his brother on hearing of his illness.*]

"OVERTHORPE, *October* 29, 1892.

"DEAREST BROTHER,

"I was so glad to see you in London and to hear all about you. It is no use hiding from oneself that to be told your heart is some years older than the rest of you is an opinion to make one rather anxious, and yet one knows how many by care and quiet go on for years. . . . ~~Well, we are getting on, and~~ I am trying to familiarise myself with the thought that I am an old man, though I do not feel it much. But in December I shall pass into my 70th year. I cannot expect to maintain the strength and vigour God has so graciously given me for long. It is a thing to be very thankful for that I can still work on a bit without feeling it. But oh! how much easier the outward work is than the inward! I wish I were more ready for the 'one clear call.' I always seem to be just beginning, and delight in the words of the aged St. Ignatius, who, when being taken to Rome to be exposed to wild beasts in the Coliseum, wrote, 'Now I am beginning to be a disciple.' I shall pray for you daily, dear old brother, with a new petition that you may be spared to us yet awhile, besides that which I have

Old Age and scepticism

prayed for you since our talk at Capel Curig. God bless you abundantly. After seeing you I went to Bishop John's: dear old Mrs. Selwyn too ill to see me."

On the Marriage of Divorced Persons.

"I want to write to you about that most disagreeable affair, ——'s intended marriage. It is very disgusting. . . but I do not think it is contrary to the laws of God or of man. As with the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, the Bible argument is a very difficult one, the various passages being interpreted in very opposite ways. When I was doing my 'Commentary on the Gospels' (of which, by the way, the S.P.C.K. told me to-day they had sold 143,000, and 237,000 of my 'Holy Communion'), I tried to work out the question as carefully as I could, but found it most complicated and difficult. In fact, I hardly felt myself able to come to a decision. Do you remember my spending a day with the late Bishop of Lincoln (Wordsworth) at his daughter's at Harewood, near Leeds, one year? I had then a good talk with him about the question, and he told me he was quite convinced the marriage of the innocent party after divorce must be allowed, however much to be deprecated. I believe a little pamphlet by him, which I have not got, but will try to get, is the best summary there is of the arguments and history of the question. After dinner last night, I asked the Bishop of London if he had studied the question and had formed any decided opinion upon it, and he said he had read all he could find about it, and studied the evidence of the early Christian writers, and undoubtedly they held that, while such marriages were to be discountenanced in every way, they were not unlawful. He also said that even the marriage of the guilty party

was condemned rather on moral grounds than on legal, it being pressed as a grave scandal that any one should be allowed to profit by his sin and gain his ends by it."

On Baptism.

"DEAREST ——,

"I am myself a little shy of insisting on any *moral inherent* change in Baptism. The expressions—sowing the seed—implanting the life, &c., are common enough, but I am never quite sure about them. I rather insist upon the new birth into the covenanted family of God, the seal of the new relationship, the admission into the new state of privilege, the bestowal of gifts and promises. No doubt grace is given—and not only grace in the sense of the favour and privilege of an adopted sonship, but grace in the sense of that help to our weak fallen nature without which we cannot serve God. But I dare not assert that this latter grace produces at the moment of Baptism an actual moral inherent change. I rather regard it as I do the Bible given to the child at its Baptism, as a possession ready for its use, and in reality the source of all good thoughts and desires from the first. Still there comes in the difficulty that you find the same good thoughts and desires in the unbaptized, and one must never adopt a theology which contradicts facts. So one must allow that God works by His grace very widely and freely, though one holds that that grace is a *pledged* and *promised* gift to the baptized."

On Confession.

[*To a friend.*]

"I myself have always felt that special confession was a remedy more valuable in case of special trouble of mind,

and special sin weighing on the conscience, than for the general dissatisfaction with oneself, which is more your case. It seems to me that our Church recommends it exceptionally only, and that the object of priestly absolution is to *comfort* and assure, *where a penitent doubts of pardon*, by the authoritative pronouncing of the sentence of Christ's forgiveness. Of course there is also the *direction*, which is a secondary object of confession, but which may be given otherwise. I think our Church does not contemplate* confession and absolution except when the conscience cannot be quieted otherwise, and reason also points to a broad distinction between trouble on account of special sins and a general sense of failure and shortcoming. . . . I believe you ought to seek the special remedy only if you cannot quiet your own conscience with the assurances of God's Word, the reliance on Christ's Atonement, and the authoritative pronouncing of absolution in the public services of the Church."

On "What is the Church of England?"
[*To a friend.*]

"—— seems to have arrived at a happy state of puzzle on the subject of the Church, from which I should like to give him a lift, if I can. . . . He has got the wildest ideas of the changes in the Church of England. The original Church of England was founded in very early days, and only very gradually, and after continued resistance and protest, fell under the power of the Roman Church. At the Reformation our Great Reformers studiously endeavoured to discard only novel errors, and to bring back the Church in this land to the model of primitive times. If (as is true) Calvinistic doctrines have

* *Private* confession is obviously meant here.

prevailed more at one period and Arminian at another, they have never affected any of the great Catholic doctrines, nor caused any sort of interference with our formularies, after they were once settled by authority.

"As to the Church becoming Presbyterian, or anything else, it is, of course, a mere error. In Cromwell's Protectorate the Church was driven out of its *temporalities*, and Presbyterianism set up, but neither did the Church become Presbyterian, nor Presbyterianism the Church. And if the State were to-morrow to enact that the established religion of this country should be Romanism, or Mormonism, or any other '*ism*,' it would not affect the reality or vitality of the Church, which is a spiritual body, neither made nor unmade by States and Governments. Thus —— will see that, instead of the Church of England being 'not a bit alike' at various parts of its history, it has in reality been entirely 'alike,' maintaining ever since the Reformation the same (with the slightest alterations only) standards of doctrine and forms of worship. It is one of the strong points of our Church that it, while maintaining its great central truths and beautiful formularies, is able to suffer within its wide embrace much swaying and counter-swaying of private opinion.

"I am sure the more we stick to it, and try to imbibe its really Catholic and wise and loving spirit, the better Christians we shall be. I do earnestly hope that the young men of the present day will not forsake the grand old divines of our own Church—*e.g.*, Jeremy Taylor, Hooker, Jackson, Waterland, &c.—for the pamphlet and newspaper controversies, which are really the staple of many a man's divinity in these days of haste and shallowness."

On Work.

[*To the same.*]

"You know that I daily name you in my prayers, and so I may tell you that what I always ask for you is an increase of faith and hope and the grace of perseverance. I believe that these good gifts will be granted you through the medium of active work for God rather than through that of passive contemplation. I do not mean that it is wise or right to smother thought, but eager active thought like yours does want outward work of some sort to keep it true and healthy. I think you have sometimes found it so, have you not? I mean that even the attempt to do some good to others has given you a restful feeling, and seemed to make things more true because more real.

* * * * *

"I begin to feel we must never fret to see things very imperfect, but be thankful if only the good in them is more than the evil. This is true of ourselves, too, only we must not be satisfied merely to have the balance on the right side, and so stop trying. But I do not think you will be too easily satisfied with yourself. May we only be found still trying, when the end comes."

[*To the same.*]

"*December* 1896.

"MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,

"Once more I write to greet you on your birthday. God give you every best blessing. I can hardly believe I am seventy-three! I do not the least feel like it, and it is with an effort that I realise that I cannot have much longer time to work in. I am afraid life becomes too dear to me, when it ought to become less. It seems a

hard and sad thing to leave the people and the beautiful things one loves so much, when it ought to be a bright and happy thing to look forward to better joys beyond. But my poor faith is sadly dim. Well, I must just work on, and, when the time comes, 'rest in hope,' as well as I can."

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